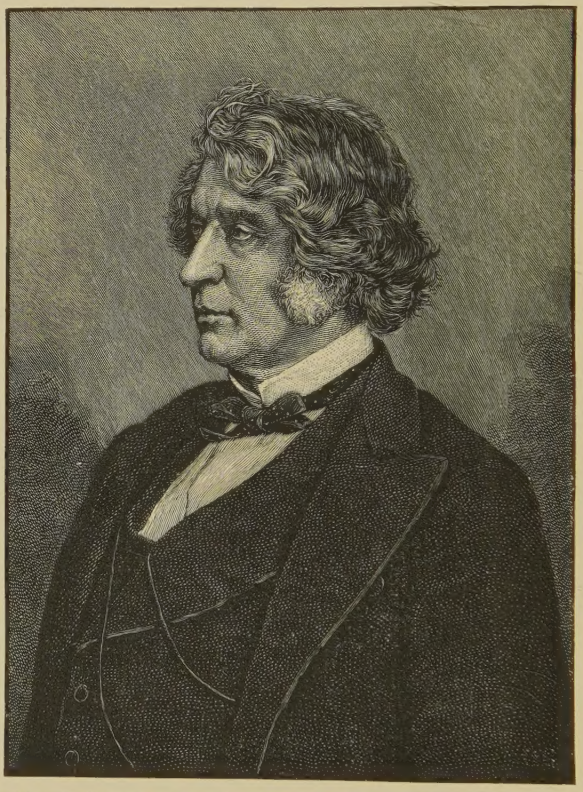

CHARLES SUMNER.

Library of the World's Best Literature

ANCIENT AND MODERN

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER
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GEORGE HENRY WARNER
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Teachers' Edition

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

VOL. XXIV

	LIVED	PAGE
STATIUS	45–96 A. D.?	13845

BY WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON

A Royal Banquet ('Thebaid')
To my Wife: An Invitation to a Journey ('Silvæ')
To Sleep (same)
Saturnalia (same)

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN	1833–	13857

The Hand of Lincoln
Provençal Lovers—Aucassin and Nicolette
Ariel: In Memory of Percy Bysshe Shelley
Mors Benefica
Toujours Amour
Pan in Wall Street
The Discoverer
Cavalry Song
The Future of American Poetry ('Poets of America')

SIR RICHARD STEELE	1671–1729	13875

On Behavior at Church (Guardian)
Mr. Bickerstaff Visits a Friend (Tatler)
On Coffee-Houses; Succession of Visitors; Character of Eubulus (Spectator)
On the Effects of Public Mourning: Plainness in Dress (Tatler)
On the Art of Growing Old (same)
On Flogging at Schools (Spectator)
The Art of Story-Telling (Guardian)

	LIVED	PAGE
LAURENCE STERNE	1713–1768	13899

The Widow Wadman Lays Siege to Uncle Toby's Heart ('Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy')
The Story of Le Fevre (same)
The Start ('A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy')
The Monk (same)
The Dead Ass (same)
The Pulse: Paris (same)
The Starling (same)
In Languedoc: An Idyl (same)

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON 1850–1894 13927

BY ROBERT BRIDGES

Bed in Summer
Travel
The Land of Counterpane
Northwest Passage: Good Night; Shadow March; In Port
"If This Were Faith"
Requiem
To Will H. Low
"The Tropics Vanish"
Tropic Rain
Christmas at Sea
A Fable ('The Lantern-Bearers')
Striving and Failing ('A Christmas Sermon')
We Pass the Forth ('Kidnapped')
A Night Among the Pines ('Travels with a Donkey')
A Lodging for the Night ('New Arabian Nights')

WILLIAM JAMES STILLMAN 1828–1901 13977

Billy and Hans: A True History

FRANK R. STOCKTON 1834–1902 13991

The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine (from the novel so named)

ELIZABETH BARSTOW STODDARD 1823–1902 14013

The Great Gale ('Temple House')
A Summer Night
El Manalo
Mercedes
Nameless Pain
On the Campagna
On My Bed of a Winter Night

	LIVED	PAGE
RICHARD HENRY STODDARD	1825–	14029
Song	The Sea	
A Serenade	Along the Grassy Slope I Sit	
The Yellow Moon		
The Sky Is a Drinking-Cup	The Shadow of the Hand	
The Two Brides	Pain in Autumn	
The Flight of Youth	Birds	
The Sea	The Dead	
THEODOR STORM	1817–1888	14039
After Years ('Immen-see')		
WILLIAM WETMORE STORY	1819–1896	14051
The Ghetto in Rome ('Roba di Roma')		
The King of the Beggars (same)		
Spring in Rome		
Cleopatra		
The Chiffonier		
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE	1811–1896	14067
BY GEORGE S. MERRIAM		
How Sam and Andy Helped Haley to Pursue Eliza ('Uncle Tom's Cabin')		
Eliza's Flight (same)		
Topsy (same)		
Aaron Burr and Mary ('The Minister's Wooing')		
A Spiritual Love (same)		
Miss Prissy Takes Candace's Counsel (same)		
The Minister's Sacrifice (same)		
DAVID FRIEDRICH STRAUSS	1808–1874	14107
The Development of Græco-Roman Cultivation ('A New Life of Jesus')		
RUTH MCENERY STUART	1856–	14119
The Widder Johnsing		
WILLIAM STUBBS	1825–1901	14139
BY E. S. NADAL		
Social Life in the Fifteenth Century ('Constitutional History of England')		
Transition from the Age of Chivalry (same)		

	LIVED	PAGE
SIR JOHN SUCKLING	1608–1642	14155

Song
A Bride ('Ballad upon a Wedding')
The Honest Lover
The Constant Lover
Verses
The Metamorphosis
Song

HERMANN SUDERMANN 1857– 14163

Returning from the Confirmation Lesson ('Dame Care')
The Trial (same)
Freed from Dame Care (same)

EUGÈNE SUE 1804–1859 14181

The Land's End of Two Worlds ('The Wandering Jew')
The Panther Fight (same)
The Chastisement (same)

SUETONIUS Second Century A. D. 14202

Caligula's Madness
Cowardice and Death of Nero
Vitellius

SULLY-PRUDHOMME
(René François Armand Prudhomme) 1839– 14209

BY FIRMIN ROZ

To the Reader
Unknown Friends
The Missal
La Charpie
Enfantillage
Au Bord de L'Eau
Ce Qui Dure
If You but Knew
Separation
The Death Agony

CHARLES SUMNER 1811–1874 14221

In Time of Peace Prepare for War
Some Changes in Modern Life
Peroration of Oration 'The True Grandeur of Nations'
Spirit of Classical and of Modern Literature (Phi Beta Kappa Oration of 1846)
The Dignity of the Jurist
Allston in Italy

	LIVED	PAGE
EMANUEL SWEDENBORG	1688–1772	14237

BY FRANK SEWALL

The Contiguity and Harmony of the World ('Principia Rerum Naturalium')
Individuality Eternal ('The Soul')
The Perfect Man the True Philosopher ('Principia Rerum Naturalium')
On the Internal Sense of the Word ('The Doctrine of the Sacred Scriptures')
How by the Word, Heaven and Earth are Brought into Association ('Heavenly Doctrine of the New Jerusalem')
The Church Universal ('Divine Providence')
The Ethics of Swedenborg:
The Spiritual Life: How it is Acquired ('Apocalypse Explained')
The Social Good ('Doctrine of Charity')
Marriage Love ('Heaven and Hell')
The Second Coming of the Lord ('True Christian Religion')

JONATHAN SWIFT	1667–1745	14259

BY ANNA MCCLURE SHOLL

An Argument to Prove that the Abolishing of Christianity in England may, as Things Now Stand, be Attended with Some Inconveniences, and Perhaps Not Produce those Many Good Effects Proposed Thereby
Gulliver Among the Pigmies ('Gulliver's Travels')
Gulliver Among the Giants (same)
The Houyhnhnms (same)
The Struldbrugs (same)

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE	1837–	14289

BY WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE

Dedication
Hymn to Proserpine
The Garden of Proserpine
Hesperia
In Memory of Walter Savage Landor
A Forsaken Garden
The Pilgrims
Super Flumina Babylonis
Mater Triumphalis
From 'Athens'
Of Such is the Kingdom of Heaven
The Salt of the Earth

LIVED PAGE

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE — *Continued:*

A Child's Future — Love at Sea
Adieux à Marie Stuart — A Match
Étude Réaliste

CARMEN SYLVA
(Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania) 1843– 14329

Fodder-Time — The Stone-Cutter
The Sower — The Post
The Boatman's Song — Dimbovitza
The Country Letter-Carrier — Longing
Carmen

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS 1840–1893 14337

Italian Art in its Relation to Religion ('The Renaissance in Italy')
The Invasion of Italy by Charles VIII. of France ('History of the Renaissance in Italy')
The Genius of Greek Art ('Studies of the Greek Poets')
Ravenna ('Sketches in Italy')
Venice
The Nightingale
Farewell
The Feet of the Beloved
Eyebright

TACITUS 55?–? 14369

BY CHARLES E. BENNETT

The Training of Children ('A Dialogue on Oratory')
Domitian's Reign of Terror ('Agricola')
Apostrophe to Agricola (same)
Manners and Customs of the Germans ('Germania'): Government — Influence of Women; Deities; Auguries and Method of Divination; Councils; Punishments — Administration of Justice; Training of the Youth; Warlike Ardor of the People; Habits in Time of Peace; Arrangement of their Towns — Subterranean Dwellings; Marriage Laws
Scene of the Defeat of Varus ('Annals')
Servility of the Senate (same)
Death and Character of Tiberius (same)
The Great Fire at Rome, and Nero's Accusation of the Christians (same)

LIVED PAGE

TAHITIAN LITERATURE: The Teva Poets — Notes on a Poetic Family in Tahiti 14389

BY JOHN LA FARGE

Song of Reproof
Soliloquy of Teura, a Beauty, Asked to Wed Punu, an Old Chief
Song for the Crowning of Pomare

HIPPOLYTE ADOLPHE TAINE 1828–1893 14399

BY FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE

Characteristics of the English Mind ('Notes on England')
Typical English Men and Women (same)
The Race Characters Expressed in Art ('Art in the Netherlands')
The Comedy of Manners at Versailles ('The Ancient Régime')
The Tastes of Good Society (same)
Polite Education (same)
Drawing-Room Life (same)
The Disarming of Character (same)

THE TALMUD 14453

BY MAX MARGOLIS

STATIUS

(45–96 A. D. ?)

BY WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON

PUBLIUS PAPINIUS STATIUS, epic, lyric, and dramatic poet, was born at Naples about the middle, and died there about the end, of the first century A. D. Neither date can be fixed. His last volume of verse was published at Naples in 95. He flourished especially however at Rome, under the capricious and cruel emperor Domitian. He and Martial testify eloquently to their mutual jealousy by making no mention each of the other. Juvenal marks him as a thriftless adventurer; saying he might well have starved had not Paris, the popular actor, bought his farce. Of these things we know no more. Statius himself launched his hopes of eternal fame with his long-wrought epic on the tragical story of Thebes.

The four ponderous epics still extant, dating from the first century of our era, give us little reason to regret the loss of the numberless heavy galleons besides that have sunk into utter forgetfulness. Whether patriotically Roman in subject, like the ventures of Lucan and Silius Italicus, or rebuilt from Greek materials like Valerius Flaccus's 'Argonautica' and Statius's 'Thebaid,' the four survivors plainly follow the track of the stately flagship, the 'Æneid' — but far and far astern!

For several reasons there is perhaps no passage in the poem more pleasing than the closing lines of the 'Thebaid':—

> After the long sea-journey my vessel hath won her the harbor.
> Shalt thou afar survive to be read, outliving thy master,
> O my 'Thebaid,' watched for twice six years without ceasing?
> Verily Fame already has smoothed thy favoring pathway;
> Cæsar, the noble-spirited, deigns already to know thee,
> Eager is now the Italian youth to read and proclaim thee!
> Live, I pray: nor yet draw nigh to the sacred 'Æneid':
> Follow thou, rather, afar, and always worship her footprints.

This same repellent subject, the tale of Thebes, like "Pelops's line, and the tale of Troy divine," had been constantly reworked since the earliest dawn of Greek poetry. Hardly one prominent incident indeed in these twelve long books — nearly ten thousand hexameter verses — can have brought a sense of pleased surprise to the jaded

listener. Nor has the story of Œdipus's misfortunes, and the strife of his sons, as here set forth, any fitness or helpful application either for the Roman audience or for us. No stately or pathetic figure dominates the scene as in Sophoclean tragedy. It is simply a complicated series of harrowing mythical events, retold with much vigor of language and versification, with measureless learned digression, with much heaping-up of elaborate simile and many-sided allusive epithet,—"a tale full of sound and fury," but as for all larger ethical or artistic purport, "signifying nothing." Statius seems to have been a professional composer of epic, brought up to the art by his father,—himself a successful versifier at least, if not the great poet filial affection would make him.

Once again at least, Statius, with indomitable energy, attempted to exhaust a great cycle of Hellenic myth: to trace the whole life of Achilles, from Chiron's forest school to the lonely barrow by Sigeion. We can hardly regret that this time only eleven hundred lines have been completed, and that the young hero never even reaches Troy! It is not for these things, if at all, that Statius is now remembered; though in his own day the 'Thebaid,' at least, was straightway read book by book to admiring throngs, and became at once a text which schoolboys committed to memory.

"Statius is great," says Niebuhr, "in his little poems. These are real poetry indeed, and have the true local color. They are read with especial enjoyment if one reads them in Italy." This praise, and quite as warm words of Goethe, applied to the 'Silvæ,' or occasional pieces. There are altogether thirty-two of these. Statius boasts of the facility with which even the longest, of almost three hundred verses, was dashed off within two days. But indeed the haste has often left its marks. He was, in fact, a popular and hard-worked court poet,—and of what a court! The savage emperor Domitian, the all-powerful freedmen and other adventurers about him, even the wretched boy pets and pages, could demand the services of this ever-ready and vigorous quill. He shall sing of a curious tree, a fine statue, or a luxurious villa. An elegy is wanted for the death of a page, of a talking parrot, of a pet lion. Statius shall be ready.

The pity of it all is that we really discern poetic instinct, masculine force, earnest feeling, in the man. He must have felt such service as degradation indeed,—this busy singer of an ignoble day. When the favorite eunuch of the tyrant requires a dedicatory poem for his own curly locks, sent as an offering to an Oriental shrine, even Statius grows weary at last; and the next poem is a plaintive and sincere appeal to his wife to join him in his return to his native city, Naples, there to spend a peaceful and quiet old age. This poem

to his wife, another written for the recurrence of Lucan's birthday, and especially the lyric appeal to Somnus, the god of sleep, are full of natural feeling and poetic grace.

Statius's relations with his Roman wife Claudia, and his step-daughter, seem to have been most harmonious. He himself was childless. He was probably of good social rank, and a land-owner. He was apparently cut off rather prematurely, soon after his return to Naples, while engaged on the 'Achilleis.'

The epic poems of Statius were popular throughout later antiquity, and were preserved in numerous MSS. The Renaissance caused their eclipse, by bringing to light the nobler Hellenic masterpieces. Shortly before that time, however, the genius of a far greater Italian poet gave him an immortality of fame which his own works would not have assured him.

In the LXVth canto of the 'Commedia,' the living Dante and his ghostly guide, Virgil, already nearing the summit of the Purgatorial mountain, are joined by another shade, a heavenward pilgrim. In answer to Virgil's inquiries he tells them:—

> «Statius the people name me still on earth.
> I sang of Thebes, and then of great Achilles;
> But on the way fell with my second burden.»

At once he adds his indebtedness for all his inspiration to the 'Æneid':—

> «And to have lived upon the earth what time
> Virgilius lived, I would accept one sun
> More than I must ere issuing from my ban.»

That is, not to have known his master in the flesh is the deepest regret even of the disembodied soul, and worse than a year of the grievous purifying agony just escaped. There are few more entrancing scenes in all the shining leaves of the 'Commedia' than the Imaginary Conversation that ensues among these three poets, who could never have met in our world. Dante shows, through Virgil's lips, real knowledge and admiration of the 'Thebaid.'

Most readers of the 'Commedia' will doubtless agree that there is much of chance, and sometimes of afterthought, in the fate and abode assigned by Dante to various departed spirits. He had by this time been engaged long upon the poem that was still to make him meagre for so many a year. Something had now called Statius especially to his attention, and he realized that the courtly singer had been omitted — when less prominent poets were named — from Homer's company of sinless pagans in Limbo. But now, in the Purgatorio, only Christians could be met.

Then arose in Dante's imagination — for there appears to be no such hint in Statius's works, nor in tradition elsewhere — the fancy that in his last days the poet of the 'Thebaid' was converted to the new faith. In magnificent verses Statius assures Virgil that it was through the famous fourth Eclogue that his soul was first aroused to its earnest and successful quest for highest truth. Hence his double gratitude to Virgil, his guide to poetry and also to salvation.

> «Thou first directedst me
> Towards Parnassus, in its grots to drink,
> And first concerning God didst me enlighten.
> Thou didst as he who walketh in the night,
> Who bears his light behind, which helps him not,
> But wary makes the persons after him,
> When thou didst say: 'The age renews itself,
> Justice returns, and man's primeval time,
> And a new progeny descends from heaven.'
> Through thee I Poet was, through thee a Christian.»

Statius's 'Thebaid' has been several times translated into English verse. Pope's version of Book i. was, to say the least, a surprising exploit for a boy of twelve; and we can well believe that the mature poet «retouched» it a little. The 'Silvæ' have been undeservedly neglected. The entire Teubner text of Statius, in excellent print, makes a single rather stout volume, and should be somewhat better known. *Popular* none of the courtly epic poets of the Empire can or should ever be.

William Cranston Lawton

A ROYAL BANQUET

[A brief passage from Statius's 'Thebaid' will suffice to illustrate the rather purposeless splendor and richness of color lavished upon the descriptions. The lover of Virgil will recognize the master's frequent influence. The English rendering is of course somewhat free at times; but both in scholarship and in metrical skill is still a surprising performance for a boy just entering his teens,—even though that boy be Alexander Pope.]

> The King once more the solemn rites requires,
> And bids renew the feasts, and wake the fires.
> His train obey, while all the courts around
> With noisy care and various tumult sound.

Embroidered purple clothes the golden beds;
This slave the floor, and that the table spreads;
A third dispels the darkness of the night,
And fills depending lamps with beams of light.
Here loaves in canisters are piled on high,
And there in flames the slaughtered victims fly.
Sublime in regal state Adrastus shone,
Stretched on rich carpets on his ivory throne;
A lofty couch receives each princely guest;
Around, at awful distance, wait the rest.
And now the King, his royal feast to grace,
Acestis calls, the guardian of his race,
Who first their youth in arts of virtue trained,
And their ripe years in modest grace maintained;
Then softly whispered in her faithful ear,
And bade his daughters at the rites appear:
When from the close apartments of the night,
The royal nymphs approach divinely bright;
Such was Diana's, such Minerva's face,—
Nor shine their beauties with superior grace,
But that in these a milder charm endears,
And less of terror in their looks appears.
As on the heroes first they cast their eyes,
O'er their fair cheeks the glowing blushes rise;
Their downcast looks a decent shame confessed,
Then on their father's rev'rend features rest.
The banquet done, the monarch gives the sign
To fill the goblet high with sparkling wine
Which Danaüs used in sacred rites of old,
With sculpture graced, and rough with rising gold;
Here to the clouds victorious Perseus flies,
Medusa seems to move her languid eyes,
And, even in gold, turns paler as she dies.
There from the chase Jove's towering eagle bears,
On golden wings, the Phrygian to the stars:
Still as he rises in th' ethereal height,
His native mountains lessen to his sight;
While all his sad companions upward gaze,
Fixed on the glorious scene in wild amaze;
And the swift hounds, affrighted as he flies,
Run to the shade, and bark against the skies.
This golden bowl with generous juice was crowned,
The first libations sprinkled on the ground.
By turns on each celestial power they call;
With Phœbus's name resounds the vaulted hall.

The courtly train, the strangers, and the rest,
Crowned with chaste laurel, and with garlands dressed,
While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,
Salute the god in numerous hymns of praise.

TO MY WIFE

An Invitation to a Journey

From the 'Silvæ'

Why, what then ails my sweetest wife,
To sigh all night, and mope all day?
I know thee true to me, my life!
No wanton shaft hath found its way
To that pure heart, and shall not so;
I scorn thee, Nemesis, while I say't!
To war, to sea, had I to go,
For twenty years my love would wait,
And send a thousand suitors hence.
She ne'er would stoop her web to ravel,
But shut her doors without pretense,
And calmly bid the rascals travel!
Why then this grieved and lofty look,
Because the impulse cometh to me
To seek our childhood's pious nook
And lay my bones in ancient Cumæ?
Take heart! Thou ne'er wert one of those
Possessed by Circe, or a madness
For those accursed theatric shows;
But honor, peace, and sober gladness
Content thee well. And do but think
How light the voyage we take! Though truly
Thine is a soul which would not shrink
From the dark shores of western Thule,
The horrors of the icy North,
Or seven-mouthed Nile's mysterious sources,
If once the fiat had gone forth
That doomed *me* to such distant courses.
Venus be praised, my early love
Is mine as well, in life's decline!
The chains I wear, nor would remove,
But gladly sport, are thine, dear—thine!
Thine, when I won the Alban crown,
And Cæsar's blessèd gold was earning,

The wreathèd arms about me thrown,
The panting kiss, my own returning;
And thine, on Capitolian mount,—
Worsted with me, in contest fateful,—
Wrath on my slighted lyre's account
And keen reproach to Jove ungrateful;
The nights that wakeful thou hast lain
No stammering note of mine to miss;
And all the years of cheerful pain
Thou livedst with me, my Thebaïs!
Who else, when late the darksome grave
Had all but claimed me, and the roar
Was in my ears of Lethe's wave,
My foot upon the utmost shore,
Had stood, like thee, with eyes so sad
The imminent doom confronting? Lo,
Thy grief it was the end forbade:
The great gods dared not face thy woe.
And wilt thou then, who once with me
Such way hast trod, decline to share
A brief sail on a smiling sea?
Why! where's thy far-famed courage? Where
Thy likeness to the dames of Greece
And Latium in heroic ages?
Love's reckless. Had it chanced to please
The most astute of married sages
To set up housekeeping in Troy,
Penelope had gone there gayly!
Sure as desertion slew the joy
Of Melibœa, Ægiale. . . .
Come then to fair Parthenope!
For when that nymph,—Apollo guiding,—
With Venus's team traversed the sea,
She found a place of sweet abiding.
And I, who after all, am not
Either a Lydian or a Thracian,
Will choose for thee some happy spot,
Some soft sea-lapped and sheltered station,
In summer cool, in winter mild;
Where days go by in easeful quiet,
And nights in slumber sweet beguiled.
No echo of the Forum's riot
Shall enter there, nor dismal strife
Of wrangling courts; but he's the victor

Who lives, unforced, the noblest life,
And keeps the peace without a lictor!
Who cares, I say, for all the splendor
That glads the eye in golden Rome?
Vistas of columns without end, or
Park, temple, portico and dome?
Seats in the theatre's shady half,
Or five-year Capitolian contest?
Menander's blend of Grecian chaff
With Roman feeling, fair and honest?
Nor need we lack diversions here:
There's Baiæ, by her summer ocean;
The Sibyl's mystic mount is near,
Predestined goal of pious Trojan;
The slopes of Gaurus gush with wine,
While yonder, rival of the moon,
A Pharos flings across the brine,
For sailor's cheer, its radiant boon;
Long on Sorrento's lovely hills
Hath Pollius grown a vintage brave;
Dear are Ænaria's healing rills,
And Stabiæ risen from its grave.

But why our common country's charms
Retell? Enough, dear wife, to say
She bore me for thy tender arms,
To be thy comrade many a day.
And shall the mother of us both
Be slighted thus? A truce to teasing!
Thou comest, love, and nothing loth;
I see thee so thy speed increasing,
Mayhap thou'lt e'en arrive before me!
Nay, without me, I almost deem
The stately Roman homes would bore thee,
And even Tiber's lordly stream!

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature' by Harriet Waters Preston

TO SLEEP

From the 'Silvæ'

How have I sinned, and lost alone thy grace,
O young and very gentle god of Sleep?
Still are the trees, the fields, the woodland ways,
Drowsy the nodding tree-tops. Even the deep
Roar of the rushing river muffled seems,
While, shorn of all his violence, the sea
Leans on the land's broad bosom, sunk in dreams.
Yet now, seven times, the moon hath looked on me
Languishing; and the stars of eve and morn
Their lamps relit; while heedless of my pain
Aurora passes in half-pitying scorn,
Nor lays her cooling touch upon my brain.
Were I as Argus, and my thousand eyes
Alternate veiled, nor ever all awake,
'Twere well. But now the heart within me dies.
Is there not somewhere one who, for the sake
Of girlish arms all night about him thrown,
Would fain repel thee, Sleep? Oh, leave him so
And visit me! Yet shed not all thy down
On these poor lids, which cannot hope to know
The dreamless rest of the untroubled clown;
But lean, and touch me with thy wand, and go!

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature' by Harriet Waters Preston

SATURNALIA

From the 'Silvæ'

Hence, Pallas grave, and Sire Apollo!
And let the attendant Muses follow!
Your fêtes be holden far away,
Nor hither come ere New Year's day.
But aid me, Saturn, loose of gait,
December with new wine elate,
And saline jest, and laughter free,
To sing our Cæsar's jubilee,—
A day of sport, a night of revel!

Aurora scarce had cleared the level
Of the horizon, on a morn
Dewless and bright as e'er was born,

When canvas whitened all the plain,
And showers of dainties fell like rain:
Huge Pontic nuts, and noble spoil
Of wild Idumea's mountain soil;
The sun-baked figs of fiery Caunus
And damson plums descended on us,
With cakes and cheeses of the fairies,
And the sweet curd of Umbrian dairies,
And spicy loaves, bay-flavored, and
Plump dates dispensed with open hand!
Not Hyas's weeping sisterhood
E'er deluged earth with such a flood;
Nor such, when wintrier stars prevail,
The flurry of sun-smitten hail
To folk who view the Latin play.
But let the tempests have their way
If but this homely Jove of ours
Deny us not his toothsome showers!
Till now each busy booth and tent
Receives a fuller complement
Of stately folk in garments fine,
Who, mid the flow of watered wine,
Their costlier viands bring to light,
Their baskets full, and napery white,—
For gods who feast on Ida, meet.

If thou, whom all the nations greet
As harvest-giver,—nor alone
The toga'd race thy sceptre own,—
Annona, scorn our festival,
When I on hoary Eld will call
To answer if the golden prime
Excelled in aught this happy time;
If crops were ever more abundant
Than now, or vintage more redundant;
Or if, at any time, the classes
Were ever friendlier with the masses,—
Churl, knight, and senator, man and woman
All gorging at a table common!
Nay,—if it be not too audacious
To name the thing,—our sovereign gracious
Himself hath found a sitting here,
Thrice welcome to the boundless cheer;
And many a pauper felt the pride
Of feasting once at Cæsar's side!

Curious, to stand aloof, and see
How works this novel luxury:
In fiery spurts of virile passion,
Or strifes, in Amazonian fashion,
As if by Tanaïs's banks engaged,
Or shores of savage Thasis waged.

But now the folk of puny stature,
All bossed and bowed, the sport of nature,
Enter in line, our gifts partake,
And then a mutual onslaught make
With fists of so diminutive size
That Mars and Valor in the skies
Explode with laughter; while the cranes
Who wait our festival's remains,
Awhile oblivious of their plunder,
Observe the fray in silent wonder.
As day declines, impulsive charges
Are made upon a lavish largess.
Light ladies enter on the scene,
With whoso walks the stage's queen,
For beauty or for art renowned.
The players' pompous lines are drowned
By cymbals beaten to the whirls
Of Syrian and Spanish girls,
While one there is outvies the dancer,—
To wit, that humble necromancer
Who changes, by mysterious passes,
Sulphur to gold, in shivered glasses.
Amid these various junketings,
A sudden flight of wingèd things
Obscures the firmament. Captives, they,
The rain-beset Numidian's prey,
Or snared beside the Euxine sea,
Or sacred Nile. Incontinently
The seats are cleared, the chase begins,
And soon the wealth of him who wins
His bulging *sinus* clear displays.
Then what a shout in Cæsar's praise—
Lord of these Saturnalia glorious—
Ascends from countless throats uproarious!
Forbidden the tribute, still they cheer,
Until the darkening atmosphere
Hath taken eve's cerulean hue;
When blazes on the startled view

A flaming orb the arena over,
And all the shadows fly to cover.
The heavens, from pole to pole, are lit,
The Gnosian* stars with pallor smit,
The privacy of night hath vanished,
And quiet flies, and sleep is banished
To drowsy cities, far remote.

Our further pranks, who will may note!
Recount our tireless banqueting,
Our large potations fitly sing!
For now, at last, o'er even me
A soft Lyæan lethargy
Prevails. I prophesy however
The day I've sung will live forever;
The memory of its hero last,
While stand the Latian mountains fast,
While Tiber flows, till Rome shall fall
And the regenerate Capitol.

Translated for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature' by Harriet Waters Preston

*Cretan: the constellation of "Ariadne's Crown."

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

(1833–)

THE subtle alchemy of Time, which by imperceptible degrees transmutes youth into age, takes us often unawares, and startles us by the completion of the process which we deemed had hardly been begun. Only a few years ago, one thought of our American poets as forming two groups: that of the old men, with Whittier and Holmes as leaders of the chorus, and that of the young singers, with Mr. Stoddard, Mr. Stedman, and Mr. Aldrich in the foremost rank. Now the old poets are no more, and we realize with a sort of surprise that the young singers have in their turn become the elders. If England must now look upon Mr. Swinburne as an undoubted veteran, America has a still stronger reason for viewing Mr. Stedman in the same light; for he is nearly four years the senior of his English contemporary.

E. C. STEDMAN

Edmund Clarence Stedman was born in Hartford, Connecticut, on the 8th of October, 1833. He entered Yale in 1849, but did not remain with his class to the end. In 1852 he took up the profession of journalism, and followed it with varying fortunes, first in the country, afterwards in New York, for twelve years. During the first period of the Civil War, he acted as a newspaper correspondent from Washington and the Army of the Potomac. In 1864 he obtained a seat in the New York Stock Exchange, and has since that time doubled the pursuit of literature with the life of a man of active affairs. His home was in the city of New York until 1896, when he removed his household gods to the quiet suburb of Bronxville, where he now resides.

Mr. Stedman's first published volume was the 'Poems, Lyric, and Idyllic' of 1860. This was followed by 'Alice of Monmouth and Other Poems' (1864), 'The Blameless Prince and Other Poems' (1869), and 'Hawthorne and Other Poems' (1877). The contents of these four volumes were brought together in a 'Household Edition,' published in 1884 in a single volume. Meanwhile, he had been devoting a

growing amount of attention to critical work, which bore fruit in two important volumes,—'The Victorian Poets' (1875), and 'The Poets of America' (1886). In 1892, a third volume was added to this section of his works in the shape of the course of lectures on 'The Nature and Elements of Poetry' with which he had, in the year preceding, inaugurated the Percy Turnbull memorial lectureship at the Johns Hopkins University. In the present year (1897) he has published as 'Poems Now First Collected' the verse that has accumulated since the appearance of the 'Household Edition.' A few words about his activity as an editor and commentator will complete this account of his more important work, although a number of minor publications have been left unmentioned. From 1888 to 1890 he was engaged, in collaboration with Miss Ellen M. Hutchinson, in preparing 'A Library of American Literature' in eleven volumes; a work so thoroughly and so conscientiously done, it may be said in passing, that it is not likely to have a rival. In 1895 he brought out, in connection with Professor G. E. Woodberry, the much-needed complete edition of Poe, supplying careful notes and extensive critical essays. In that year also he published his judiciously chosen 'Victorian Anthology,' which will be followed before long by an 'American Anthology' upon a similar plan.

As a poet, Mr. Stedman occupies a very high place in our literature. His earlier work had suggestions of the things he most loved, —of the Tennysonian idyl, the Landorian cameo, the delicate trifling and the "occasional" felicity of Holmes or Mr. Dobson; but it soon became evident that his essential utterance was to be his own, and the expression of a strong alert individuality. Some of his poems—such as 'How Old Brown Took Harper's Ferry,' 'Pan in Wall Street,' and 'Wanted—A Man'—are among the most familiar productions of American authorship. During the dark days of the war he devoted many a well-remembered and fervently patriotic strain to the cause of the Union. And since then, upon many a celebration of civic or social interest, he has expressed the dominant ideas and emotions of the occasion in rarely felicitous numbers. His voice has been raised in behalf of many a noble cause; and we find him thirty years ago pleading for both Crete and Cuba, then as now struggling to be free. The quality of his genius is mainly lyrical, and his poetical utterance that of an eager clear-sighted spirit, responsive to both natural impressions and the appeal of culture, and finely attuned to all the complex life of the modern world. As a critic, he is in the highest degree suggestive and helpful. His sense of the beautiful in literature is almost unerring, and he stimulates the reader to share in his own raptures. His three volumes of criticism constitute the most important body of opinion that has yet been produced by any one

man on the subject of modern English poetry. Other critics have given us purple patches of such discussion; Mr. Stedman alone has woven a continuous web. And his critical writing combines, in nice adjustment, the two elements that are usually represented by different men. It is at once academic in its deference to the recognized æsthetic standards, and subjective in its revelation of the play of poetry upon a receptive and sympathetic mind,—thus escaping formalism upon the one hand, and inconclusiveness upon the other. It need hardly be added that the mind thus trained in both the composition and the criticism of literature brings almost ideal qualifications to the tasks of editor and anthologist, and that Mr. Stedman's work in these fields is no unimportant part of his great services to literature.

A more indirect service to the same cause may be made the subject of this closing word. The younger generation of American writers owe Mr. Stedman a debt that is not wholly accounted for by the enumeration of his books. Busy as the exigencies of his twofold life have kept him, he has never been too busy to extend sympathy and the helping hand of personal criticism and counsel to those who have come to him for aid. He has thus given of himself so freely and so generously that it must have proved in the aggregate a heavy tax upon his energies. But he has the reward of knowing that the tribute paid him as poet and critic by his readers is, to an exceptional degree, mingled with the tribute of the personal gratitude that they feel for him as counselor and friend.

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THE HAND OF LINCOLN

Look on this cast, and know the hand
That bore a nation in its hold;
From this mute witness understand
What Lincoln was,—how large of mold;

The man who sped the woodman's team,
And deepest sunk the plowman's share,
And pushed the laden raft astream,
Of fate before him unaware.

This was the hand that knew to swing
The axe,—since thus would Freedom train

Her son,—and made the forest ring,
And drove the wedge, and toiled amain.

Firm hand, that loftier office took,
A conscious leader's will obeyed,
And when men sought his word and look,
With steadfast might the gathering swayed.

No courtier's, toying with a sword,
Nor minstrel's, laid across a lute;
A chief's, uplifted to the Lord
When all the kings of earth were mute!

The hand of Anak, sinewed strong,
The fingers that on greatness clutch;
Yet, lo! the marks their lines along
Of one who strove and suffered much.

For here in knotted cord and vein
I trace the varying chart of years;
I know the troubled heart, the strain,
The weight of Atlas—and the tears.

Again I see the patient brow
That palm erewhile was wont to press;
And now 'tis furrowed deep, and now
Made smooth with hope and tenderness.

For something of a formless grace
This molded outline plays about;
A pitying flame, beyond our trace,
Breathes like a spirit, in and out,—

The love that cast an aureole
Round one who, longer to endure,
Called mirth to ease his ceaseless dole,
Yet kept his nobler purpose sure.

Lo, as I gaze, the statured man,
Built up from yon large hand, appears;
A type that Nature wills to plan
But once in all a people's years.

What better than this voiceless cast
To tell of such a one as he,
Since through its living semblance passed
The thought that bade a race be free!

PROVENÇAL LOVERS—AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE

WITHIN the garden of Beaucaire
He met her by a secret stair,—
The night was centuries ago.
Said Aucassin, "My love, my pet,
These old confessors vex me so!
They threaten all the pains of hell
Unless I give you up, ma belle,"—
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"Now, who should there in heaven be
To fill your place, ma très-douce mie?
To reach that spot I little care!
There all the droning priests are met;
All the old cripples, too, are there
That unto shrines and altars cling
To filch the Peter-pence we bring,"—
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"There are the barefoot monks and friars
With gowns well tattered by the briars,
The saints who lift their eyes and whine:
I like them not—a starveling set!
Who'd care with folk like these to dine?
The other road 'twere just as well
That you and I should take, ma belle!"—
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"To Purgatory I would go
With pleasant comrades whom we know:
Fair scholars, minstrels, lusty knights
Whose deeds the land will not forget,
The captains of a hundred fights,
The men of valor and degree,—
We'll join that gallant company,"
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"There, too, are jousts and joyance rare,
And beauteous ladies debonair,
The pretty dames, the merry brides,
Who with their wedded lords coquette
And have a friend or two besides,—
And all in gold and trappings gay,
With furs, and crests in vair and gray,"—
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

«Sweet players on the cithern strings,
And they who roam the world like kings,
Are gathered there, so blithe and free!
Pardie! I'd join them now, my pet,
If you went also, ma douce mie!
The joys of heaven I'd forego
To have you with me there below,»—
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

ARIEL

In Memory of Percy Bysshe Shelley: Born on the Fourth of August, A. D. 1792

Wert thou on earth to-day, immortal one,
How wouldst thou, in the starlight of thine eld,
The likeness of that morntide look upon
Which men beheld?
How might it move thee, imaged in time's glass,
As when the tomb has kept
Unchanged the face of one who slept
Too soon, yet molders not, though seasons come and pass?

Has Death a wont to stay the soul no less?
And art thou still what Shelley was erewhile?—
A feeling born of music's restlessness—
A child's swift smile
Between its sobs—a wandering mist that rose
At dawn—a cloud that hung
The Euganéan hills among;
Thy voice, a wind-harp's strain in some enchanted close?

Thyself the wild west wind, O boy divine,
Thou fain wouldst be—the spirit which in its breath
Wooes yet the seaward ilex and the pine
That wept thy death?
Or art thou still the incarnate child of song
Who gazed, as if astray
From some uncharted stellar way,
With eyes of wonder at our world of grief and wrong?

Yet thou wast Nature's prodigal; the last
Unto whose lips her beauteous mouth she bent
An instant, ere thy kinsmen, fading fast,
Their lorn way went.

What though the faun and oread had fled?
A tenantry thine own,
Peopling their leafy coverts lone,
With thee still dwelt as when sweet Fancy was not dead;

Not dead as now, when we the visionless,
In Nature's alchemy more woeful wise,
Say that no thought of us her depths possess,—
No love, her skies.
Not ours to parley with the whispering June,
The genii of the wood,
The shapes that lurk in solitude,
The cloud, the mounting lark, the wan and waning moon.

For thee the last time Hellas tipped her hills
With beauty; India breathed her midnight moan,
Her sigh, her ecstasy of passion's thrills,
To thee alone.
Such rapture thine, and the supremer gift
Which can the minstrel raise
Above the myrtle and the bays,
To watch the sea of pain whereon our galleys drift.

Therefrom arose with thee that lyric cry,
Sad cadence of the disillusioned soul
That asks of heaven and earth its destiny,—
Or joy or dole.
Wild requiem of the heart whose vibratings,
With laughter fraught, and tears,
Beat through the century's dying years,
While for one more dark round the old Earth plumes her [wings.

No answer came to thee; from ether fell
No voice, no radiant beam: and in thy youth
How were it else, when still the oracle
Withholds its truth?
We sit in judgment; we above thy page
Judge thee and such as thee,—
Pale heralds, sped too soon to see
The marvels of our late yet unanointed age!

The slaves of air and light obeyed afar
Thy summons, Ariel; their elf-horns wound
Strange notes which all uncapturable are
Of broken sound.

That music thou alone couldst rightly hear
(O rare impressionist!)
And mimic. Therefore still we list
To its ethereal fall in this thy cyclic year.

Be then the poet's poet still! for none
Of them whose minstrelsy the stars have blessed
Has from expression's wonderland so won
The unexpressed,—
So wrought the charm of its elusive note
On us, who yearn in vain
To mock the pæan and the plain
Of tides that rise and fall with sweet mysterious rote.

Was it not well that the prophetic few,
So long inheritors of that high verse,
Dwelt in the mount alone, and haply knew
What stars rehearse?
But now with foolish cry the multitude
Awards at last the throne,
And claims thy cloudland for its own
With voices all untuned to thy melodious mood.

What joy it was to haunt some antique shade
Lone as thine echo, and to wreak my youth
Upon thy song,—to feel the throbs which made
Thy bliss, thy ruth,—
And thrill I knew not why, and dare to feel
Myself an heir unknown
To lands the poet treads alone
Ere to his soul the gods their presence quite reveal!

Even then, like thee, I vowed to dedicate
My powers to beauty; ay, but thou didst keep
The vow, whilst I knew not the afterweight
That poets weep,
The burthen under which one needs must bow,
The rude years envying
My voice the notes it fain would sing
For men belike to hear, as still they hear thee now.

Oh, the swift wind, the unrelenting sea!
They loved thee, yet they lured thee unaware
To be their spoil, lest alien skies to thee
Should seem more fair;

They had their will of thee, yet aye forlorn
Mourned the lithe soul's escape,
And gave the strand thy mortal shape
To be resolved in flame whereof its life was born.

Afloat on tropic waves, I yield once more
In age that heart of youth unto thy spell.
The century wanes,—thy voice thrills as of yore
When first it fell.
Would that I too, so had I sung a lay
The least upborne of thine,
Had shared thy pain! Not so divine
Our light, as faith to chant the far auroral day.

MORS BENEFICA

Give me to die unwitting of the day,
And stricken in Life's brave heat, with senses clear:
Not swathed and couched until the lines appear
Of Death's wan mask upon this withering clay,
But as that Old Man Eloquent made way
From Earth, a nation's conclave hushed anear;
Or as the chief whose fates, that he may hear
The victory, one glorious moment stay.
Or, if not thus, then with no cry in vain,
No ministrant beside to ward and weep,
Hand upon helm I would my quittance gain
In some wild turmoil of the waters deep,
And sink content into a dreamless sleep
(Spared grave and shroud) below the ancient main.

TOUJOURS AMOUR

Prithee tell me, Dimple-Chin,
At what age does love begin?
Your blue eyes have scarcely seen
Summers three, my fairy queen,
But a miracle of sweets,
Soft approaches, sly retreats,
Show the little archer there,
Hidden in your pretty hair:
When didst learn a heart to win?
Prithee tell me, Dimple-Chin!

"Oh!" the rosy lips reply,
"I can't tell you if I try.
'Tis so long I can't remember:
Ask some younger lass than I!"

Tell, oh tell me, Grizzled-Face,
Do your heart and head keep pace?
When does hoary love expire,
When do frosts put out the fire?
Can its embers burn below
All that chill December snow?
Care you still soft hands to press,
Bonny heads to smooth and bless?
When does love give up the chase?
Tell, oh tell me, Grizzled-Face!

"Ah!" the wise old lips reply,
"Youth may pass and strength may die;
But of love I can't foretoken:
Ask some older sage than I!"

PAN IN WALL STREET

Just where the Treasury's marble front
Looks over Wall Street's mingled nations;
Where Jews and Gentiles most are wont
To throng for trade and last quotations;
Where, hour by hour, the rates of gold
Outrival, in the ears of people,
The quarter-chimes, serenely tolled
From Trinity's undaunted steeple,—

Even there I heard a strange, wild strain
Sound high above the modern clamor,
Above the cries of greed and gain,
The curbstone war, the auction's hammer;
And swift, on Music's misty ways,
It led, from all this strife for millions,
To ancient, sweet-do-nothing days
Among the kirtle-robed Sicilians.

And as it stilled the multitude,
And yet more joyous rose, and shriller,
I saw the minstrel, where he stood
At ease against a Doric pillar:

One hand a droning organ played,
The other held a Pan's-pipe (fashioned
Like those of old) to lips that made
The reeds give out that strain impassioned.

'Twas Pan himself had wandered here
A-strolling through this sordid city,
And piping to the civic ear
The prelude of some pastoral ditty!
The demigod had crossed the seas,—
From haunts of shepherd, nymph, and satyr,
And Syracusan times,—to these
Far shores and twenty centuries later.

A ragged cap was on his head;
But—hidden thus—there was no doubting
That, all with crispy locks o'erspread,
His gnarlèd horns were somewhere sprouting;
His club-feet, cased in rusty shoes,
Were crossed, as on some frieze you see them,
And trousers, patched of divers hues,
Concealed his crooked shanks beneath them.

He filled the quivering reeds with sound,
And o'er his mouth their changes shifted,
And with his goat's-eyes looked around
Where'er the passing current drifted;
And soon, as on Trinacrian hills
The nymphs and herdsmen ran to hear him,
Even now the tradesmen from their tills,
With clerks and porters, crowded near him.

The bulls and bears together drew
From Jauncey Court and New Street Alley,
As erst, if pastorals be true,
Came beasts from every wooded valley;
The random passers stayed to list,—
A boxer Ægon, rough and merry,
A Broadway Daphnis, on his tryst
With Naïs at the Brooklyn Ferry.

A one-eyed Cyclops halted long
In tattered cloak of army pattern;
And Galatea joined the throng,—
A blowsy, apple-vending slattern;
While old Silenus staggered out
From some new-fangled lunch-house handy,

And bade the piper, with a shout,
To strike up Yankee Doodle Dandy!

A newsboy and a peanut girl
Like little fauns began to caper:
His hair was all in tangled curl,
Her tawny legs were bare and taper;
And still the gathering larger grew,
And gave its pence and crowded nigher,
While aye the shepherd-minstrel blew
His pipe, and struck the gamut higher.

O heart of Nature, beating still
With throbs her vernal passion taught her,—
Even here, as on the vine-clad hill,
Or by the Arethusan water!
New forms may fold the speech, new lands
Arise within these ocean-portals,
But Music waves eternal wands,—
Enchantress of the souls of mortals!

So thought I,—but among us trod
A man in blue, with legal baton,
And scoffed the vagrant demigod,
And pushed him from the step I sat on.
Doubting I mused upon the cry,
"Great Pan is dead!"—and all the people
Went on their ways;—and clear and high
The quarter sounded from the steeple.

THE DISCOVERER

I HAVE a little kinsman
Whose earthly summers are but three,
And yet a voyager is he
Greater than Drake or Frobisher,
Than all their peers together!
He is a brave discoverer,
And, far beyond the tether
Of them who seek the frozen pole,
Has sailed where the noiseless surges roll.
Ay, he has traveled whither
A wingèd pilot steered his bark
Through the portals of the dark,

Past hoary Mimir's well and tree,
Across the unknown sea.

Suddenly, in his fair young hour,
Came one who bore a flower,
And laid it in his dimpled hand
With this command:—
"Henceforth thou art a rover!
Thou must make a voyage far,
Sail beneath the evening star,
And a wondrous land discover."—
With his sweet smile innocent
Our little kinsman went.

Since that time no word
From the absent has been heard.
Who can tell
How he fares, or answer well
What the little one has found
Since he left us, outward bound?
Would that he might return!
Then should we learn
From the pricking of his chart
How the skyey roadways part.
Hush! does not the baby this way bring,
To lay beside this severed curl,
Some starry offering
Of chrysolite or pearl?

Ah, no! not so!
We may follow on his track,
But he comes not back.
And yet I dare aver
He is a brave discoverer
Of climes his elders do not know.
He has more learning than appears
On the scroll of twice three thousand years,
More than in the groves is taught,
Or from furthest Indies brought;
He knows, perchance, how spirits fare,
What shapes the angels wear,
What is their guise and speech
In those lands beyond our reach;
And his eyes behold
Things that shall never, never be to mortal hearers told.

CAVALRY SONG

OUR good steeds snuff the evening air,
Our pulses with their purpose tingle:
The foeman's fires are twinkling there;
He leaps to hear our sabres jingle!
HALT!
Each carbine sends its whizzing ball:
Now, cling! clang! forward all,
Into the fight!

Dash on beneath the smoking dome,
Through level lightnings gallop nearer!
One look to Heaven! No thoughts of home:
The guidons that we bear are dearer.
CHARGE!
Cling! clang! forward all!
Heaven help those whose horses fall!
Cut left and right!

They flee before our fierce attack!
They fall, they spread in broken surges!
Now, comrades, bear our wounded back,
And leave the foeman to his dirges.
WHEEL!
The bugles sound the swift recall:
Cling! clang! backward all!
Home, and good-night!

THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN POETRY

From 'Poets of America.' Copyrighted 1885, by Edmund Clarence Stedman

THERE are questions that come home to one who would aid in speeding the return of "the Muse, disgusted at" the "age and clime." Can I, he asks, be reckoned with the promoters of her new reign? Yes, it will be answered, if your effort is in earnest, and if you are in truth a poet. To doubt of this is almost the doubt's own confirmation. The writer to whom rhythmic phrases come as the natural utterance of his extremest hope, regret, devotion, is a poet of some degree. At the rarest crises he finds that, without and even beyond his will, life and death and all things dear and sacred are made auxiliary to the compulsive purpose of his art; just as in the passion for science, as if to verify the terrible irony of Balzac and Wordsworth, the

alchemist will analyze his wife's tears, the Linnæan will botanize upon his mother's grave:—

"Alas, and hast thou then so soon forgot
The bond that with thy gift of song did go—
Severe as fate, fixed and unchangeable?
Dost thou not know this is the poet's lot!"

If when his brain is in working humor, its chambers filled with imaged pageantry, the same form of utterance becomes his ready servant, then he is a poet indeed. But if he has a dexterous metrical faculty, and hunts for theme and motive,—or if his verse does not say what otherwise cannot be said at all,—then he is a mere artisan in words, and less than those whose thought and feeling are too deep for speech. The true poet is haunted by his gift, even in hours of drudgery and enforced prosaic life. He cannot escape it. After spells of dejection and weariness, when it has seemed to leave for ever, it always, always returns again,—perishable only with himself.

Again he will ask, What are my opportunities? What is the final appraisement of the time and situation? We have noted those latter-day conditions that vex the poet's mind. Yet art is the precious outcome of all conditions: there are none that may not be transmuted in its crucible. Science, whose iconoclasm had to be considered, first of all, in our study of the Victorian period, has forced us to adjust ourselves to its dispensation. A scientific conflict with tradition always has been in progress, though never so determinedly as now. But the poet and artist keep pace with it, even forestall it, so that each new wonder leads to greater things, and the so-called doom of art is a victorious transition:—

"If my bark sinks, 'tis to another sea."

As to material conditions, we find that the practical eagerness of the age, and of our own people before all, has so nearly satisfied its motive as to beget the intellectual and æsthetic needs to which beauty is the purveyor. As heretofore in Venice and other commonwealths, first nationality, then riches, then the rise of poetry and the arts. After materialism and the scientific stress, the demands of journalism have been the chief counter-sway to poetic activity. But our journals are now the adjuvants of imaginative effort in prose and verse: the best of them are conducted by writers who have the literary spirit, and who make room for ideal literature, even if it does not swell their lists so rapidly as

that of another kind. The poet can get a hearing; our Chattertons need not starve in their garrets: there never was a better market for the wares of Apollo; their tuneful venders need not hope for wealth, but if one cannot make his genius something more than its own exceeding great reward, it is because he mistakes the period, or scorns to address himself fitly to his readers. Finally, criticism is at once more catholic and more discriminating than of old. Can it make a poet, or teach him his mission? Hardly; but it can spur him to his best, and point out the heresies from which he must free himself or address the oracle in vain.

Such being our opportunities, we have seen that the personal requirements are coequal, and their summing-up may well be the conclusion of the whole matter. Warmth, action, genuine human interest, must vivify the minstrel's art: the world will receive him if he in truth comes into his own. Taste and adroitness can no longer win by novelty. Natural emotion is the soul of poetry, as melody is of music: the same faults are engendered by overstudy of either art; there is a lack of sincerity, of irresistible impulse, in both the poet and the composer. The decorative vogue has reached its lowest grade,— that of assumption for burlesque and persiflage; just as Pre-Raphaelitism, at first a reform in art, extended to poetry, to architecture, to wall decoration, to stage-setting, finally to the dress of moonstruck blue-stockings and literary dandies. What has been gained in new design will survive. But henceforth the sense of beauty must have something "far more deeply interfused," — the ideal, which, though not made with hands of artificers, is eternal on the earth as in the heavens, because it is inherent in the soul. There is also one prerequisite, upon which stress was laid by Dr. Storrs, in his application to modern art of Goethe's reservation as to the worth of certain engravings: "Still something is wanting in all these pictures,— the Manly. . . . The pictures lack a certain urgent power," etc. Culture, I have said, will make a poet draw ahead of his unstudious fellows; but the resolve born of conviction is needed to sustain the advance. The lecturer rightly declared that only "courageous work will suit America, whose race is essentially courageous and stoical." Our keynote assuredly should be that of freshness and joy; the sadness of declining races only, has the beauty of natural pathos. There is no cause for morbidly introspective verse — no need, I hope, for dilettanteism — in this brave country of ours for centuries to come.

I think, too, we may claim that there is no better ideal of manhood than the American ideal, derived from an aggregation of characteristic types. Our future verse should be more native than that of the past, in having a flavor more plainly distinct from the motherland. Not that our former contingent misrepresented the America of its time. Even Longfellow's work, with so much of imported theme and treatment, conveyed a sentiment that came, say what we will, from no foreign source. The reason that a decidedly autochthonous kind was not then proffered, unless by Whitman, was that a distinction between the conditions of England and America was not more strongly established. Since the War our novitiate has ended. We welcome home productions; our servility of foreign judgment has lessened, and we apply with considerable self-poise our own standards of criticism to things abroad. We have outlived the greed of childhood that depends on sustenance furnished by its elders; and are far indeed from the senile atrophy which also must borrow to recruit its wasting powers. Our debt to acute foreign critics is none the less memorable. They, in truth, were the first to counsel us that we should lean upon ourselves; to insist that we ought at least to escape Old World limitations,—the first to recognize so heartily anything purely American, even our sectional humor, as to bring about our discovery that it was not necessarily "a poor thing," although our "own."

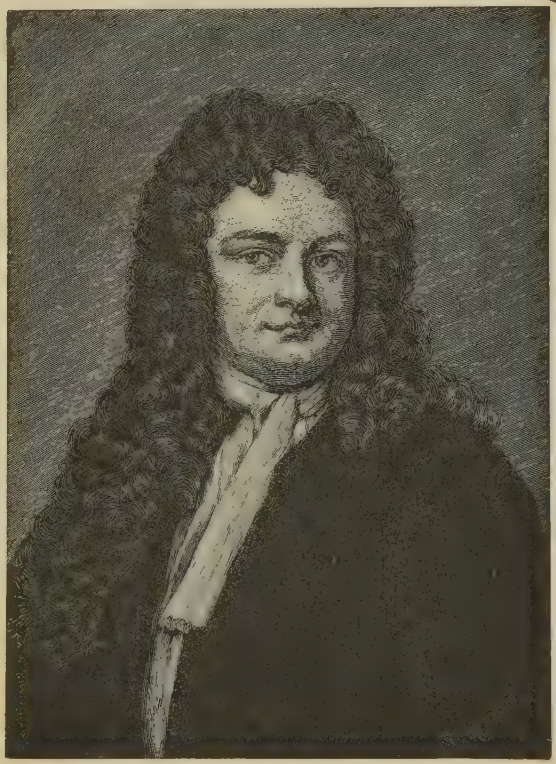
It is agreed that sectional types, which thus have lent their raciness to various productions, are subsidiary to the formation of one that shall be national. A character formed of mingling components must undergo the phases of defective hybridity; our own is just beginning to assume a coherence that is the promise of a similar adjustment in art. As local types disappear there may be special losses, yet a general gain. The lifting of the Japanese embargo was harmful to the purity of the insular art, but added something to the arts of the world at large. Even now our English cousins, seeking for what they term Americanism in our literature, begin to find its flavor stealthily added to their own. . . .

Our people have blundered from isolation: confront them with the models of older lands and they quickly learn to choose the fit and beautiful; and the time is now reached when the finest models are widely attainable. Secondly, our inheritance is a language that is relatively the greatest treasure-house of the world's

literature: at once the most laconic and the most copious of tongues, the sturdiest in its foundations of emotion and utility, the most varied by appropriation of synonyms from all languages, new and old; the youngest and most occidental of the great modes of speech, steadily diffusing itself about the globe, with no possible supplanter or successor except itself at further stages of maturity; finally, elastic and copious most of all in the land which adds to it new idioms, of cisatlantic growth, or assimilated from the dialects of many races that here contribute their diction to its own: a language whose glory is that even corruptions serve to speed its growth, and whose fine achievement long has been to make the neologism, even the solecism, of one generation the classicism of the next. This is the potent and sonorous instrument which our poet has at his command; and the genius of his country, like Ariel, bids him

«— take
This slave of music, for my sake.»

The twilight of the poets, succeeding to the brightness of their first diurnal course, is a favorable interval at which to review the careers of those whose work therewith is ended. Although at such a time public interest may set in other directions, I have adhered to a task so arduous, yet so fascinating to the critical and poetic student. When the lustre of a still more auspicious day shall yield in its turn to the recurring dusk, a new chronicler will have the range of noble imaginations to consider, heightened in significance by comparison with the field of these prior excursions. But if I have not wholly erred in respect to the lessons derivable from the past, he will not go far beyond them. The canons are not subject to change; he, in turn, will deduce the same elements appertaining to the chief of arts, and test his poets and their bequests by the same unswerving laws. And concerning the dawn which may soon break upon us unawares, as we make conjecture of the future of American song, it is difficult to keep the level of restraint — to avoid «rising on the wings of prophecy.» Who can doubt that it will correspond to the future of the land itself,— of America now wholly free and interblending, with not one but a score of civic capitals, each an emulative centre of taste and invention, a focus of energetic life, ceaseless in action, radiant with the glow of beauty and creative power?



RICHARD STEELE.

SIR RICHARD STEELE

(1671–1729)

It is entirely indicative of our opinions and feelings of the life and writings of this British author of the eighteenth century that we should think of Addison's friend and fellow-essayist as Richard, or Dick, or Dicky Steele, rather than of Sir Richard Steele, as he is known in the history of literature. Dick or Dicky Steele conveys to our minds the impression which the heavy-limbed, square-jawed, dark-eyed, tender-hearted, awkward, careless, wholly unselfish Irishman conveyed to his personal friends and acquaintances.

Irish by birth,—for he was born in Dublin in 1671,—he was of English parentage and descent, being the son of the secretary of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Duke of Ormond. Yet he had many of the amiable, kindly, mirthful, genial traits attributed to the Irish race. Through the Duke's influence he was sent to the Charterhouse, London, where he first met Addison, of the same age as himself; with whom he formed the closest intimacy, which, continuing for many years, is one of the most memorable in literature. Steele always looked up to Addison, cherishing for him a respect almost reverential; and Addison's stronger, more stable, more serious character affected very favorably his own wayward, volatile nature, without causing any permanent change in it. Notwithstanding that he lived to be fifty eight,—dying at Llangunnor, Wales, September 1st, 1729,—he seemed never to have quite grown up. He preserved through all his vicissitudes, and to the very last, the same gay, reckless, jovial, irregular, prodigal disposition; never intending to do ill, but always getting into straits from which his friends were obliged to extricate him so far as they could, until he fell into new ones. His errors were ever human, ever committed without reflection; and though they demand at times broad charity, it is impossible not to forgive, on the whole, his shortcomings, and not to love him despite his grave defects. If he constantly needed help, he was constantly trying to help others; and to this cause are due most of his perplexities.

The two friends were together at Merton College, Oxford; where Steele remained for three years, but left without taking a degree. He had conceived a passion for the army; and unable to get a

commission, he enlisted as a private in the Horse Guards. A rich kinsman in Ireland had menaced him with disinheritance should he take such a step; but being naturally independent, he defied interference. He was liked in the army, and gained the rank of captain; a promotion due to his colonel, Lord Cutts, to whom he had dedicated his 'Christian Hero' (published in 1701), which was so moral and pious as to displease his very worldly associates, and which was written in those moods of contrition so frequent and so transient with him. It was at this time that he made that intimate acquaintance with the follies and vices of the era, and with human nature as he saw it, which made him an acute delineator of manners when he embraced literature as a profession.

As a man about town he frequented the London theatres, and became intimately acquainted with the players and their companions. This naturally turned his mind to the stage; and in 1702 he wrote a comedy, 'The Funeral, or Grief à la Mode' (in striking contrast with the 'Christian Hero'), which met with marked favor at Drury Lane. The next year he brought out 'The Tender Husband'; and two years later a third comedy, 'The Lying Lover,' adapted from 'Le Menteur' of Thomas Corneille. This was too staid, too solemn, to suit his audience, who so energetically condemned it that he did not attempt until 1722 another play, 'The Conscious Lovers' (based on Terence's 'Andria'), his most successful drama, and conspicuously decorous.

Steele was now a popular and a fashionable man, having political no less than social position. He was appointed gazetteer and gentleman usher to Prince George of Denmark. He had taken a wife, who lived but a little while, leaving him a considerable estate in Barbadoes. His second wife (he was married again in 1707), born Molly Scurlock, increased his fortune. His letters to this wife, some four hundred of which have been preserved, form an extraordinary correspondence. They reveal the author as he was,—full of faults and weaknesses, of dissipations and repentance, of affection and tenderness, of ardent promises of reform and reckless promise-breaking. They are wholly artless and confidential, written without premeditation or second thought; mere talk on paper. They are dated from jails, taverns, wine-shops, bailiffs' offices, under the influence of vinous headaches, marital contritions, fresh impulses of devotion, and tearful regrets for neglected duties. They afford a curious, rather melancholy, at the same time entertaining, history of a drinking, impulsive, vacillating, over-generous, spendthrift, loving husband's checkered life.

To a man of Steele's temperament and habits, money was of little benefit. He was always in debt, and always would have been, whether his income were five hundred pounds or five thousand. He

had neither order nor method; but in their stead numberless whims and desires. He had not the slightest conception of business; he was entirely destitute of practicality: but no kind of adversity, no misfortune, could depress his ever-buoyant spirit.

In 1709 a felicitous financial idea occurred to him; and oddly enough, he acted on it. His office of gazetteer put him in control of early foreign intelligence; and in imitation of Defoe's plan, he organized the Tatler, issuing the first number April 12th. He secured the assistance of Addison, who furnished many of the principal articles, and who aided him in procuring the appointment of commissioner of the Stamp Office. When the Whigs were overthrown in 1710, Steele, as a strong Whig, was deprived of his gazetteership, and with it the means of supplying the items of official news which were at the beginning important to the Tatler. This paper was accordingly succeeded the next year by the Spectator, mostly written by the two friends. The Tatler had appeared thrice a week, price one penny; but the Spectator appeared daily at twopence, issuing five hundred and fifty-five numbers,—the last December 6th, 1712. Many of Addison's most famous contributions were printed in the two papers; though Steele furnished the larger number, and stamped himself and his character on what he wrote. His object was to expose what was false in life, manners, morals; to strip disguises from vanity, selfishness, affectation; to recommend simplicity and sincerity; to correct public taste, and urge the adoption of true English sentiment and opinion. Steele and Addison co-operated also in the Guardian: and Steele at different periods was interested in similar periodicals, like the Englishman, the Lover, the Reader, the Plebeian; but they were short-lived, and added nothing to his reputation. Few of Steele's essays are remembered; nor is the fact that he was the originator of the noted characters "Sir Roger de Coverley" and "Will Honeycomb," though Addison afterward adopted them, making them virtually his own.

As an essayist he is admired for vivacity and ease, but not for finish: he was often neglectful of his style. His charm is his perfect naturalness. He had great versatility, being a humorist, satirist, critic, story-teller, and remarkable in each capacity. Political acrimony raged in 1713. Steele's patriotism triumphed over self-interest; he resigned his office, and plunged headlong into political controversy. He gained a seat in Parliament as a member for Stockbridge in Hampshire; vehemently supported the Protestant succession, which he believed in peril; and published a pamphlet, 'The Crisis,' warning the kingdom against the danger of a Popish succession, for which he was expelled from the House of Commons. The death of Queen Anne mollified his opponents. In the new reign he received several

profitable employments; was knighted, and elected to Parliament from Boroughbridge. But, head over heels in debt again, he was soon attacked with paralysis and rendered incapable of exertion. He retired to a small estate (left him by his second wife), where he passed away nearly forgotten by his contemporaries. He was distinguished, in an era that cherished slight respect for women, for his high opinion of and chivalrous feeling for them. No loftier compliment has ever been paid to woman than his to Lady Elizabeth Hastings: « To love her was a liberal education.»

ON BEHAVIOR AT CHURCH

From the Guardian

THERE is not anywhere, I believe, so much talk about religion, as among us in England; nor do I think it possible for the wit of man to devise forms of address to the Almighty in more ardent and forcible terms than are everywhere to be found in our Book of Common Prayer; and yet I have heard it read with such a negligence, affectation, and impatience, that the efficacy of it has been apparently lost to all the congregation. For my part, I make no scruple to own it, that I go sometimes to a particular place in the city, far distant from my own home, to hear a gentleman whose manner I admire, read the liturgy. I am persuaded devotion is the greatest pleasure of his soul, and there is none hears him read without the utmost reverence. I have seen the young people who have been interchanging glances of passion to each other's person, checked into an attention to the service at the interruption which the authority of his voice has given them.

But the other morning I happened to rise earlier than ordinary, and thought I could not pass my time better than to go upon the admonition of the morning bell, to the church prayers at six of the clock. I was there the first of any in the congregation, and had the opportunity (however I made use of it) to look back on all my life, and contemplate the blessing and advantage of such stated early hours for offering ourselves to our Creator, and prepossessing ourselves with the love of him, and the hopes we have from him, against the snares of business and pleasure in the ensuing day. But whether it be that people think

fit to indulge their own ease in some secret, pleasing fault, or whatever it was, there was none at the confession but a set of poor scrubs of us, who could sin only in our wills, whose persons could be no temptation to one another, and might have, without interruption from anybody else, humble, lowly hearts, in frightful looks and dirty dresses, at our leisure.

When we poor souls had presented ourselves with a contrition suitable to our worthlessness, some pretty young ladies in mobs popped in here and there about the church, clattering the pew door after them, and squatting into a whisper behind their fans. Among others, one of Lady Lizard's daughters and her hopeful maid made their entrance: the young lady did not omit the ardent form behind the fan, while the maid immediately gaped round her to look for some other devout person, whom I saw at a distance, very well dressed; his air and habit a little military, but in the pertness, not the true possession of the martial character. This jackanapes was fixed at the end of a pew, with the utmost impudence declaring, by a fixed eye on that seat where our beauty was placed, the object of his devotion. This obscene sight gave me all the indignation imaginable, and I could attend to nothing but the reflection that the greatest affronts imaginable are such as no one can take notice of.

Before I was out of such vexatious inadvertencies to the business of the place, there was a great deal of good company now come in. There was a good number of very jaunty slatterns, who gave us to understand that it is neither dress nor art to which they were beholden for the town's admiration. Besides these, there were also by this time arrived two or three sets of whisperers, who carry on most of their calumnies by what they entertain one another with in that place; and we were now altogether very good company. There were indeed a few in whose looks there appeared a heavenly joy and gladness upon the entrance of a new day, as if they had gone to sleep with expectation of it. For the sake of these it is worth while that the Church keeps up such early matins throughout the cities of London and Westminster; but the generality of those who observe that hour perform it with so tasteless a behavior that it appears a task rather than a voluntary act. But of all the world, those familiar ducks who are, as it were, at home at the church, and by frequently meeting there throw the time of prayer very negligently into their common life, and make their coming

together in that place as ordinary as any other action, and do not turn their conversation upon any improvements suitable to the true design of that house, but on trifles below even their worldly concerns and characters. These are little groups of acquaintance dispersed in all parts of the town, who are forsooth the only people of unspotted characters, and throw all the spots that stick on those of other people.

Malice is the ordinary vice of those who live in the mode of religion, without the spirit of it. The pleasurable world are hurried by their passions above the consideration of what others think of them, into a pursuit of irregular enjoyment; while these who forbear the gratifications of flesh and blood, without having won over the spirit to the interests of virtue, are implacable in defamations on the errors of such who offend without respect to fame. But the consideration of persons whom one cannot but take notice of when one sees them in that place, has drawn me out of my intended talk, which was to bewail that people do not know the pleasure of early hours, and of dedicating the first moments of the day, with joy and singleness of heart, to their Creator. Experience should convince us that the earlier we left our beds the seldomer should we be confined to them.

One great good which would also accrue from this, were it become a fashion, would be, that it is possible our chief divines would condescend to pray themselves, or at least those whom they substitute would be better supplied than to be forced to appear at those oraisons in a garb and attire which makes them appear mortified with worldly want, and not abstracted from the world by the contempt of it. How is it possible for a gentleman, under the income of fifty pounds a year, to be attentive to sublime things? He must rise and dress like a laborer for sordid hire, instead of approaching his place of service with the utmost pleasure and satisfaction that now he is going to be mouth of a crowd of people who have laid aside all the distinctions of this contemptible being, to beseech a protection under its manifold pains and disadvantages, or a release from it by His favor who sent them into it. He would, with decent superiority, look upon himself as orator before the Throne of Grace, for a crowd who hang upon his words while he asks for them all that is necessary in a transitory life; from the assurance that a good behavior, for a few moments in it, will purchase endless joy and happy immortality.

But who can place himself in this view who, though not pinched with want, is distracted with care from the fear of it? No: a man in the least degree below the spirit of a saint or a martyr will loll, huddle over his duty, look confused, or assume a resolution in his behavior which will be quite as ungraceful, except he is supported above the necessities of life.

"Power and commandment to his minister to declare and pronounce to his people" is mentioned with a very unguarded air, when the speaker is known in his own private condition to be almost an object of their pity and charity. This last circumstance, with many others here loosely suggested, are the occasion that one knows not how to recommend, to such as have not already a fixed sense of devotion, the pleasure of passing the earliest hours of the day in a public congregation. But were this morning solemnity as much in vogue even as it is now at more advanced hours of the day, it would necessarily have so good an effect upon us as to make us more disengaged and cheerful in conversation, and less artful and insincere in business. The world would be quite another place than it is now, the rest of the day; and every face would have an alacrity in it which can be borrowed from no other reflections but those which give us the assured protection of Omnipotence.

MR. BICKERSTAFF VISITS A FRIEND

From the Tatler

THERE are several persons who have many pleasures and entertainments in their possession which they do not enjoy. It is therefore a kind and good office to acquaint them with their own happiness, and turn their attention to such instances of their good fortune as they are apt to overlook. Persons in the married state often want such a monitor; and pine away their days by looking upon the same condition in anguish and murmur, which carries with it in the opinion of others a complication of all the pleasures of life, and a retreat from its inquietudes.

I am led into this thought by a visit I made an old friend, who was formerly my schoolfellow. He came to town last week with his family for the winter, and yesterday morning sent me word his wife expected me to dinner. I am, as it were, at home at

that house, and every member of it knows me for their well-wisher. I cannot indeed express the pleasure it is to be met by the children with so much joy as I am when I go thither. The boys and girls strive who shall come first, when they think it is I that am knocking at the door; and that child which loses the race to me runs back again to tell the father it is Mr. Bickerstaff. This day I was led in by a pretty girl, that we all thought must have forgot me; for the family has been out of town these two years. Her knowing me again was a mighty subject with us, and took up our discourse at the first entrance. After which they began to rally me upon a thousand little stories they heard in the country, about my marriage to one of my neighbors' daughters. Upon which the gentleman, my friend, said, "Nay, if Mr. Bickerstaff marries a child of any of his old companions, I hope mine shall have the preference; there is Mrs. Mary is now sixteen, and would make him as fine a widow as the best of them. But I know him too well: he is so enamored with the very memory of those who flourished in our youth, that he will not so much as look upon the modern beauties. I remember, old gentleman, how often you went home in a day to refresh your countenance and dress, when Teraminta reigned in your heart. As we came up in the coach, I repeated to my wife some of your verses on her."

With such reflections on little passages which happened long ago, we passed our time, during a cheerful and elegant meal. After dinner, his lady left the room, as did also the children. As soon as we were alone, he took me by the hand: "Well, my good friend," says he, "I am heartily glad to see thee: I was afraid you would never have seen all the company that dined with you to-day again. Do not you think the good woman of the house a little altered since you followed her from the play-house, to find out who she was, for me?" I perceived a tear fall down his cheek as he spoke, which moved me not a little. But to turn the discourse I said, "She is not indeed quite that creature she was when she returned me the letter I carried from you: and told me 'she hoped, as I was a gentleman, I would be employed no more to trouble her, who had never offended me; but would be so much the gentleman's friend, as to dissuade him from a pursuit which he could never succeed in.' You may remember, I thought her in earnest; and you were forced to employ your cousin Will, who made his sister get acquainted

with her, for you. You cannot expect her to be for ever fifteen."

"Fifteen!" replied my good friend: "ah! you little understand, you that have lived a bachelor, how great, how exquisite a pleasure there is in being really beloved! It is impossible that the most beauteous face in nature should raise in me such pleasing ideas as when I look upon that excellent woman. That fading in her countenance is chiefly caused by her watching with me in my fever. This was followed by a fit of sickness which had like to have carried her off last winter. I tell you sincerely, I have so many obligations to her that I cannot with any sort of moderation think of her present state of health. But as to what you say of fifteen, she gives me every-day pleasures beyond what I ever knew in the possession of her beauty, when I was in the vigor of youth. Every moment of her life brings me fresh instances of her complacency to my inclinations, and her prudence in regard to my fortune. Her face is to me much more beautiful than when I first saw it; there is no decay in any feature which I cannot trace from the very instant it was occasioned by some anxious concern for my welfare and interests. Thus at the same time, methinks, the love I conceived towards her for what she was, is heightened by my gratitude for what she is. The love of a wife is as much above the idle passion commonly called by that name, as the loud laughter of buffoons is inferior to the elegant mirth of gentlemen. Oh! she is an inestimable jewel. In her examination of her household affairs, she shows a certain fearfulness to find a fault, which makes her servants obey her like children; and the meanest we have has an ingenuous shame for an offense, not always to be seen in children in other families. I speak freely to you, my old friend: ever since her sickness, things that gave me the quickest joy before, turn now to a certain anxiety. As the children play in the next room, I know the poor things by their steps; and am considering what they must do, should they lose their mother in their tender years. The pleasure I used to take in telling my boy stories of battles, and asking my girl questions about the disposal of her baby, and the gossiping of it, is turned into inward reflection and melancholy."

He would have gone on in this tender way, when the good lady entered, and with an inexpressible sweetness in her countenance told us, "she had been searching her closet for something

very good, to treat such an old friend as I was." Her husband's eyes sparkled with pleasure at the cheerfulness of her countenance; and I saw all his fears vanish in an instant. The lady observing something in our looks which showed we had been more serious than ordinary, and seeing her husband receive her with great concern under a forced cheerfulness, immediately guessed at what we had been talking of; and applying herself to me, said with a smile, "Mr. Bickerstaff, do not believe a word of what he tells you: I shall still live to have you for my second, as I have often promised you, unless he takes more care of himself than he has done since his coming to town. You must know he tells me that he finds London is a much more healthy place than the country; for he sees several of his old acquaintance and schoolfellows are here young fellows with fair full-bottomed periwigs. I could scarce keep him in this morning from going out open-breasted."

My friend, who is always extremely delighted with her agreeable humor, made her sit down with us. She did it with that easiness which is peculiar to women of sense; and to keep up the good-humor she had brought in with her, turned her raillery upon me. "Mr. Bickerstaff, you remember you followed me one night from the play-house: suppose you should carry me thither to-morrow night, and lead me into the front box." This put us into a long field of discourse about the beauties who were mothers to the present, and shined in the boxes twenty years ago. I told her, "I was glad she had transferred so many of her charms, and I did not question but her eldest daughter was within half a year of being a toast."

We were pleasing ourselves with this fantastical preferment of the young lady, when on a sudden we were alarmed with the noise of a drum, and immediately entered my little godson to give me a point of war. His mother, between laughing and chiding, would have put him out of the room; but I would not part with him so. I found, upon conversation with him, though he was a little noisy in his mirth, that the child had excellent parts, and was a great master of all the learning on the other side eight years old. I perceived him a very great historian in Æsop's Fables: but he frankly declared to me his mind, that "he did not delight in that learning, because he did not believe they were true;" for which reason I found he had very much turned his studies, for about a twelvemonth past, into the lives and

adventures of Don Belianis of Greece, Guy of Warwick, the Seven Champions, and other historians of that age. I could not but observe the satisfaction the father took in the forwardness of his son; and that these diversions might turn to some profit, I found the boy had made remarks which might be of service to him during the course of his whole life. He would tell you the mismanagements of John Hickerthrift, find fault with the passionate temper in Bevis of Southampton, and loved St. George for being the champion of England; and by this means had his thoughts insensibly molded into the notions of discretion, virtue, and honor. I was extolling his accomplishments, when the mother told me that "the little girl who led me in this morning was in her way a better scholar than he. Betty," said she, "deals chiefly in fairies and sprights; and sometimes in a winter night will terrify the maids with her accounts, until they are afraid to go up to bed."

I sat with them until it was very late, sometimes in merry, sometimes in serious discourse, with this particular pleasure, which gives the only true relish to all conversation,—a sense that every one of us liked each other. I went home, considering the different conditions of a married life and that of a bachelor; and I must confess it struck me with a secret concern, to reflect that whenever I go off I shall leave no traces behind me. In this pensive mood I returned to my family; that is to say, to my maid, my dog, and my cat, who only can be the better or worse for what happens to me.

ON COFFEE-HOUSES; SUCCESSION OF VISITORS; CHARACTER OF EUBULUS

From the Spectator

It is very natural for a man who is not turned for mirthful meetings of men, or assemblies of the fair sex, to delight in that sort of conversation which we find in coffee-houses. Here a man of my temper is in his element; for if he cannot talk, he can still be more agreeable to his company, as well as pleased in himself, in being only a hearer. It is a secret known but to few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should

consider is whether he has a great inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him. The latter is the more general desire; and I know very able flatterers that never speak a word in praise of the persons from whom they obtain daily favors, but still practice a skillful attention to whatever is uttered by those with whom they converse. We are very curious to observe the behavior of great men and their clients: but the same passions and interests move men in lower spheres; and I (that have nothing else to do but make observations) see in every parish, street, lane, and alley of this populous city, a little potentate that has his court, and his flatterers, who lay snares for his affection and favor by the same arts that are practiced upon men in higher stations.

In the place I most usually frequent, men differ rather in the time of day in which they make a figure, than in any real greatness above one another. I, who am at the coffee-house at six in the morning, know that my friend Beaver the haberdasher has a levee of more undissembled friends and admirers than most of the courtiers or generals of Great Britain. Every man about him has perhaps a newspaper in his hand; but none can pretend to guess what step will be taken in any one court of Europe, till Mr. Beaver has thrown down his pipe and declares what measures the allies must enter into upon this new posture of affairs. Our coffee-house is near one of the Inns of Court, and Beaver has the audience and admiration of his neighbors from six till within a quarter of eight; at which time he is interrupted by the students of the house, some of whom are ready dressed for Westminster at eight in a morning, with faces as busy as if they were retained in every cause there; and others come in their night-gowns to saunter away their time, as if they never designed to go thither. I do not know that I meet in any of my walks objects which move both my spleen and laughter so effectually as those young fellows at the Grecian, Squire's, Serle's, and all other coffee-houses adjacent to the law, who rise early for no other purpose but to publish their laziness. One would think these young virtuosos take a gay cap and slippers, with a scarf and party-colored gown, to be ensigns of dignity; for the vain things approach each other with an air which shows they regard one another for their vestments. I have observed that the superiority among these proceeds from an opinion of gallantry and fashion. The gentleman in the strawberry sash, who presides so

much over the rest, has, it seems, subscribed to every opera this last winter, and is supposed to receive favors from one of the actresses.

When the day grows too busy for these gentlemen to enjoy any longer the pleasures of their dishabille with any manner of confidence, they give place to men who have business or good sense in their faces, and come to the coffee-house either to transact affairs or enjoy conversation. The persons to whose behavior and discourse I have most regard, are such as are between these two sorts of men; such as have not spirits too active to be happy and well pleased in a private condition, nor complexions too warm to make them neglect the duties and relations of life. Of these sort of men consist the worthier part of mankind; of these are all good fathers, generous brothers, friends, and faithful subjects. Their entertainments are derived rather from reason than imagination; which is the cause that there is no impatience or instability in their speech or action. You see in their countenances they are at home, and in quiet possession of their present instant as it passes, without desiring to quicken it by gratifying any passion, or prosecuting any new design. These are the men formed for society, and those little communities which we express by the word neighborhoods.

The coffee-house is the place of rendezvous to all that live near it, who are thus turned to relish calm and ordinary life. Eubulus presides over the middle hours of the day, when this assembly of men meet together. He enjoys a great fortune handsomely, without launching into expense; and exerts many noble and useful qualities, without appearing in any public employment. His wisdom and knowledge are serviceable to all that think fit to make use of them; and he does the office of a counsel, a judge, an executor, and a friend, to all his acquaintance, not only without the profits which attend such offices, but also without the deference and homage which are usually paid to them. The giving of thanks is displeasing to him. The greatest gratitude you can show him is to let him see that you are a better man for his services; and that you are as ready to oblige others as he is to oblige you.

In the private exigencies of his friends, he lends at legal value considerable sums, which he might highly increase by rolling in the public stocks. He does not consider in whose hands his money will improve most, but where it will do most good

Eubulus has so great an authority in his little diurnal audience, that when he shakes his head at any piece of public news, they all of them appear dejected; and on the contrary, go home to their dinners with a good stomach and cheerful aspect when Eubulus seems to intimate that things go well. Nay, their veneration towards him is so great that when they are in other company they speak and act after him; are wise in his sentences, and are no sooner sat down at their own tables, but they hope or fear, rejoice or despond, as they saw him do at the coffee-house. In a word, every man is Eubulus as soon as his back is turned.

Having here given an account of the several reigns that succeed each other from daybreak till dinner-time, I shall mention the monarchs of the afternoon on another occasion, and shut up the whole series of them with the history of Tom the Tyrant; who, as the first minister of the coffee-house, takes the government upon him between the hours of eleven and twelve at night, and gives his orders in the most arbitrary manner to the servants below him, as to the disposition of liquors, coal, and cinders.

ON THE EFFECTS OF PUBLIC MOURNING: PLAINNESS IN DRESS

From the Tatler

When artists would expose their diamonds to an advantage, they usually set them to show in little cases of black velvet. By this means the jewels appear in their true and genuine lustre, while there is no color that can infect their brightness, or give a false cast to the water. When I was at the opera the other night, the assembly of ladies in mourning made me consider them in the same kind of view. A dress wherein there is so little variety shows the face in all its natural charms, and makes one differ from another only as it is more or less beautiful. Painters are ever careful of offending against a rule which is so essential in all just representations. The chief figure must have the strongest point of light, and not be injured by any gay colorings that may draw away the attention to any less considerable part of the picture. The present fashion obliges everybody to be dressed with propriety, and makes the ladies' faces the principal objects of sight. Every beautiful person shines out

in all the excellence with which nature has adorned her; gaudy ribbons and glaring colors being now out of use, the sex has no opportunity given them to disfigure themselves, which they seldom fail to do whenever it lies in their power. When a woman comes to her glass, she does not employ her time in making herself look more advantageously what she really is; but endeavors to be as much another creature as she possibly can. Whether this happens because they stay so long, and attend their work so diligently, that they forget the faces and persons which they first sat down with, or whatever it is, they seldom rise from the toilet the same women they appeared when they began to dress. What jewel can the charming Cleora place in her ears that can please her beholders so much as her eyes? The cluster of diamonds upon the breast can add no beauty to the fair chest of ivory which supports it. It may indeed tempt a man to steal a woman, but never to love her. Let Thalestris change herself into a motley party-colored animal: the pearl necklace, the flowered stomacher, the artificial nosegay, and shaded furbelow may be of use to attract the eye of the beholder, and turn it from the imperfections of her features and shape. But if ladies will take my word for it (and as they dress to please men, they ought to consult our fancy rather than their own in this particular), I can assure them there is nothing touches our imagination so much as a beautiful woman in a plain dress. There might be more agreeable ornaments found in our own manufacture, than any that rise out of the looms of Persia.

This, I know, is a very harsh doctrine to womankind, who are carried away with everything that is showy, and with what delights the eye, more than any other species of living creatures whatsoever. Were the minds of the sex laid open, we should find the chief idea in one to be a tippet, in another a muff, in a third a fan, and in a fourth a farthingale. The memory of an old visiting lady is so filled with gloves, silks, and ribbons, that I can look upon it as nothing else but a toy shop. A matron of my acquaintance, complaining of her daughter's vanity, was observing that she had all of a sudden held up her head higher than ordinary, and taken an air that showed a secret satisfaction in herself, mixed with the scorn of others. "I did not know," says my friend, "what to make of the carriage of this fantastical girl, until I was informed by her eldest sister that she had a pair of

striped garters on." This odd turn of mind often makes the sex unhappy, and disposes them to be struck with everything that makes a show, however trifling and superficial.

Many a lady has fetched a sigh at the toss of a wig, and been ruined by the tapping of a snuff-box. It is impossible to describe all the execution that was done by the shoulder-knot while that fashion prevailed, or to reckon up all the virgins that have fallen a sacrifice to a pair of fringed gloves. A sincere heart has not made half so many conquests as an open waistcoat; and I should be glad to see an able head make so good a figure in a woman's company as a pair of red heels. A Grecian hero, when he was asked whether he could play upon the lute, thought he had made a very good reply when he answered, "No; but I can make a great city of a little one." Notwithstanding his boasted wisdom, I appeal to the heart of any toast in town, whether she would not think the lutenist preferable to the statesman? I do not speak this out of any aversion that I have to the sex; on the contrary, I have always had a tenderness for them: but I must confess, it troubles me very much to see the generality of them place their affections on improper objects, and give up all the pleasures of life for gewgaws and trifles.

Mrs. Margery Bickerstaff, my great-aunt, had a thousand pounds to her portion, which our family was desirous of keeping among themselves, and therefore used all possible means to turn off her thoughts from marriage. The method they took was, in any time of danger, to throw a new gown or petticoat in her way. When she was about twenty-five years of age she fell in love with a man of an agreeable temper and equal fortune, and would certainly have married him had not my grandfather, Sir Jacob, dressed her up in a suit of flowered satin; upon which she set so immoderate a value upon herself that the lover was contemned and discarded. In the fortieth year of her age she was again smitten; but very luckily transferred her passion to a tippet, which was presented to her by another relation who was in the plot. This, with a white sarsenet hood, kept her safe in the family until fifty. About sixty, which generally produces a kind of latter spring in amorous constitutions, my aunt Margery had again a colt's tooth in her head; and would certainly have eloped from the mansion-house had not her brother Simon, who was a wise man and a scholar, advised to dress her in cherry-colored

ribbons, which was the only expedient that could have been found out by the wit of man to preserve the thousand pounds in our family, part of which I enjoy at this time.

This discourse puts me in mind of a humorist mentioned by Horace, called Eutrapelus, who when he designed to do a man a mischief made him a present of a gay suit; and brings to my memory another passage of the same author, when he describes the most ornamental dress that a woman can appear in with two words, *simplex munditiis*, which I have quoted for the benefit of my female readers.

ON THE ART OF GROWING OLD

From the Tatler

It would be a good appendix to 'The Art of Living and Dying,' if any one would write 'The Art of Growing Old,' and teach men to resign their pretensions to the pleasures and gallantries of youth, in proportion to the alteration they find in themselves by the approach of age and infirmities. The infirmities of this stage of life would be much fewer if we did not affect those which attend the more vigorous and active part of our days; but instead of studying to be wiser, or being contented with our present follies, the ambition of many of us is also to be the same sort of fools we formerly have been. I have often argued, as I am a professed lover of women, that our sex grows old with a much worse grace than the other does; and have ever been of opinion that there are more well-pleased old women than old men. I thought it a good reason for this, that the ambition of the fair sex being confined to advantageous marriages, or shining in the eyes of men, their parts were over sooner, and consequently the errors in the performances of them. The conversation of this evening has not convinced me of the contrary; for one or two fop-women shall not make a balance for the crowds of coxcombs among ourselves, diversified according to the different pursuits of pleasure and business.

Returning home this evening a little before my usual hour, I scarce had seated myself in my easy-chair, stirred the fire, and stroked my cat, but I heard somebody come rumbling up-stairs. I saw my door opened, and a human figure advancing towards me so fantastically put together that it was some minutes before

I discovered it to be my old and intimate friend Sam Trusty. Immediately I rose up, and placed him in my own seat; a compliment I pay to few. The first thing he uttered was, "Isaac, fetch me a cup of your cherry brandy before you offer to ask any question." He drank a lusty draught, sat silent for some time, and at last broke out: "I am come," quoth he, "to insult thee for an old fantastic dotard, as thou art, in ever defending the women. I have this evening visited two widows who are now in that state I have often heard you call an 'after-life'; I suppose you mean by it, an existence which grows out of past entertainments, and is an untimely delight in the satisfactions which they once set their hearts upon too much to be ever able to relinquish. Have but patience," continued he, "until I give you a succinct account of my ladies, and of this night's adventure.

"They are much of an age, but very different in their characters. The one of them, with all the advances which years have made upon her, goes on in a certain romantic road of love and friendship which she fell into in her teens; the other has transferred the amorous passions of her first years to the love of cronies, pets, and favorites, with which she is always surrounded: but the genius of each of them will best appear by the account of what happened to me at their houses. About five this afternoon, being tired with study, the weather inviting, and time lying a little upon my hands, I resolved at the instigation of my evil genius to visit them; their husbands having been our contemporaries. This I thought I could do without much trouble, for both live in the very next street.

"I went first to my lady Camomile; and the butler, who had lived long in the family, and seen me often in his master's time, ushered me very civilly into the parlor, and told me though my lady had given strict orders to be denied, he was sure I might be admitted, and bid the black boy acquaint his lady that I was come to wait upon her. In the window lay two letters, one broke open, the other fresh sealed with a wafer: the first directed to the divine Cosmelia, the second to the charming Lucinda; but both, by the indented characters, appeared to have been writ by very unsteady hands. Such uncommon addresses increased my curiosity, and put me upon asking my old friend the butler, if he knew who those persons were? 'Very well,' says he: 'that is from Mrs. Furbish to my lady, an old schoolfellow and

great crony of her ladyship's; and this the answer.' I inquired in what county she lived. 'Oh dear!' says he, 'but just by, in the neighborhood. Why, she was here all this morning, and that letter came and was answered within these two hours. They have taken an odd fancy, you must know, to call one another hard names; but for all that, they love one another hugely.' By this time the boy returned with his lady's humble service to me, desiring I would excuse her; for she could not possibly see me nor anybody else, for it was opera-night."

"Methinks," says I, "such innocent folly as two old women's courtship to each other should rather make you merry than put you out of humor."

"Peace, good Isaac," says he, "no interruption, I beseech you. I got soon to Mrs. Feeble's,— she that was formerly Betty Frisk; you must needs remember her: Tom Feeble of Brazen Nose fell in love with her for her fine dancing. Well, Mrs. Ursula without further ceremony carries me directly up to her mistress's chamber, where I found her environed by four of the most mischievous animals that can ever infest a family: an old shock dog with one eye, a monkey chained to one side of the chimney, a great gray squirrel to the other, and a parrot waddling in the middle of the room. However, for a while, all was in a profound tranquillity. Upon the mantel-tree (for I am a pretty curious observer) stood a pot of lambetive electuary, with a stick of liquorice, and near it a phial of rosewater and powder of tutty. Upon the table lay a pipe filled with betony and colt's-foot, a roll of wax candle, a silver spitting-pot, and a Seville orange. The lady was placed in a large wicker chair, and her feet wrapped up in flannel, supported by cushions; and in this attitude, would you believe it, Isaac, she was reading a romance with spectacles on. The first compliments over, as she was industriously endeavoring to enter upon conversation, a violent fit of coughing seized her. This awaked Shock, and in a trice the whole room was in an uproar; for the dog barked, the squirrel squealed, the monkey chattered, the parrot screamed, and Ursula, to appease them, was more clamorous than all the rest. You, Isaac, who know how any harsh noise affects my head, may guess what I suffered from the hideous din of these discordant sounds. At length all was appeased, and quiet restored: a chair was drawn for me, where I was no sooner seated, but the parrot fixed his horny beak, as sharp as a pair of shears,

in one of my heels, just above the shoe. I sprung from the place with an unusual agility; and so, being within the monkey's reach, he snatches off my new bob-wig and throws it upon two apples that were roasting by a sullen sea-coal fire. I was nimble enough to save it from any further damage than singeing the foretop. I put it on; and composing myself as well as I could, I drew my chair towards the other side of the chimney. The good lady, as soon as she had recovered breath, employed it in making a thousand apologies, and with great eloquence and a numerous train of words lamented my misfortune. In the middle of her harangue, I felt something scratching near my knee; and feeling what it should be, found the squirrel had got into my coat pocket. As I endeavored to remove him from his burrow, he made his teeth meet through the fleshy part of my forefinger. This gave me an inexpressible pain. The Hungary water was immediately brought to bathe it, and gold-beater's skin applied to stop the blood. The lady renewed her excuses; but being now out of all patience, I abruptly took my leave, and hobbling down-stairs with heedless haste, I set my foot full in a pail of water, and down we came to the bottom together."

Here my friend concluded his narrative, and with a composed countenance I began to make him compliments of condolence; but he started from his chair, and said, "Isaac, you may spare your speeches,—I expect no reply. When I told you this, I knew you would laugh at me; but the next woman that makes me ridiculous shall be a young one."

ON FLOGGING AT SCHOOLS

From the Spectator

I AM very much at a loss to express by any word that occurs to me in our language, that which is understood by *indoles* in Latin. The natural disposition to any particular art, science, profession, or trade, is very much to be consulted in the care of youth, and studied by men for their own conduct when they form to themselves any scheme of life. It is wonderfully hard, indeed, for a man to judge of his own capacity impartially. That may look great to me which may appear little to another; and I may be carried by fondness towards myself so far as to attempt

things too high for my talents and accomplishments. But it is not, methinks, so very difficult a matter to make a judgment of the abilities of others, especially of those who are in their infancy.

My commonplace-book directs me on this occasion to mention the dawning of greatness in Alexander, who, being asked in his youth to contend for a prize in the Olympic games, answered he would, if he had kings to run against him. Cassius, who was one of the conspirators against Cæsar, gave as great a proof of his temper, when in his childhood he struck a playfellow, the son of Sylla, for saying his father was master of the Roman people. Scipio is reported to have answered, when some flatterers at supper were asking him what the Romans should do for a general after his death, "Take Marius." Marius was then a very boy, and had given no instances of his valor; but it was visible to Scipio, from the manners of the youth, that he had a soul formed for the attempt and execution of great undertakings.

I must confess I have very often, with much sorrow, bewailed the misfortune of the children of Great Britain, when I consider the ignorance and undiscerning of the generality of schoolmasters. The boasted liberty we talk of is but a mean reward for the long servitude, the many heartaches and terrors, to which our childhood is exposed in going through a grammar-school. Many of these stupid tyrants exercise their cruelty without any manner of distinction of the capacities of children, or the intention of parents in their behalf. There are many excellent tempers which are worthy to be nourished and cultivated with all possible diligence and care, that were never designed to be acquainted with Aristotle, Tully, or Virgil; and there are as many who have capacities for understanding every word those great persons have writ, and yet were not born to have any relish of their writings. For want of this common and obvious discerning in those who have the care of youth, we have so many hundred unaccountable creatures every age whipped up into great scholars, that are for ever near a right understanding and will never arrive at it. These are the scandal of letters, and these are generally the men who are to teach others.

The sense of shame and honor is enough to keep the world itself in order without corporal punishment, much more to train the minds of uncorrupted and innocent children. It happens, I doubt not, more than once in a year, that a lad is chastised for

a blockhead, when it is good apprehension that makes him incapable of knowing what his teacher means. A brisk imagination very often may suggest an error, which a lad could not have fallen into if he had been as heavy in conjecturing as his master in explaining. But there is no mercy even towards a wrong interpretation of his meaning: the sufferings of the scholar's body are to rectify the mistakes of his mind.

I am confident that no boy who will not be allured to letters without blows, will ever be brought to anything with them. A great or good mind must necessarily be the worse for such indignities; and it is a sad change, to lose of its virtue for the improvement of its knowledge. No one who has gone through what they call a great school, but must remember to have seen children of excellent and ingenuous natures (as has afterwards appeared in their manhood),—I say no man has passed through this way of education but must have seen an ingenuous creature, expiring with shame, with pale looks, beseeching sorrow, and silent tears, throw up its honest eyes, and kneel on its tender knees to an inexorable blockhead to be forgiven the false quantity of a word in making a Latin verse. The child is punished, and the next day he commits a like crime, and so a third with the same consequence. I would fain ask any reasonable man whether this lad, in the simplicity of his native innocence, full of shame, and capable of any impression from that grace of soul, was not fitter for any purpose in this life, than after that spark of virtue is extinguished in him, though he is able to write twenty verses in an evening?

Seneca says, after his exalted way of talking, "As the immortal gods never learnt any virtue, though they are endued with all that is good, so there are some men who have so natural a propensity to what they should follow, that they learn it almost as soon as they hear it." Plants and vegetables are cultivated into the production of finer fruits than they would yield without that care; and yet we cannot entertain hopes of producing a tender conscious spirit into acts of virtue, without the same methods as are used to cut timber, or give new shape to a piece of stone.

It is wholly to this dreadful practice that we may attribute a certain hardiness and ferocity which some men, though liberally educated, carry about them in all their behavior. To be bred like a gentleman and punished like a malefactor must, as we see

it does, produce that illiberal sauciness which we see sometimes in men of letters.

The Spartan boy who suffered the fox (which he had stolen and hid under his coat) to eat into his bowels, I daresay had not half the wit or petulance which we learn at great schools among us; but the glorious sense of honor, or rather fear of shame, which he demonstrated in that action, was worth all the learning in the world without it.

It is, methinks, a very melancholy consideration, that a little negligence can spoil us, but great industry is necessary to improve us; the most excellent natures are soon depreciated, but evil tempers are long before they are exalted into good habits. To help this by punishments is the same thing as killing a man to cure him of a distemper: when he comes to suffer punishment in that one circumstance, he is brought below the existence of a rational creature, and is in the state of a brute that moves only by the admonition of stripes. But since this custom of educating by the lash is suffered by the gentry of Great Britain, I would prevail only that honest heavy lads may be dismissed from slavery sooner than they are at present, and not whipped on to their fourteenth or fifteenth year, whether they expect any progress from them or not. Let the child's capacity be forthwith examined, and he sent to some mechanic way of life, without respect to his birth, if nature designed him for nothing higher; let him go before he has innocently suffered, and is debased into a dereliction of mind for being what it is no guilt to be, a plain man. I would not here be supposed to have said that our learned men of either robe who have been whipped at school are not still men of noble and liberal minds; but I am sure they would have been much more so than they are, had they never suffered that infamy.

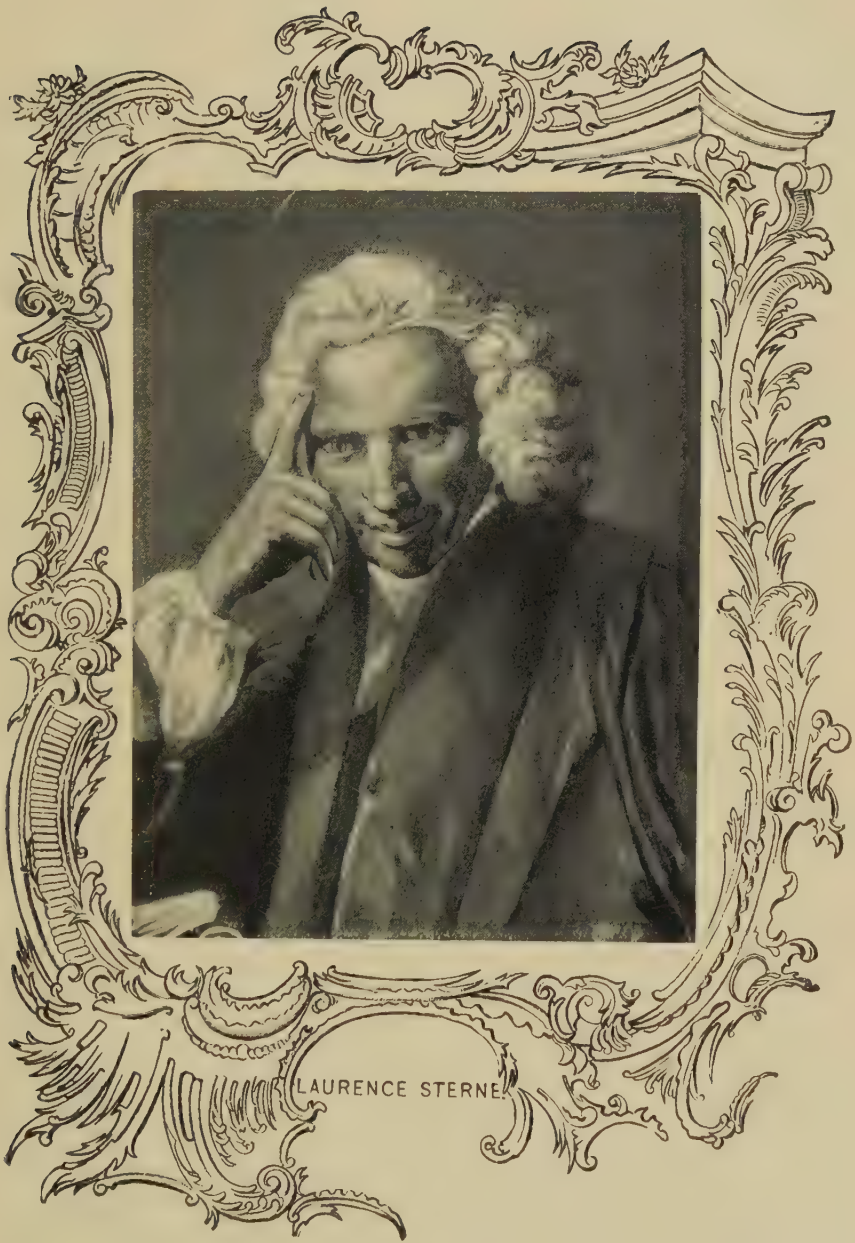
THE ART OF STORY-TELLING

From the Guardian

I HAVE often thought that a story-teller is born, as well as a poet. It is, I think, certain that some men have such a peculiar cast of mind, that they see things in another light than men of grave dispositions. Men of a lively imagination and a mirthful temper will represent things to their hearers in the same manner as they themselves were affected with them;

and whereas serious spirits might perhaps have been disgusted at the sight of some odd occurrences in life, yet the very same occurrences shall please them in a well-told story, where the disagreeable parts of the images are concealed, and those only which are pleasing exhibited to the fancy. Story-telling is therefore not an art, but what we call a "knack"; it does not so much subsist upon wit as upon humor; and I will add that it is not perfect without proper gesticulations of the body, which naturally attend such merry emotions of the mind. I know very well that a certain gravity of countenance sets some stories off to advantage, where the hearer is to be surprised in the end: but this is by no means a general rule; for it is frequently convenient to aid and assist by cheerful looks and whimsical agitations. I will go yet further; and affirm that the success of a story very often depends upon the make of the body, and formation of the features, of him who relates it. I have been of this opinion ever since I criticized upon the chin of Dick Dewlap. I very often had the weakness to repine at the prosperity of his conceits, which made him pass for a wit with the widow at the coffee-house, and the ordinary mechanics that frequent it; nor could I myself forbear laughing at them most heartily, though upon examination I thought most of them very flat and insipid. I found, after some time, that the merit of his wit was founded upon the shaking of a fat paunch, and the tossing up of a pair of rosy jowls. Poor Dick had a fit of sickness which robbed him of his fat and his fame at once; and it was full three months before he regained his reputation, which rose in proportion to his floridity. He is now very jolly and ingenious, and hath a good constitution for wit.

Those who are thus adorned with the gifts of nature are apt to show their parts with too much ostentation: I would therefore advise all the professors of this art never to tell stories but as they seem to grow out of the subject-matter of the conversation, or as they serve to illustrate or enliven it. Stories that are very common are generally irksome; but may be aptly introduced, provided they be only hinted at, and mentioned by way of allusion. Those that are altogether new should never be ushered in without a short and pertinent character of the chief persons concerned, because by that means you make the company acquainted with them; and it is a certain rule, that slight and trivial accounts of those who are familiar to us administer more mirth than the brightest points of wit in unknown characters.



LAURENCE STERNE.

LAURENCE STERNE

(1713–1768)

THE life of the Reverend Laurence Sterne was as inconsistent with his profession as with his writings. Reading these, no one would for a moment believe that he was a clergyman. Such a career as his would not be possible to-day; but to a Church of England parson of the eighteenth century, extraordinary moral latitude was allowed, and toward him extraordinary tolerance was exercised. Although Sterne's sermons were clever, they were very peculiar. His contemporaries thought of him only as a literary man, and it is doubtful if he took himself seriously as a cleric. He was a humorist to the marrow, and had all the vagaries of his natural predilection. Although in his day the English Church was chosen for a calling, like the army, the navy, or the law, and the revenue from a benefice was fitly named a living, it is not likely that he voluntarily selected his profession.

He was the great-grandson of Dr. Richard Sterne, Archbishop of York; and the recollection of his distinguished ancestor, with considerations of family influence, must have decided his vocation. His father, a younger son, was an ensign of the 34th Regiment, with which he served in Flanders, taking part in the sieges of Lisle and Douay. His mother was Agnes Hebert, widow of a captain of good connections. The ensign and his wife went to Clonmel, in Ireland, at the close of the war; and there, in barracks, Laurence was born, November 24th, 1713; his parents and all his progenitors being English. His father having been recalled into active service, the child was carried from barracks to transport, from Ireland to England, and was familiar with the shifts, hardships, and vulgarities of a vagabond military life, until he reached his tenth year. This happy-go-lucky existence, with its fun, its extravagance, and its pinching poverty, no doubt influenced his character, and affected his ways of thinking. At the age of ten he was fortunately rescued from it by a good-natured cousin, Squire Sterne, and sent first to school at Halifax, and then to Jesus College, Cambridge, of which the archiepiscopal great-grandfather had been master. He was entered as a sizar; and in exchange for his free commons and free tuition, had to render such services as Goldsmith gave a few years later,—sweeping the courts, carrying up the dishes to the fellows' dining-hall, and pouring the ale. The position involved some mortifications, and the little

beneficiary, already half an invalid, was unequal to much hard work. But he seems to have accepted all the conditions of life with a good-natured philosophy that made him popular.

After ordination he procured, through another kinsman, Dr. Jaques Sterne, the vicarage of Sutton in Yorkshire, and in time a prebendal stall in York Cathedral. Marrying at twenty-eight, he received from a friend of his wife the living of Stillington, in the immediate neighborhood of Sutton. The churchman had been fortunate from his boyhood; and that supposed good luck continued which led to physical and moral deterioration, and his premature death at fifty-four. For nearly twenty years he led a free-and-easy life in the country,—reading, painting, fiddling, fishing, shooting, dining, but writing nothing save his regular sermons, with occasional political squibs and paragraphs for a Whig newspaper. He had gained, however, a local reputation for wit and story-telling, and was much quoted in York for smart sayings, not at all sacerdotal. His disposition was extremely gay, and the kind of gayety he preferred was expensive. His income proving inadequate, he began to run in debt,—a habit which increased with his years. He had published a few sermons which found admirers; but on the first day of January, 1760, being then forty-six years of age, he burst on an astonished world with two volumes of 'The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gent.'

Though printed in the provincial town of York, the story gave him instantaneous renown. York was immensely scandalized at the satirical levity of its prebend; but London was taken captive by the cleverness and the unconventionality of the new free-lance. The book was republished under the pen-name of Yorick; Yorick being a character in 'Tristram Shandy,'—a sporting parson, who claims descent from the king's jester in 'Hamlet.' Everybody, however, soon knew the author to be no other than Laurence Sterne. Eager to enjoy his triumph, he visited London, and was received with an enthusiasm wholly beyond his fondest anticipations. He was honored and flattered as few authors have been; he was feasted, courted, caressed; he became at once the talk and the lion of the town. It was a distinction to have seen, much more to have spoken to, Laurence Sterne. He was classed with Fielding, Richardson, and Smollett as a master of prose fiction. Praise was exhausted on his humor, his invention, his learning, his originality. Lord Falconbridge conferred on him the living of Coxwould; the arrogant Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester, presented him with a purse of gold; Reynolds painted his portrait; Dodsley offered him seven hundred pounds for two more volumes of 'Tristram Shandy,' and a second edition. He was invited to dine with the most noted men of the metropolis, three weeks in advance; and the most fashionable game of cards was named after his hero.

Such incense, as welcome as intoxicating to Sterne, turned his head, ruined his fragile constitution, and undermined such moral principles as he still professed. Having once enjoyed the stimulus, the diversity, the delightful adulation of London, he could not content himself in the provinces. He took a house in York for his wife and daughter Lydia, to whom he was much attached; but passed most of his own time in the capital, or on the Continent.

The third and fourth volumes of 'Tristram Shandy' appeared in 1761; the fifth and sixth in 1762. Sterne was "fully determined to write as hard as could be," and was sure that he could give the public "two volumes of Shandyism every year for forty years to come." Too much feasting, however, too late hours, and perhaps too constant application, wore him out. From birth he had been delicate, —a tendency to consumption sapping his nervous energies, paralyzing his will, and vitiating perhaps his moral impulses. A hemorrhage, a cough, and increasing weakness drove him to France for a sojourn of more than two years. There he met the warmest reception from literary and fashionable circles, and wrote to Garrick from Paris:—"'Tis *comme à Londres*. I have just now a fortnight's dinners and suppers on my hands. Be it known I Shandy it away fifty times more than I was ever wont,—talk more nonsense than ever you heard me talk in all your days, and to more sorts of people." When society would let him, he still worked at the history of the Shandy family; and in 1765, after his return to England (very little better for the sort of health journey he had undertaken), he brought out the fourth installment of two volumes. The later issues only deepened and intensified the impression made by the first two. He was universally regarded not only as a writer of rare genius, but as one of the most original of humorists, and compared with Rabelais and Cervantes. His novel was accepted on its face in that uncritical age, and not impartially judged till after his death. But in Dr. Ferriar's 'Illustrations of Sterne,' published in 1812, that ingenious gentleman took pains to track the humorist's phrases and inventions to their source in Rabelais and other old French authors; to Burton, from whose 'Anatomy of Melancholy' much of his erudition is "lifted"; to Bishop Hall, Dr. Donne, Dr. Arbuthnot, and many more. Yet Dr. Ferriar admitted that these appropriations were of material only; that Sterne, like Shakespeare, bettered what he took, and that his reputation as a great literary artist is not in the least affected by this habit of spoliation. Indeed, he was strikingly original,—as such characters as Walter Shandy, Uncle Toby, Corporal Trim, Dr. Slop, and the Widow Wadman abundantly testify.

'Tristram Shandy' is in no strict sense a novel. Such story as there is is constantly interrupted by episodes, digressions, absurdities, affectations, and incongruities. In more than one volume the whole

movement is suspended while the author introduces a discourse, a journey, or any other irrelevant personal experience. But he knew his own tendencies, and declared that he had reconciled «digressive motion with progressive.»

Longing to spin out the tawdry life of excitement and pleasure that seemed so fine to him, yet racked by his cough and hampered by weakness, Sterne went to Italy in 1765, hoping to improve in a milder climate. Again he gained little in health; but he managed to bring out the concluding volume of 'Tristram Shandy' in 1767. This was received with hardly diminished favor, and edition after edition of the completed story was sold. To the taste of to-day it makes little appeal,—its premeditated quaintness, its pervading coarseness, and its archaisms repel the general reader; yet for its higher qualities it retains almost unequaled charm to a minority of cultivated minds, and even children can fall under its spell with a lasting enchantment. The 'Sentimental Journey through France and Italy' was projected as a long story, but Sterne's strength was unequal to his resolution. In 1767 he brought out the first part—and the last; full of fine description and admirable pathos. This work was partly undertaken to ridicule Smollett's 'Travels through France and Italy' (1766): one of its most quoted phrases, «I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry 'Tis all barren,'» is directly aimed at the too sincere Scotchman, whom he patently nicknames Smelfungus.

At the height of his fame, just after the publication of the 'Sentimental Journey,' Sterne died in lodgings, «at the sign of the Silk Bag» in Old Bond Street, alone but for the presence of a hired nurse. He had desired to end his life at an inn, and his desire was fulfilled. Although he had earned much money, he died in debt; and a collection of eight hundred pounds was made at the York races for his wife and daughter.

Sterne has been accused of gross vices. He has been called a man overflowing with sentiment on paper, but devoid of real feeling; a weeper over dead asses, and a discarder of the common ties of humanity. His late biographers have defended him stoutly, declaring his memory to have been maligned. But his own correspondence, published posthumously, convicts him of many offenses. It has been said by one of his fairest critics that though in any just estimation of him, censure must be lost in pity, yet the fact remains that Sterne is one of the very few men of real genius, who, however faulty in their lives, have in their writings not sought to be faithful to the highest truth they knew. Concerning his work there is but one verdict: that whatever its superficial defects, and however unattractive its quality to modern taste, its art is exquisite; and that by reason of this its author is entitled to a place with the great masters of literature.

THE WIDOW WADMAN LAYS SIEGE TO UNCLE TOBY'S HEART

From 'The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy'

"I AM half distracted, Captain Shandy," said Mrs. Wadman, holding up her cambric handkerchief to her left eye, as she approached the door of my Uncle Toby's sentry-box. "A mote, or sand, or something — I know not what — has got into this eye of mine; do look into it — it is not in the white."

In saying which, Mrs. Wadman edged herself close in beside my Uncle Toby, and squeezing herself down upon the corner of his bench, she gave him an opportunity of doing it without rising up. "Do look into it," said she.

Honest soul! thou didst look into it with as much innocence of heart as ever child looked into a raree-show box; and 'twere as much a sin to have hurt thee.

If a man will be peeping of his own accord into things of that nature, I've nothing to say to it.

My Uncle Toby never did; and I will answer for him that he would have sat quietly upon a sofa from June to January (which, you know, takes in both the hot and cold months) with an eye as fine as the Thracian Rhodope's beside him, without being able to tell whether it was a black or a blue one.

The difficulty was to get my Uncle Toby to look at one at all.

'Tis surmounted. And —

I see him yonder, with his pipe pendulous in his hand, and the ashes falling out of it, looking and looking, then rubbing his eyes and looking again, with twice the good-nature that ever Galileo looked for a spot in the sun.

In vain! for by all the powers which animate the organ, Widow Wadman's left eye shines this moment as lucid as her right: there is neither mote, nor sand, nor dust, nor chaff, nor speck, nor particle of opaque matter floating in it; there is nothing, my dear paternal uncle, but one lambent delicious fire, furtively shooting out from every part of it, in all directions, into thine.

If thou lookest, Uncle Toby, in search of this mote one moment longer, thou art undone.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE

From 'The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy'

IT WAS some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the Allies,—which was about seven years before my father came into the country, and about as many after the time that my Uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe,—when my Uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard: I say sitting, for in consideration of the Corporal's lame knee (which sometimes gave him exquisite pain), when my Uncle Toby dined or supped alone he would never suffer the Corporal to stand; and the poor fellow's veneration for his master was such, that with a proper artillery my Uncle Toby could have taken Dendermond itself with less trouble than he was able to gain this point over him: for many a time when my Uncle Toby supposed the Corporal's leg was at rest, he would look back and detect him standing behind him with the most dutiful respect; this bred more little squabbles betwixt them than all other causes for five-and-twenty years together. But this is neither here nor there: why do I mention it? Ask my pen: it governs me—I govern not it.

He was one evening sitting thus at his supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlor with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack: "'Tis for a poor gentleman, I think of the army," said the landlord, "who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste anything till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast: 'I think,' says he, taking his hand from his forehead, 'it would comfort me.' If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing," added the landlord, "I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill. I hope in God he will still mend," continued he: "we are all of us concerned for him."

"Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee," cried my Uncle Toby; "and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself, and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good.

"Though I am persuaded," said my Uncle Toby as the landlord shut the door, "he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim, yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host."—"And of his whole family," added the Corporal, "for they are all concerned for him."—"Step after him," said my Uncle Toby; "do, Trim, and ask if he knows his name."

"I have quite forgot it, truly," said the landlord, coming back into the parlor with the Corporal, "but I can ask his son again."—"Has he a son with him, then?" said my Uncle Toby.—"A boy," replied the landlord, "of about eleven or twelve years of age: but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day. He has not stirred from the bedside these two days."

My Uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took it away without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

"Stay in the room a little," said my Uncle Toby.

"Trim," said my Uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe and smoked about a dozen whiffs. Trim came in front of his master and made his bow; my Uncle Toby smoked on and said no more. "Corporal," said my Uncle Toby. The Corporal made his bow. My Uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

"Trim," said my Uncle Toby, "I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman."—"Your Honor's roquelaure," replied the Corporal, "has not once been had on since the night before your Honor received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicolas; and besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your Honor your death, and bring on your Honor's torment in your groin."—"I fear so," replied my Uncle Toby; "but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me. I wish I had not known so much of this affair," added my Uncle Toby, "or that I had known more of it. How shall we manage it?"—"Leave it, an' please your Honor, to me,"

quoth the Corporal: "I'll take my hat and stick and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your Honor a full account in an hour."—"Thou shalt go, Trim," said my Uncle Toby; "and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant."—"I shall get it all out of him," said the Corporal, shutting the door.

My Uncle Toby filled his second pipe; and had it not been that he now and then wandered from the point with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tenaile a straight line as a crooked one, he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

It was not till my Uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe that Corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account:—

"I despaired at first," said the Corporal, "of being able to bring back to your Honor any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant."—"Is he in the army, then?" said my Uncle Toby.—"He is," said the Corporal.—"And in what regiment?" said my Uncle Toby.—"I'll tell your Honor," replied the Corporal, "everything straightforwards as I learnt it."—"Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe," said my Uncle Toby, "and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window-seat, and begin thy story again."—The Corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it, "Your Honor is good." And having done that, he sat down as he was ordered, and began the story to my Uncle Toby over again, in pretty near the same words.

"I despaired at first," said the Corporal, "of being able to bring back any intelligence to your Honor about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing everything which was proper to be asked—["That's a right distinction, Trim," said my Uncle Toby.]—"I was answered, an' please your Honor, that he had no servant with him; that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed (to join, I suppose, the regiment), he had dismissed the morning after he came. 'If I get better, my dear,' said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, 'we can hire horses from hence.' 'But, alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence,' said

the landlady to me, 'for I heard the death-watch all night long; and when he dies, the youth his son will certainly die with him, for he is broken-hearted already.'

"I was hearing this account," continued the Corporal, "when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of. 'But I will do it for my father myself,' said the youth.'—'Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman,' said I, taking up a fork for that purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire whilst I did it.—'I believe, sir,' said he very modestly, 'I can please him best myself.'—'I am sure,' said I, 'his Honor will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.' The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears."—"Poor youth!" said my Uncle Toby: "he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend. I wish I had him here."

"I never in the longest march," said the Corporal, "had so great a mind to my dinner as I had to cry with him for company. What could be the matter with me, an' please your Honor?"—"Nothing in the world, Trim," said my Uncle Toby, blowing his nose, "but that thou art a good-natured fellow."

"When I gave him the toast," continued the Corporal, "I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your Honor (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father, and that if there was anything in your house or cellar"—["And thou mightest have added my purse, too," said my Uncle Toby.]—"he was heartily welcome to it. He made a very low bow (which was meant to your Honor), but no answer, for his heart was full; so he went up-stairs with the toast. 'I warrant you, my dear,' said I as I opened the kitchen door, 'your father will be well again.' Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire; but said not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth. I thought it wrong," added the Corporal.—"I think so too," said my Uncle Toby.

"When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen to let me know that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up-stairs. 'I believe,' said the landlord, 'he is going to say his prayers; for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bedside, and as I shut the door I saw his son take up a cushion.'

"'I thought,' said the curate, 'that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all.'—'I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night,' said the landlady, 'very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.'—'Are you sure of it?' replied the curate.—'A soldier, an' please your Reverence,' said I, 'prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson; and when he is fighting for his king and for his own life, and for his honor too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.'"—"'Twas well said of thee, Trim," said my Uncle Toby.—"'But when a soldier,' said I, 'an' please your Reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches up to his knees in cold water, or engaged,' said I, 'for months together in long and dangerous marches,—harassed perhaps in his rear to-day, harassing others to-morrow; detached here, countermanded there; resting this night out upon his arms, beat up in his shirt the next, benumbed in his joints, perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on,—must say his prayers how and when he can, I believe,' said I—for I was piqued," quoth the Corporal, "for the reputation of the army—'I believe, an' please your Reverence,' said I, 'that when a soldier gets time to pray, he prays as heartily as a parson, though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy.'"—"Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim," said my Uncle Toby, "for God only knows who is a hypocrite and who is not. At the great and general review of us all, Corporal, at the Day of Judgment (and not till then), it will be seen who have done their duties in this world and who have not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly."—"I hope we shall," said Trim.—"It is in the Scripture," said my Uncle Toby, "and I will show it thee to-morrow; in the mean time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort," said my Uncle Toby, "that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it, it will never be inquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one."—"I hope not," said the Corporal.—"But go on, Trim," said my Uncle Toby, "with thy story."

"When I went up," continued the Corporal, "into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do until the expiration of the ten minutes, he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it. The youth was just stooping down to

take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling; the book was laid upon the bed; and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time. 'Let it remain there, my dear,' said the lieutenant.

"He did not offer to speak to me till I had walked up close to his bedside. 'If you are Captain Shandy's servant,' said he, 'you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me: if he was of Leven's,' said the lieutenant — I told him your Honor was — 'then,' said he, 'I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him; but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honor of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's — but he knows me not,' said he a second time, musing. 'Possibly he may my story,' added he. 'Pray tell the captain I was the ensign at Breda whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot as she lay in my arms in my tent.' — 'I remember the story, an' please your Honor,' said I, 'very well.' — 'Do you so?' said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief; 'then well may I.' In saying this he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribbon about his neck, and kissed it twice. 'Here, Billy,' said he. The boy flew across the room to the bedside, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand and kissed it too, then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept."

"I wish," said my Uncle Toby with a deep sigh, "I wish, Trim, I was asleep."

"Your Honor," replied the Corporal, "is too much concerned. Shall I pour your Honor out a glass of sack to your pipe?" — "Do, Trim," said my Uncle Toby.

"I remember," said my Uncle Toby, sighing again, "the story of the ensign and his wife; and particularly well, that he, as well as she, upon some account or other (I forget what), was universally pitied by the whole regiment. But finish the story thou art upon." — "'Tis finished already," said the Corporal, "for I could stay no longer, so wished his Honor a good night: young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together, told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment

in Flanders. "But alas!" said the Corporal, "the lieutenant's last day's march is over."—"Then what is to become of his poor boy?" cried my Uncle Toby.

It was to my Uncle Toby's eternal honor—though I tell it only for the sake of those who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not for their souls which way in the world to turn themselves—that notwithstanding my Uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond parallel with the Allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner, that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp, and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn; and except that he ordered the garden gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade, he left Dendermond to itself, to be relieved or not by the French king as the French king thought good; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

That kind Being who is a friend to the friendless shall recompense thee for this.

"Thou hast left this matter short," said my Uncle Toby to the Corporal as he was putting him to bed, "and I will tell thee in what, Trim. In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre, as sickness and traveling are both expensive, and thou knewest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay, that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself."—"Your Honor knows," said the Corporal, "I had no orders."—"True," quoth my Uncle Toby: "thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier, but certainly very wrong as a man."

"In the second place, for which indeed thou hast the same excuse," continued my Uncle Toby, "when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house, thou shouldst have offered him my house too. A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us, we could tend and look to him. Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim; and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine

together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.

"In a fortnight or three weeks," added my Uncle Toby, smiling, "he might march."—"He will never march, an' please your Honor, in this world," said the Corporal.—"He will march," said my Uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off.—"An' please your Honor," said the Corporal, "he will never march but to his grave."—"He shall march," cried my Uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch, "he shall march to his regiment."—"He cannot stand it," said the Corporal.—"He shall be supported," said my Uncle Toby.—"He'll drop at last," said the Corporal, "and what will become of his boy?"—"He shall not drop," said my Uncle Toby firmly.—"Ah, well-a-day, do what we can for him," said Trim, maintaining his point, "the poor soul will die."—"He shall not die, by G——," cried my Uncle Toby.

The Accusing Spirit which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out forever.

My Uncle Toby went to his bureau, put his purse into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the Corporal to go early in the morning for a physician, he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death pressed heavy upon his eyelids; and hardly could the wheel of the cistern turn round its circle, when my Uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology sat himself down upon the chair by the bedside, and independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did, how he had rested in the night, what was his complaint, where was his pain, and what he could do to help him? And without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the Corporal the night before for him.

"But you shall go home directly, Le Fevre," said my Uncle Toby, "to my house, and we'll send for a doctor to see what's

the matter, and we'll have an apothecary, and the Corporal shall be your nurse, and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre."

There was a frankness in my Uncle Toby — not the effect of familiarity, but the cause of it — which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature. To this there was something in his looks and voice and manner superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him. So that before my Uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to the last citadel, the heart, rallied back. The film forsook his eyes for a moment. He looked up wistfully in my Uncle Toby's face, then cast a look upon his boy; and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken.

Nature instantly ebbed again. The film returned to its place; the pulse fluttered, stopped, went on — throbbed, stopped again — moved, stopped — Shall I go on? No.

I AM so impatient to return to my own story that what remains of young Le Fevre's — that is, from this turn of his fortune to the time my Uncle Toby recommended him for my preceptor — shall be told in a very few words in the next chapter. All that is necessary to be added to this chapter is as follows: —

That my Uncle Toby, with young Le Fevre in his hand, attended the poor lieutenant as chief mourners to his grave.

THE START

From 'A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy'

"THEY order," said I, "this matter better in France —"

"You have been in France?" said my gentleman, turning quick upon me, with the most civil triumph in the world.

"Strange!" quoth I, debating the matter with myself, "that one-and-twenty miles' sailing (for 'tis absolutely no further from Dover to Calais) should give a man these rights — I'll look into them:" so, giving up the argument, I went straight to my lodgings, put up half a dozen shirts and a black pair of silk

breeches — "the coat I have on," said I, looking at the sleeve, "will do" — took a place in the Dover stage; and the packet sailing at nine the next morning, by three I had got sat down to my dinner upon a fricasseed chicken, so incontestably in France that had I died that night of an indigestion, the whole world could not have suspended the effects of the *droits d'aubaine:* my shirts, and black pair of silk breeches, portmanteau, and all, must have gone to the King of France; even the little picture which I have so long worn, and so often have told thee, Eliza, I would carry with me to my grave, would have been torn from my neck.—Ungenerous! — to seize upon the wreck of an unwary passenger, whom your subjects had beckoned to their coast! — by heaven! sire, it is not well done; and much does it grieve me, 'tis the monarch of a people so civilized and courteous, and so renowned for sentiment and fine feelings, that I have to reason with —

But I have scarce set foot in your dominions —

When I had finished my dinner, and drank the King of France's health, to satisfy my mind that I bore him no spleen, but on the contrary, high honor for the humanity of his temper, I rose up an inch taller for the accommodation.

— "No," said I, "the Bourbon is by no means a cruel race: they may be misled, like other people, but there is a mildness in their blood." As I acknowledged this, I felt a suffusion of a finer kind upon my cheek, more warm and friendly to man than what burgundy (at least of two livres a bottle, which was such as I had been drinking) could have produced.

— "Just God!" said I, kicking my portmanteau aside, "what is there in this world's goods which should sharpen our spirits, and make so many kind-hearted brethren of us fall out so cruelly as we do by the way?"

When man is at peace with man, how much lighter than a feather is the heaviest of metals in his hand! He pulls out his purse, and holding it airily and uncompressed, looks round him as if he sought for an object to share it with. In doing this, I felt every vessel in my frame dilate — the arteries beat all cheerily together — and every power which sustained life performed it with so little friction that 'twould have confounded the most *physical précieuse* in France: with all her materialism, she could scarce have called me a machine —

"I'm confident," said I to myself, "I should have overset her creed."

The accession of that idea carried Nature, at that time, as high as she could go.—I was at peace with the world before, and this finished the treaty with myself—

—"Now, was I a King of France," cried I, "what a moment for an orphan to have begged his father's portmanteau of me!"

THE MONK

From 'A Sentimental Journey'

I HAD scarce uttered the words, when a poor monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room to beg something for his convent. . . .

The moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was predetermined not to give him a single sous; and accordingly I put up my purse into my pocket, buttoned it up, set myself a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him; there was something, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonsure (a few scattered white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it), might be about seventy; but from his eyes, and that sort of fire which was in them, which seemed more tempered by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty;—truth might lie between;—he was certainly sixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted,—mild, pale, penetrating,—free from all commonplace ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth,—it looked forwards; but looked as if it looked at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, Heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's shoulders, best knows; but it would have suited a Brahmin; and had I met it upon the plains of Hindostan, I had reverenced it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to design, for 'twas

neither elegant nor otherwise, but as character and expression made it so: it was a thin, spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forward in the figure — but it was the attitude of entreaty; and as it now stands presented to my imagination, it gained more than it lost by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast (a slender white staff with which he journeyed being in his right), when I had got close up to him he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order; and did it with so simple a grace, and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure, I was bewitched not to have been struck with it.

A better reason was, I had predetermined not to give him a single sous.

"'Tis very true," said I, replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address — "'tis very true — and Heaven be their resource who have no other but the charity of the world; the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many *great claims* which are hourly made upon it."

As I pronounced the words "*great claims*," he gave a slight glance with his eye downward upon the sleeve of his tunic. — I felt the full force of the appeal. — "I acknowledge it," said I; "a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet, are no great matters: and the true point of pity is, as they can be earned in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm; the captive who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languishes also for his share of it; — and had you been of the *order of mercy* instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am," continued I, pointing to my portmanteau, "full cheerfully should it have been opened to you for the ransom of the unfortunate." — The monk made me a bow. — "But of all others," resumed I, "the unfortunate of our own country surely have the first rights; and I have left thousands in distress upon our own shore." — The monk gave a cordial wave with his head, as much as to say, "No doubt there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent." — "But we distinguish," said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal, — "we distinguish, my good

father, betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labors, and those who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life but to get through it in sloth and ignorance *for the love of God.*"

The poor Franciscan made no reply:—a hectic of a moment passed across his cheek, but could not tarry;—Nature seemed to have had done with her resentments in him:—he showed none; but letting his staff fall within his arm, he pressed both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

My heart smote me the moment he shut the door.—"Pshaw!" said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times,—but it would not do; every ungracious syllable I had uttered crowded back into my imagination. I reflected, I had no right over the poor Franciscan but to deny him; and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed without the addition of unkind language.—I considered his gray hairs; his courteous figure seemed to re-enter, and gently ask me what injury he had done me, and why I could use him thus: I would have given twenty livres for an advocate.—"I have behaved very ill," said I within myself; "but I have only just set out upon my travels, and shall learn better manners as I get along." . . .

I feel a damp upon my spirits, as I am going to add that in my last return through Calais, upon inquiring after Father Lorenzo, I heard that he had been dead near three months; and was buried, not in his convent, but according to his desire, in a little cemetery belonging to it, about two leagues off. I had a strong desire to see where they had laid him—when, upon pulling out his little horn box, as I sat by his grave, and plucking up a nettle or two at the head of it, which had no business to grow there, they all struck together so forcibly upon my affections, that I burst into a flood of tears: but I am as weak as a woman; and I beg the world not to smile, but pity me.

THE DEAD ASS

From 'A Sentimental Journey'

"AND this," said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet,—"and this should have been thy portion," said he, "hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me." I thought, by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to his child; but 'twas to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead in

the road, which had occasioned La Fleur's misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much: and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature.

The mourner was sitting upon a stone bench at the door, with the ass's pannel and its bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time — then laid them down — looked at them, and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it; held it some time in his hand; then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle, looked wistfully at the little arrangement he had made, and then gave a sigh.

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur amongst the rest, whilst the horses were getting ready: as I continued sitting in the post-chaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

— He said he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the furthest borders of Franconia; and had got so far on his return home, when his ass died. Every one seemed desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home.

It had pleased Heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany; but having in one week lost two of the eldest of them by the small-pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all; and made a vow, if Heaven would not take him from him also, he would go in gratitude to St. Iago in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far on his story, he stopped to pay nature his tribute, and wept bitterly.

He said Heaven had accepted the conditions; and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, which had been a patient partner of his journey; that it had ate the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Everybody who stood about heard the poor fellow with concern. La Fleur offered him money. The mourner said he did not want it: it was not the value of the ass, but the loss of him. The ass, he said, he was assured, loved him: and upon this, told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean mountains, which had separated them from each other three days; during which time the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass, and that they had scarce either ate or drank till they met.

«Thou hast one comfort, friend,» said I, «at least, in the loss of thy poor beast: I'm sure thou hast been a merciful master to him.»—«Alas!» said the mourner, «I thought so when he was alive: but now that he is dead, I think otherwise; I fear that the weight of myself and my afflictions together have been too much for him,—they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for.»—«Shame on the world!» said I to myself. «Did we but love each other as this poor soul loved his ass—'twould be something.»

THE PULSE

PARIS

From 'A Sentimental Journey'

HAIL, ye small sweet courtesies of life! for smooth do ye make the road of it; like grace and beauty, which beget inclinations to love at first sight: 'tis ye who open this door, and let the stranger in.

—«Pray, madam,» said I, «have the goodness to tell me which way I must turn to go to the Opéra Comique?»

«Most willingly, monsieur,» said she, laying aside her work.

I had given a cast with my eye into half a dozen shops as I came along, in search of a face not likely to be disordered by such an interruption; till at last, this hitting my fancy, I had walked in.

She was working a pair of ruffles as she sat in a low chair on the far side of the shop, facing the door.

«*Très volontiers*—most willingly,» said she, laying her work down upon a chair next her, and rising up from the low chair she was sitting in, with so cheerful a movement and so cheerful a look that had I been laying out fifty louis d'ors with her, I should have said, «That woman is grateful.»

«You must turn, monsieur,» said she, going with me to the door of the shop, and pointing the way down the street I was to take—«you must turn first to your right hand,—*mais prenez garde*, there are two turns, and be so good as to take the second,—then go down a little way, and you'll see a church; and when you are past it, give yourself the trouble to turn directly to the right, and that will lead you to the foot of the Pont-Neuf, which

you must cross, and there any one will do himself the pleasure to show you."

She repeated her instructions three times over to me, with the same good-natured patience the third time as the first; and if *tones* and *manners* have a meaning,—which certainly they have, unless to hearts which shut them out,—she seemed really interested that I should not lose myself.

I will not suppose it was the woman's beauty (notwithstanding she was the handsomest *grisette*, I think, I ever saw) which had much to do with the sense I had of her courtesy; only I remember when I told her how much I was obliged to her, that I looked very full in her eyes, and that I repeated my thanks as often as she had done her instructions.

I had not got ten paces from the door, before I found I had forgot every tittle of what she had said; so looking back, and seeing her still standing in the door of the shop, as if to look whether I went right or not, I returned back to ask her whether the first turn was to my right or left, for that I had absolutely forgot.

"It is impossible!" said she, half laughing.

"'Tis very possible," replied I, "when a man is thinking more of a woman than of her good advice."

As this was the real truth, she took it, as every woman takes a matter of right, with a slight courtesy.

—"*Attendez!*" said she, laying her hand upon my arm to detain me, whilst she called a lad out of the back shop to get ready a parcel of gloves. "I am just going to send him," said she, "with a packet into that quarter; and if you will have the complaisance to step in, it will be ready in a moment, and he shall attend you to the place."

So I walked in with her to the far side of the shop; and taking up the ruffle in my hand which she laid upon the chair, as if I had a mind to sit, she sat down herself in her low chair, and I instantly sat myself down beside her.

—"He will be ready, monsieur," said she, "in a moment."

"And in that moment," replied I, "most willingly would I say something very civil to you for all these courtesies. Any one may do a casual act of good-nature, but a continuation of them shows it is a part of the temperature; and certainly," added I, "if it is the same blood which comes from the heart which

descends to the extremes" (touching her wrist), "I am sure you must have one of the best pulses of any woman in the world."

"Feel it," said she, holding out her arm.

So laying down my hat, I took hold of her fingers in one hand, and applied the two forefingers of my other to the artery.

—Would to Heaven! my dear Eugenius, thou hadst passed by and beheld me sitting in my black coat, and in my lackadaisical manner counting the throbs of it, one by one, with as much true devotion as if I had been watching the critical ebb or flow of her fever: how wouldst thou have laughed and moralized upon my new profession!—and thou shouldst have laughed and moralized on. Trust me, my dear Eugenius, I should have said, "There are worse occupations in this world *than feeling a woman's pulse.*"—"But a *grisette's!*" thou wouldst have said; "and in an open shop! Yorick"—

—"So much the better: for when my views are direct, Eugenius, I care not if all the world saw me feel it."

I had counted twenty pulsations, and was going on fast towards the fortieth, when her husband, coming unexpected from a back parlor into the shop, put me a little out of my reckoning. "'Twas nobody but her husband," she said;—so I began a fresh score.

"Monsieur is so good," quoth she as he passed by us, "as to give himself the trouble of feeling my pulse."

The husband took off his hat, and making me a bow, said I did him too much honor; and having said that, he put on his hat and walked out.

"Good God!" said I to myself as he went out, "and can this man be the husband of this woman?"

Let it not torment the few who know what must have been the grounds of this exclamation, if I explain it to those who do not.

In London, a shopkeeper and a shopkeeper's wife seem to be one bone and one flesh: in the several endowments of mind and body, sometimes the one, sometimes the other, has it, so as in general to be upon a par, and to tally with each other as nearly as man and wife need to do.

In Paris, there are scarce two orders of beings more different: for the legislative and executive powers of the shop not resting in the husband, he seldom comes there; in some dark and dismal

room behind, he sits commerceless in his thrum nightcap, the same rough son of Nature that Nature left him.

The genius of a people where nothing but the monarchy is *salique*, having ceded this department, with sundry others, totally to the women,—by a continual higgling with customers of all ranks and sizes from morning to night, like so many rough pebbles shook along together in a bag, by amicable collisions they have worn down their asperities and sharp angles, and not only become round and smooth, but will receive, some of them, a polish like a brilliant;—Monsieur le Mari is little better than the stone under your foot.

—Surely, surely, man! it is not good for thee to sit alone; thou wast made for social intercourse and gentle greetings; and this improvement of our natures from it I appeal to as my evidence.

—"And how does it beat, monsieur?" said she.

"With all the benignity," said I, looking quietly in her eyes, "that I expected."

She was going to say something civil in return, but the lad came into the shop with the gloves.

"Àpropos," said I, "I want a couple of pairs myself."

THE STARLING

From 'A Sentimental Journey'

I was interrupted in the heyday of this soliloquy with a voice which I took to be that of a child, which complained it could not get out. I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over, and looking up, I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage. "I can't get out! I can't get out!" said the starling.

I stood looking at the bird; and to every person who came through the passage it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity. "I can't get out!" said the starling.

"God help thee!" said I, "but I'll help thee out, cost what it will;" so I turned about the cage to get to the door;—it was

twisted and double twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces. I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it as if impatient.

"I fear, poor creature," said I, "I cannot set thee at liberty."

"No," said the starling; "I can't get out! I can't get out!" said the starling.

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile; and I heavily walked up-stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

"Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery," said I,—"still thou art a bitter draught! and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. 'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess," addressing myself to Liberty, "whom all in public or in private worship; whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change. No tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chemic power turn thy sceptre into iron; with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch from whose court thou art exiled. Gracious Heaven!" cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent, "grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion; and shower down thy mitres, if it seems good unto thy Divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them."

The bird in his cage pursued me into my room. I sat down close to my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitudes of sad groups in it did but distract me,—I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I

then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of heart it is which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish: in thirty years, the western breeze had not once fanned his blood; he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time, nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice! — his children —

But here my heart began to bleed, and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground, upon a little straw in the furthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of small sticks was laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there; he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap.

As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door; then cast it down, shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh. — I saw the iron enter into his soul!

— I burst into tears. — I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn. I started up from my chair, and calling La Fleur, I bid him bespeak me a *remise*, and have it ready at the door of the hotel by nine in the morning.

"I'll go directly," said I to myself, "to Monsieur le Duc le Choiseul."

La Fleur would have put me to bed; but not willing he should see anything upon my cheek which would cost the honest fellow a heartache, I told him I would go to bed myself, and bid him do the same.

I got into my *remise* the hour I proposed; La Fleur got up behind, and I bid the coachman make the best of his way to Versailles.

As there was nothing in this road, or rather nothing which I look for in traveling, I cannot fill up the blank better than with a short history of this selfsame bird, which became the subject of the last chapter.

Whilst the Honorable Mr. —— was waiting for a wind at Dover, it had been caught upon the cliffs, before it could well fly, by an English lad who was his groom: who not caring to destroy it, had taken it in his breast into the packet; and by course of feeding it, and taking it once under his protection, in a day or two grew fond of it, and got it safe along with him to Paris.

At Paris, the lad had laid out a livre in a little cage for the starling; and as he had little to do better, the five months his master stayed there, he taught it in his mother's tongue the four simple words (and no more) to which I owed myself so much its debtor.

Upon his master's going on for Italy the lad had given it to the master of the hotel.

But his little song for liberty being in an unknown language at Paris, the bird had little or no store set by him; so La Fleur bought him and his cage for me for a bottle of burgundy.

In my return from Italy, I brought him with me to the country in whose language he had learned his notes; and telling the story of him to Lord A, Lord A begged the bird of me; in a week Lord A gave him to Lord B; Lord B made a present of him to Lord C; and Lord C's gentleman sold him to Lord D's for a shilling; Lord D gave him to Lord E; and so on—half round the alphabet. From that rank he passed into the lower house, and passed the hands of as many commoners. But as all these wanted to get in, and my bird wanted to get out, he had almost as little store set by him in London as at Paris.

It is impossible but many of my readers must have heard of him; and if any by mere chance have ever seen him, I beg leave to inform them that that bird was my bird, or some vile copy set up to represent him.

I have nothing farther to add upon him, but that from that time to this I have borne this poor starling as the crest to my arms:—And let the herald's officers twist his neck about if they dare.

IN LANGUEDOC: AN IDYL

From 'A Sentimental Journey'

'Twas in the road betwixt Nismes and Lunel, where there is the best Muscatto wine in all France — and which, by-the-by, belongs to the honest canons of Montpellier; and foul befall the man who has drank it at their table, who grudges them a drop of it.

The sun was set — they had done their work; the nymphs had tied up their hair afresh, and the swains were preparing for a carousal. My mule made a dead point. — "'Tis the fife and tambourin," said I. — "I'm frightened to death," quoth he. — "They are running at the ring of pleasure," said I, giving him a prick. — "By St. Boogar, and all the saints at the back-side of the door of purgatory," said he (making the same resolution with the Abbess of Andouillets), "I'll not go a step further." — "'Tis very well, sir," said I: "I will never argue a point with one of your family as long as I live." So leaping off his back, and kicking off one boot into this ditch and t'other into that — "I'll take a dance," said I, "so stay you here."

A sunburnt daughter of labor rose up from the group to meet me, as I advanced towards them; her hair — which was a dark chestnut, approaching rather to a black — was tied up in a knot, all but a single tress.

"We want a cavalier," said she, holding out both her hands as if to offer them. — "And a cavalier ye shall have," said I, taking hold of both of them.

"Hadst thou, Nannette, been arrayed like a duchess! But that cursed slit in thy petticoat!"

Nannette cared not for it.

"We could not have done without you," said she, letting go one hand, with self-taught politeness, leading me up with the other.

A lame youth, whom Apollo had recompensed with a pipe, and to which he had added a tambourin of his own accord, ran sweetly over the prelude, as he sat upon the bank. — "Tie me up this tress instantly," said Nannette, putting a piece of string into my hand. It taught me to forget I was a stranger. — The whole knot fell down. We had been seven years acquainted.

The youth struck the note upon the tambourin, his pipe followed, and off we bounded.—"The deuce take that slit!" . . .

The sister of the youth who had stolen her voice from heaven sung alternately with her brother, 'twas a Gascoigne roundelay—

Viva la joia!
Fidon la tristessa!

The nymphs joined in unison, and their swains an octave below them.

I would have given a crown to have it sewed up: Nannette would not have given a sous; *Viva la joia!* was in her lips—*Viva la joia!* was in her eyes. A transient spark of amity shot across the space betwixt us. She looked amiable. Why could I not live and end my days thus? "Just Disposer of our joys and sorrows," cried I, "why could not a man sit down in the lap of content here, and dance and sing, and say his prayers, and go to heaven with this nut-brown maid?" Capriciously did she bend her head on one side, and dance up insidious. "Then 'tis time to dance off," quoth I.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

(1850–1894)

BY ROBERT BRIDGES

In his illuminating essay 'The Lantern-Bearers,' which in a very few pages seems to bear the secret of Robert Louis Stevenson's life and art, he puts the kernel of it in the sentence: "No man lives in the external truth, among salts and acids; but in the warm, phantasmagoric chamber of his brain, with the painted windows and the storied walls." If he was the most loved writer of his generation, it was because he freely gave his readers access to this warm phantasmagoric chamber. His "winning personality" is the phrase which his admirers use oftenest to express his charm. One of the most acute of these, Mr. Henry James, has still further defined this charm as the perpetual boy in him. He never outgrew the boy's delight in "make-believe." He tells how the cardboard scenery and plays of Skelt, "A Penny Plain, 2*d.* Colored," which fascinated him as a boy, had given him "the very spirit of my life's enjoyment." Boy and man, all that he needed for delight was "a peg for his fancy." "I could not learn my alphabet without some suitable *mise-en-scène*, and had to act a business man in an office before I could sit down to my book." Burnt-cork mustachios expanded his spirit with "dignity and self-reliance." To him the burnt cork was not the significant thing, the warm delight of it. It is not the silly talk of the boys on the links, or the ill-smelling lantern buttoned under their great-coats, but "the heaven of a recondite pleasure" which they inhabit, that is worth considering. "To find out where joy resides, and give it a voice far beyond singing,"—that was Stevenson's endeavor; "for to miss the joy is to miss all. In the joy of the actors lies the sense of any action." That is the very spirit of romantic youth; the search for "the incommunicable thrill of things," which his friend and biographer Sidney Colvin says was the main passion of Stevenson's

R. L. Stevenson

life. «To his ardent fancy,» says Colvin, «the world was a theatre, glaring with the lights and bustling with the incidents of romance.»

To any one looking for the reason of Stevenson's perpetual charm, — even to those who can give a score of arguments for not liking his romances, — this brave spirit of youth is an adequate and satisfying motive. The young find in it a full justification for their own hopes; the middle-aged feel again the very spring and core of the energy which they have been so long disciplining and driving to the yoke of every-day effort that they have forgotten its origin; and the old find their memories alive and glowing again with the romance of youth. In sickness or in health, in comedy or tragedy, Stevenson and the characters he creates are never wholly unconscious of man's inalienable birthright of happiness. No matter how dire his circumstances, it is a man's duty to keep looking for it, so that at the end he may say that he has not sold his birthright for a mess of pottage.

«If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Books and my food, and summer rain,
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain,—
Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit broad awake.»

This temperament in many men of a different race would surely lead to a life spent in the pursuit of pleasure, — in one long quest for new sensations, — which in the end is sure to arrive at ennui and disgust. But Stevenson united the blood of the Balfours, who were preachers, given to metaphysics and the pursuit of moralities, with the Stevensons, «builders of the great sea lights,» practical men of trained scientific minds and shrewd common-sense. The touch of the moral philosopher was never deeply hidden in his lightest work, which also showed the hand of the artisan in the skill of its construction. «What I want to give, what I try for, is God's moral,» he once said; and 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' is a potent exhibition of it. How very early in life this temperament began to reveal itself in the craftsman, he shows in one of his essays: «All through my boyhood and youth I was known and pointed out for the pattern of an idler; and yet I was always busy in my own private end, which was to learn to write. I always kept two books in my pocket, one to read and one to write in. As I walked, my mind was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words. . . . I lived with words, and what I thus wrote was for no ulterior use; it was written consciously for practice. It

was not so much that I wished to be an author (though I wished that too), as that I had vowed that I would learn to write." And years afterward he wrote to Colvin from Samoa: "I pass all my hours of field-work in continual converse and imaginary correspondence. I scarce pull up a weed but I invent a sentence on the matter to yourself."

In his youthful reading, "some happy distinction in the style" of a book sent him at once to the imitation of it; and he confesses, "I have thus played the sedulous ape to Hazlitt, to Lamb, to Wordsworth, to Sir Thomas Browne, to Defoe, to Hawthorne, to Montaigne, to Baudelaire, and to Obermann." All this gave him what he knew to be "the lower and less intellectual elements of the art,—the choice of the essential note and the right word"; but he also knew that "*that*, like it or not, is the way to learn to write." To those who say that this is not the way to be original, he has given the best answer: "It is not; nor is there any way but to be born so. Nor yet if you are born original, is there anything in this training that shall clip the wings of your originality."

The "love of lovely words" was one of his passions. From Skerryvore to Vailima it led him and charmed him. In 'Across the Plains' he says that "None can care for literature in itself who do not take a special pleasure in the sound of names"; and notes the poetical richness and picturesqueness of many in the United States. In his 'Vailima Letters' he recurs again and again to the liquid beauty of the Samoan language, and names "Ulufanua": "Did ever you hear a prettier word?" he asks. There was the ear of a poet always evident in his prose as in his verse.

If Stevenson is always spoken of as a man with a style, here is the reason for it. The spirit of the light-house builders, who knew that something more than inspiration was necessary to build a beacon that would stand up against the waves, was strong in him. From his boyhood to his death he was a conscious artificer in words. And if his books are to stand as beacons, here is the foundation of solid rock, here the strength of the tower. But no reader of Stevenson need be told the tower is only a stable support for the light. That is a thing of the spirit; and it glows in his works with a steady flame.

With his eagerness to have a full draught of the joy of living, it was natural that Stevenson should have traveled much in many countries. The pursuit of health, which was for twenty years a pressing necessity in his "great task of happiness," was not the sole reason for his wanderings. He was always hungry for "the greater world; not the shoddy sham world of cities, clubs, and colleges, but

the world where men still live a man's life. . . . My imagination, which is not the least damped by the idea of having my head cut off in the bush, recoils aghast from the idea of a life like Gladstone's; and the shadow of the newspaper chills me to the bone." He looks back with more satisfaction on the things he learned in the streets while playing truant, than on what he retained of books and college lectures. "Books are good enough in their own way, but they are a mighty bloodless substitute for life. It seems a pity to sit, like the Lady of Shalott, peering into a mirror, with your back turned on all the bustle and glamour of reality."

His wanderings, which were his real education, began soon after his college days. Born on November 13th, 1850, in Edinburgh, he had the usual advantages of children of thrifty people in that intellectual city. He went to private schools, and had long vacations in the East Neuk of Fife,—a country full of romance, and associated with the Balfours, his mother's family. He has given a pleasing glimpse of his vacations there in 'The Lantern-Bearers,' where he pictures the play of the boys along the cliffs, fronting on the lonely and picturesque Bass Rock, which even then to his eye of fancy still "flew the colors of King James"; and it held its fascination for him until, long years after, in Samoa, he penned one of the most imaginative chapters in 'David Balfour' to celebrate its weird associations. His career at Edinburgh University was not distinguished. But he was always about his business, "which was learning to write"; and helped to found a short-lived college magazine, which furnishes the topic for a charming bit of autobiography in 'Memories and Portraits.' Following the traditions of his family, he began to practice the practical elements of a civil engineer by working around the shops that had to do with the light-house business. Soon he declared his distaste for this vocation, telling his father that he wanted to be a writer. As a compromise he was put at the study of law when twenty-one years of age, and kept at it until he became an advocate, —"Writer to the Signet," as it is phrased in his will. His failing health drove him to the south of France in 1873: and from that time to his death, on December 3d, 1894, he followed his bent for travel; and while seeking health accumulated, in the way he best liked, the materials for his books. Barbizon and the artistic colony there held him for a time; and there he met Mrs. Osbourne, whom he married in 1879. His vagabonding had furnished him the experiences for his first book, 'An Inland Voyage' (1878), and later, 'Travels with a Donkey'; and then came his first American trip in 1879, which in after years produced 'The Amateur Emigrant,' 'Across the Plains,' and 'The Silverado Squatters.' There was a period of invalidism—"the land of counterpane"—at Bournemouth, which at length drove him

to seek renewed vigor by a winter in the Adirondacks (1887–8); and then he began in June 1888 his voyages on the Pacific, which culminated in his finding the home he delighted in at Apia, Samoa, in 1890. There health came to him again; and with few intervals he led an out-door life, superintending the building of his house, and working with his own hands on his plantation. The strange people, their ways and their politics, became an absorbing interest; and his 'Vailima Letters' show that his life was full to the utmost. "Do you think I have an empty life?" he wrote Colvin, "or that a man jogging to his club has so much to interest and amuse him!" He laughed at those who pitied his exile, and ascribed the occasional notes of despondency in his letters to physical depression. "I have endured some two-and-forty years without public shame, and had a good time as I did it," he wrote in a letter which he called "a gloomy ramble," which came from a twinge of "fine healthy rheumatism."

These few suggestions of biography are all that need be here noted. His published works and letters are his best biography — which will be rounded out with the collection of unpublished letters and journals which Mr. Sidney Colvin, his literary executor, is engaged upon. Never was a man more frankly autobiographic in his writings; and those who have most carefully read his books need the least to complete the portrait of Stevenson's personality.

The kind of judgment upon his works that Stevenson always welcomed was that of the craftsman. Whether or not you liked one kind of story better than another, did not seem to him significant. The main question with himself always was, Had he achieved the result artistically that he had in mind? He never forgot the ambition of his boyhood, — "his own private end" of learning to write. And while he is hammering away at a new work, no matter what, — of romance, travels, poem, or history, — he stops from time to time to consider whether he has really *done* it. When he despairs of ever getting it right, he is led on again by "that glimmer of faith (or hope) which one learns at this trade, — that somehow and some time, by perpetual staring and glowering and rewriting, order will emerge." The most useless form of criticism that can be applied to Stevenson's works is of the comparative kind, that shows how far short of certain great names he fell in certain accepted characteristics. It is easy to pile up the strong and effective literary qualities that he does *not* possess. But he has a right to be judged from his own platform: what did he try to do, and did he do it?

He was once asked why he did not write more pretty tales like 'Will o' the Mill,' why he had abandoned the "honey-dripping" style

of his earlier essays and tales? «It's a thing I have often thought over,» he said,—«the problem of what to do with one's talents.» His own gift, he averred, lay in «the grim and terrible.» He added that some writers touch the heart; he clutched at the throat. If his romances are full of grim and terrible scenes, it is because he believed that he could do that kind of writing best. He wanted to make the most of his best talent. Alan Breck's great fight in the round-house, the duel scene in 'The Master of Ballantrae,' the terrible slaughter on shipboard in 'The Wrecker,' are convincing proof that he did not misjudge the bent of his genius. He was the leader in the revival of romantic writing, and yet he proclaims that he is essentially a realist. Life is what he was after: «Life is all in all.» If there is grimness and horror in his books, it is because he saw it in life. This is a strange paradox in one who declared that joy in life was the essential thing. Yet if you analyze any one of Stevenson's terrible episodes, you will find that some character is giving the freest expression to his nature in that scene. Alan Breck gloried in the delight of battle. Wiltshire found barbaric joy in the slaughter of his enemy. A scene in Stevenson may be dire and terrible, but in it some barbaric passion is finding its fullest relief.

In a letter written in 1892 he passes this judgment on his work: «'Falesá' and 'David Balfour' seem to me to be nearer what I mean than anything I have ever done — nearer what I mean by fiction; the nearest thing before was 'Kidnapped.' I am not forgetting the 'Master of Ballantrae'; but that lacked all pleasurableness, and hence was imperfect in essence.» And in another place — «David himself I refuse to discuss; he *is*. . . . Tod Lapraik is a piece of living Scots; if I had never writ anything but that and Thrawn Janet, still I'd have been a writer.»

There you get at his art as he saw it. David and Wiltshire and Alan and Janet are vital. When they acted, it was from the primitive passions; the direct, simple emotions that are not dependent on culture and civilization for existence and for strength. Civilized men still retain them, but they are well covered up with conventionalities. That is why Stevenson loved vagabonds and savages: they showed him the basic passions at work. The old King of Apemama became his brother, and the rebel chiefs of Samoa were his devoted admirers. But he had no affection for them unless he found that among their barbaric emotions they cherished a certain ideal of conduct. The Road of the Loving Heart repaid him for all his worries about the Samoan rebels.

While the vitality of a character was its main fascination for Stevenson, in either real life or fiction, he followed Scott and Dumas in the belief that the best way to reveal character in a romance is by

incident:—"It is not character but incident that wooes us out of our reserve. Something happens as we desire to have it happen to ourselves; some situation, that we have long dallied with in fancy, is realized in the story with enticing or appropriate details. Then we forget the characters; then we push the hero aside; then we plunge into the tale in our own person and bathe in fresh experience: and then, and then only, do we say we have been reading a romance." By this method, things which are not even pleasurable become interesting. "It is thus possible to construct a story, even of tragic import, in which every incident, detail, and trick of circumstances shall be welcome to the reader's thought."

How he labored to make every incident fit into his general scheme is shown in many of his letters. To a suggestion that he change a certain ending, he replied that every incident in the story had led up to that. An invalid for half his years, he looked on life and art with the eye of a man of action. The psychology of a character interested him, as it naturally would the descendant of the metaphysical Balfours. But no amount of analysis was sufficient in Stevenson's view to reveal a character to his readers. Action was the mirror in which it was reflected.

Measured by this, his own highest standard, there can be little question that Stevenson's highest achievement as a writer of romance remains where he placed it, with 'Kidnapped' and 'David Balfour' (called in England 'Catriona'). In these stories the grim, the terrible, and the eccentric, fall into their proper places in the development of the characters. Their reality, their appeal to what is universal and human, is never obscured by the barbaric. And near to them as a work of literary art is the finest product of his South Sea experiences, 'The Beach of Falesá'—a story which is so original in setting, character, and construction, so exquisite in its workmanship, that it may well be called a masterpiece. The magnificent fragment which he left in 'Weir of Hermiston' justifies many of his own predictions that it was to be his best work. His style certainly was never more a flexible instrument in his dexterous hand. There is nothing which he cannot do easily with it. Words and phrases strike you with a new beauty and force. Even when the artificial note of style is too persistent, his vision of the characters remains clear, vivid, and simple. Lord Braxfield had been in his imagination for many years—ever since he saw Raeburn's portrait of him and wrote about it. In Hermiston the long-conjured vision is materialized: and with him two fascinating women, the elder and the younger Kirstie; a last convincing proof that Stevenson could triumphantly create—what he had so long avoided in his stories—a thoroughly charming woman. 'Barbara Grant' had led the way to this success, and had given him confidence.

Like all expert craftsmen, he was fond of trying experiments in his art. He exhibited in them a less strenuous manifestation of his genius than in the great romances by which he wanted his achievement to be judged. 'Treasure Island'—a boy's tale of adventure, and one of the most perfect in workmanship—had a grown-up successor in 'The Wrecker,' which was avowed to be a tale of incident pure and simple; it was 'Treasure Island' made real by his own experience of voyaging among the islands of the Pacific. 'The Wrong Box' (devised with Mr. Osbourne) was his idea of a mystery tale, with the stage machinery of a farce often painfully present. His ingenious fancy at play showed its best traits in the fantastic tales of the 'New Arabian Nights,' and 'The Dynamiter' (in which Mrs. Stevenson took part). 'Prince Otto' is a fantasy written under the inspiration of George Meredith; and it contains some of the most graceful and melodious prose that is to be found in Stevenson's writings. Whatever form of literary play his exuberant fancy led him into, it was always marked with originality of expression. Often it was artificial, but never labored or dull. His vivacity, his untiring interest in new things, led him occasionally into trivial and even disappointing experiments; but he carried them off with that gay air which never quite let the reader forget that he was a precocious boy doing his tricks.

The unfailing delight that he got out of his journey through the world is shown most vividly in his volumes of Essays and Travel, from which we have so freely quoted his own expressions of his likes and dislikes, his aspirations and his ideals. To these, readers will always turn for renewed acquaintance with Stevenson the man. His literary essays are cordial appreciations and interpretations by a fellow-craftsman, who knew the difficulties of doing the best work. His other essays are similar appreciations of characters in real life. His travels also resolve themselves into this. Wherever he went he was looking for men who touched some part of his vigorous ideal of manhood,—the chief factors in which were always «courage and intelligence.» It had many phases; but at the bottom there was a certain loyalty that was the supreme test for vagabond or nobleman. When he found that, much was forgiven. He believed in an «ultimate decency of things; aye, and if I woke in hell, I should still believe it!»

The lyrical expression of this attitude is the inspiration of his poems. To use his own figure of music, his ideal of a prose style was harmony; of a poetic style was melody. In his verse the strain is extremely simple, but it always sings. While he believed that the «grim and terrible» was the best subject for his prose, in his poetry he allowed beauty to lead him. All the gentler emotions that made him so loved by his friends found voice in his verse. Many of them

were directly inspired by personal friendships. Loyalty to his country and his friends evokes the sweetest music:—

«It's an owercome sooth for age an' youth,
And it brooks wi' nae denial,
That the dearest friends are the auldest friends,
And the young are just on trial.»

While his deepest feelings are expressed in 'Underwoods,' his tenderest are found in 'A Child's Garden of Verses.' Its simplicity, and the delicate truth with which it images a child's fancies, have made it a classic of childhood. The conscious artist is never evident in it. It seems to be the spontaneous expression of a child's mind.

The place that Stevenson will take in literature is surely not to be made evident so long as the glamour of his personality remains over those who were his contemporaries. And with this personality so fully interwoven with his works, it seems hard to believe that the glamour can soon fade away. It is easy to imagine that, like Charles Lamb, he can never become wholly a «figure in literature,» but will remain vividly present to many generations of readers as a gifted child of genius who is to be fervently loved.

Robert Bridges,
(Droch.)

BED IN SUMMER

From 'Poems and Ballads.' By permission of the authorized publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons

IN WINTER I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

TRAVEL

From 'Poems and Ballads.' By permission of the authorized publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons

I SHOULD like to rise and go
Where the golden apples grow;—
Where below another sky
Parrot islands anchored lie,
And, watched by cockatoos and goats,
Lonely Crusoes building boats;—
Where in sunshine reaching out,
Eastern cities, miles about,
Are with mosque and minaret
Among sandy gardens set,
And the rich goods from near and far
Hang for sale in the bazaar;—
Where the Great Wall round China goes,
And on one side the desert blows,
And with bell and voice and drum,
Cities on the other hum;—
Where are forest, hot as fire,
Wide as England, tall as a spire,
Full of apes and cocoanuts
And the negro hunters' huts;—
Where the knotty crocodile
Lies and blinks in the Nile,
And the red flamingo flies
Hunting fish before his eyes;—
Where in jungles, near and far,
Man-devouring tigers are,
Lying close and giving ear
Lest the hunt be drawing near,
Or a comer-by be seen
Swinging in a palanquin;—
Where among the desert sands
Some deserted city stands,
All its children, sweep and prince,
Grown to manhood ages since,
Not a foot in street or house,
Not a stir of child or mouse,
And when kindly falls the night,
In all the town no spark of light.
There I'll come when I'm a man,
With a camel caravan;

Light a fire in the gloom
Of some dusty dining-room;
See the pictures on the walls,
Heroes, fights, and festivals;
And in a corner find the toys
Of the old Egyptian boys.

THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE

From 'Poems and Ballads.' By permission of the authorized publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons

When I was sick and lay a-bed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bedclothes, through the hills.

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant Land of Counterpane.

NORTHWEST PASSAGE

From 'Poems and Ballads.' By permission of the authorized publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons

I. GOOD-NIGHT

When the bright lamp is carried in,
The sunless hours again begin;
O'er all without, in field and lane,
The haunted night returns again.

Now we behold the embers flee
About the firelit hearth; and see

Our faces painted as we pass,
Like pictures, on the window-glass.

Must we to bed indeed? Well then,
Let us arise and go like men,
And face with an undaunted tread
The long black passage up to bed.

Farewell, O brother, sister, sire!
O pleasant party round the fire!
The songs you sing, the tales you tell,
Till far to-morrow, fare ye well!

II. SHADOW MARCH

All round the house is the jet-black night:
It stares through the window-pane;
It crawls in the corners, hiding from the light,
And it moves with the moving flame.

Now my little heart goes a-beating like a drum,
With the breath of the Bogie in my hair;
And all round the candle the crooked shadows come,
And go marching along up the stair.

The shadow of the balusters, the shadow of the lamp,
The shadow of the child that goes to bed,—
All the wicked shadows coming, tramp, tramp, tramp,
With the black night overhead.

III. IN PORT

Last, to the chamber where I lie
My fearful footsteps patter nigh,
And come from out the cold and gloom
Into my warm and cheerful room.

There, safe arrived, we turn about
To keep the coming shadows out,
And close the happy door at last
On all the perils that we past.

Then, when mamma goes by to bed,
She shall come in with tiptoe tread,
And see me lying warm and fast
And in the Land of Nod at last.

«IF THIS WERE FAITH»

From 'Poems and Ballads.' By permission of the authorized publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons

GOD, if this were enough,
That I see things bare to the buff
And up to the buttocks in mire;
That I ask nor hope nor hire,
Not in the husk,
Nor dawn beyond the dusk,
Nor life beyond death:
God, if this were faith?

Having felt thy wind in my face
Spit sorrow and disgrace,
Having seen thine evil doom
In Golgotha and Khartoum,
And the brutes, the work of thine hands,
Fill with injustice lands
And stain with blood the sea:
If still in my veins the glee
Of the black night and the sun
And the lost battle, run;
If, an adept,
The iniquitous lists I still accept
With joy, and joy to endure and be withstood,
And still to battle and perish for a dream of good:
God, if that were enough?

If to feel, in the ink of the slough
And the sink of the mire,
Veins of glory and fire
Run through and transpierce and transpire,
And a secret purpose of glory in every part,
And the answering glory of battle fill my heart;
To thrill with the joy of girded men
To go on for ever and fail and go on again,
And be mauled to the earth and arise,
And contend for the shade of a word and a thing not seen with the eyes:
With the half of a broken hope for a pillow at night
That somehow the right is the right
And the smooth shall bloom from the rough:
Lord, if that were enough?

REQUIEM

From 'Poems and Ballads.' By permission of the authorized publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons

UNDER the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

TO WILL. H. LOW

From 'Poems and Ballads.' By permission of the authorized publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons

YOUTH now flees on feathered foot,
Faint and fainter sounds the flute,
Rarer songs of gods; and still
Somewhere on the sunny hill,
Or along the winding stream,
Through the willows, flits a dream;
Flits, but shows a smiling face,
Flees, but with so quaint a grace,
Nor can choose to stay at home,—
All must follow, all must roam.

This is unborn beauty: she
Now in air floats high and free,
Takes the sun and breaks the blue;—
Late with stooping pinion flew
Raking hedgerow trees, and wet
Her wing in silver streams, and set
Shining foot on temple roof:
Now again she flies aloof,
Coasting mountain clouds and kist
By the evening's amethyst.

In wet wood and miry lane,
Still we pant and pound in vain;
Still with leaden foot we chase
Waning pinion, fainting face;

Still with gray hair we stumble on,
Till, behold, the vision gone!
Where hath fleeting beauty led?
To the doorway of the dead.
Life is over, life was gay:
We have come the primrose way.

«THE TROPICS VANISH»

From 'Poems and Ballads.' By permission of the authorized publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons

THE tropics vanish, and meseems that I,
From Halkerside, from topmost Allermuir,
Or steep Caerketton, dreaming gaze again.
Far set in fields and woods, the town I see
Spring gallant from the shallows of her smoke,
Cragged, spired, and turreted, her virgin fort
Beflagged. About, on seaward-drooping hills,
New folds of city glitter. Last, the Forth
Wheels ample waters set with sacred isles,
And populous Fife smokes with a score of towns.

There, on the sunny frontage of a hill,
Hard by the house of kings, repose the dead,
My dead, the ready and the strong of word.
Their works, the salt-incrusted, still survive;
The sea bombards their founded towers; the night
Thrills pierced with their strong lamps. The artificers,
One after one, here in this grated cell,
Where the rain erases and the rust consumes,
Fell upon lasting silence. Continents
And continental oceans intervene;
A sea uncharted, on a lampless isle,
Environs and confines their wandering child
In vain. The voice of generations dead
Summons me, sitting distant, to arise,
My numerous footsteps nimbly to retrace,
And all mutation over, stretch me down
In that denoted city of the dead.

APEMAMA.

TROPIC RAIN

From 'Poems and Ballads.' By permission of the authorized publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons

As THE single pang of the blow, when the metal is mingled well,
Rings and lives and resounds in all the bounds of the bell:
So the thunder above spoke with a single tongue,
So in the heart of the mountain the sound of it rumbled and clung.

Sudden the thunder was drowned — quenched was the levin light —
And the angel spirit of rain laughed out loud in the night.
Loud as the maddened river raves in the cloven glen,
Angel of rain! you laughed and leaped on the roofs of men;
And the sleepers sprang in their beds, and joyed and feared as you fell.
You struck, and my cabin quailed; the roof of it roared like a bell.
You spoke, and at once the mountain shouted and shook with brooks.
You ceased, and the day returned, rosy, with virgin looks.
And methought that beauty and terror are only one, not two;
And the world has room for love, and death, and thunder, and dew;
And all the sinews of hell slumber in summer air;
And the face of God is a rock, but the face of the rock is fair.
Beneficent streams of tears flow at the finger of pain;
And out of the cloud that smites, beneficent rivers of rain.

VAILIMA.

CHRISTMAS AT SEA

From 'Poems and Ballads.' By permission of the authorized publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons

THE sheets were frozen hard, and they cut the naked hand;
The decks were like a slide, where a seaman scarce could stand;
The wind was a nor'wester, blowing squally off the sea;
And cliffs and spouting breakers were the only things a-lee.

They heard the surf a-roaring before the break of day;
But 'twas only with the peep of light we saw how ill we lay.
We tumbled every hand on deck instanter, with a shout,
And we gave her the maintops'l, and stood by to go about.

All day we tacked and tacked between the South Head and the North;
All day we hauled the frozen sheets, and got no further forth;

All day as cold as charity, in bitter pain and dread,
For very life and nature we tacked from head to head.

We gave the South a wider berth, for there the tide-race roared;
But every tack we made we brought the North Head close aboard:
So 's we saw the cliffs and houses, and the breakers running high,
And the coast-guard in his garden, with his glass against his eye.

The frost was on the village roofs as white as ocean foam;
The good red fires were burning bright in every 'longshore home;
The windows sparkled clear, and the chimneys volleyed out;
And I vow we sniffed the victuals as the vessel went about.

The bells upon the church were rung with a mighty jovial cheer;
For it's just that I should tell you how (of all days in the year)
This day of our adversity was blessèd Christmas morn,
And the house above the coast-guard's was the house where I was born.

Oh! well I saw the pleasant room, the pleasant faces there,
My mother's silver spectacles, my father's silver hair;
And well I saw the firelight, like a flight of homely elves,
Go dancing round the china plates that stand upon the shelves.

And well I knew the talk they had, the talk that was of me,
Of the shadow on the household and the son that went to sea;
And oh the wicked fool I seemed, in every kind of way,
To be here and hauling frozen ropes on blessèd Christmas Day.

They lit the high sea-light, and the dark began to fall.
«All hands to loose topgallant sails,» I heard the captain call.
«By the Lord, she'll never stand it,» our first mate, Jackson, cried.—
«It's the one way or the other, Mr. Jackson,» he replied.

She staggered to her bearings, but the sails were new and good,
And the ship smelt up to windward just as though she understood.
As the winter's day was ending, in the entry of the night,
We cleared the weary headland, and passed below the light.

And they heaved a mighty breath, every soul on board but me,
As they saw her nose again pointing handsome out to sea;
But all that I could think of, in the darkness and the cold,
Was just that I was leaving home and my folks were growing old.

A FABLE

From 'The Lantern-Bearers'

THERE is one fable that touches very near the quick of life: the fable of the monk who passed into the woods, heard a bird break into song, hearkened for a trill or two, and found himself on his return a stranger at his convent gates; for he had been absent fifty years, and of all his comrades there survived but one to recognize him. It is not only in the woods that this enchanter carols, though perhaps he is native there. . . . All life that is not merely mechanical is spun out of two strands: seeking for that bird and hearing him. And it is just this that makes life so hard to value, and the delight of each so incommunicable; and just a knowledge of this, and a remembrance of those fortunate hours in which the bird has sung to us, that fills us with such wonder when we turn the pages of the realist. There, to be sure, we find a picture of life in so far as it consists of mud and of old iron, cheap desires and cheap fears, that which we are ashamed to remember and that which we are careless whether we forget; but of the note of that time-devouring nightingale we hear no news.

STRIVING AND FAILING

From 'A Christmas Sermon'

LIFE is not designed to minister to a man's vanity. He goes upon his long business most of the time with a hanging head, and all the time like a blind child. Full of rewards and pleasures as it is,—so that to see the day break, or the moon rise, or to meet a friend, or to hear the dinner call when he is hungry, fills him with surprising joys,—this world is yet for him no abiding city. Friendships fall through, health fails, weariness assails him; year after year he must thumb the hardly varying record of his own weakness and folly. It is a friendly process of detachment. When the time comes that he should go, there need be few illusions left about himself. "Here lies one who meant well, tried a little, failed much,"—surely that may be his epitaph, of which he need not be ashamed.

WE PASS THE FORTH

From 'Kidnapped.' By permission of the authorized publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons

THE month, as I have said, was not yet out, but it was already far through August, and beautiful warm weather, with every sign of an early and great harvest, when I was pronounced able for my journey. Our money was now run to so low an ebb that we must think first of all on speed; for if we came not soon to Mr. Rankeillor's, or if when we came there he should fail to help me, we must surely starve. In Alan's view, besides, the hunt must have now greatly slackened; and the line of the Forth, and even Stirling Bridge which is the main pass over that river, would be watched with little interest.

"It's a chief principle in military affairs," said he, "to go where ye are least expected. Forth is our trouble; ye ken the saying, 'Forth bridles the wild Hielandman.' Well, if we seek to creep round about the head of that river and come down by Kippen or Balfron, it's just precisely there that they'll be looking to lay hands on us. But if we stave on straight to the auld Brig' of Stirling, I'll lay my sword they let us pass unchallenged."

The first night, accordingly, we pushed to the house of a Maclaren in Strathire, a friend of Duncan's, where we slept the twenty-first of the month, and whence we set forth again about the fall of night to make another easy stage. The twenty-second we lay in a heather-bush on a hillside in Uam Var, within view of a herd of deer,—the happiest ten hours of sleep in a fine, breathing sunshine, and on bone-dry ground, that I have ever tasted. That night we struck Allan Water, and followed it down; and coming to the edge of the hills saw the whole Carse of Stirling underfoot, as flat as a pancake, with the town and castle on a hill in the midst of it, and the moon shining on the Links of Forth.

"Now," said Alan, "I kenna if ye care, but ye're in your own land again. We passed the Hieland Line in the first hour; and now if we could but pass yon crooked water, we might cast our bonnets in the air."

In Allan Water, near by where it falls into the Forth, we found a little sandy islet, overgrown with burdock, butterbur, and the like low plants, that would just cover us if we lay flat. Here

it was we made our camp, within plain view of Stirling Castle; whence we could hear the drums beat as some part of the garrison paraded. Shearers worked all day in a field on one side of the river; and we could hear the stones going on the hooks, and the voices and even the words of the men talking. It behoved to lie close and keep silent. But the sand of the little isle was sun-warm, the green plants gave us shelter for our heads, we had food and drink in plenty; and to crown all, we were within sight of safety.

As soon as the shearers quit their work and the dusk began to fall, we waded ashore and struck for the Bridge of Stirling, keeping to the fields and under the field fences.

The bridge is close under the castle hill; an old, high, narrow bridge with pinnacles along the parapet: and you may conceive with how much interest I looked upon it, not only as a place famous in history, but as the very doors of salvation to Alan and myself. The moon was not yet up when we came there; a few lights shone along the front of the fortress, and lower down a few lighted windows in the town; but it was all mighty still, and there seemed to be no guard upon the passage.

I was for pushing straight across; but Alan was more wary.

"It looks unco' quiet," said he; "but for all that, we'll lie down here cannily behind a dike and make sure."

So we lay for about a quarter of an hour, whiles whispering, whiles lying still and hearing nothing earthly but the washing of the water on the piers. At last there came by an old, hobbling woman with a crutch stick: who first stopped a little, close to where we lay, and bemoaned herself and the long way she had traveled; and then set forth again up the steep spring of the bridge. The woman was so little, and the night still so dark, that we soon lost sight of her; only heard the sound of her steps, and her stick, and a cough that she had by fits, draw slowly further away.

"She's bound to be across now," I whispered.

"Na," said Alan, "her foot still sounds boss* upon the bridge."

And just then — "Who goes?" cried a voice, and we heard the butt of a musket rattle on the stones. I must suppose the sentry had been sleeping, so that had we tried we might have passed unseen; but he was awake now, and the chance forfeited.

*Hollow: pronounced *bose.*

"This'll never do," said Alan. "This'll never, never do for us, David."

And without another word he began to crawl away through the fields; and a little after, being well out of eye-shot, got to his feet again, and struck along a road that led to the eastward. I could not conceive what he was doing; and indeed I was so sharply cut by the disappointment, that I was little likely to be pleased with anything. A moment back, and I had seen myself knocking at Mr. Rankeillor's door to claim my inheritance, like a hero in a ballad; and here was I back again, a wandering, hunted blackguard, on the wrong side of Forth.

"Well?" said I.

"Well," said Alan, "what would ye have? They're none such fools as I took them for. We have still the Forth to pass, Davie — weary fall the rains that fed and the hillsides that guided it!"

"And why go east?" said I.

"Ou, just upon the chance!" said he. "If we cannae pass the river, we'll have to see what we can do for the firth."

"There are fords upon the river, and none upon the firth," said I.

"To be sure there are fords, and a bridge forbye," quoth Alan; "and of what service, when they are watched?"

"Well," said I, "but a river can be swum."

"By them that have the skill of it," returned he: "but I have yet to hear that either you or me is much of a hand at that exercise; and for my own part, I swim like a stone."

"I'm not up to you in talking back, Alan," I said; "but I can see we're making bad worse. If it's hard to pass a river, it stands to reason it must be worse to pass a sea."

"But there's such a thing as a boat," says Alan, "or I'm the more deceived."

"Ay, and such a thing as money," says I. "But for us that have neither one nor other, they might just as well not have been invented."

"Ye think so?" said Alan.

"I do that," said I.

"David," says he, "ye're a man of small invention and less faith. But let me set my wits upon the hone, and if I cannae beg, borrow, nor yet steal a boat, I'll make one!"

"I think I see ye!" said I. "And what's more than all that: if ye pass a bridge, it can tell no tales; but if we pass the firth,

there's the boat on the wrong side — somebody must have brought it — the countryside will all be in a bizz —"

"Man!" cried Alan, "if I make a boat, I'll make a body to take it back again! So deave me with no more of your nonsense, but walk (for that's what you've got to do) — and let Alan think for ye."

All night, then, we walked through the north side of the Carse under the high line of the Ochil mountains; and by Alloa and Clackmannan and Culross, all of which we avoided: and about ten in the morning, mighty hungry and tired, came to the little clachan of Limekilns. This is a place that sits near in by the water-side, and looks across the Hope to the town of the Queensferry. Smoke went up from both of these, and from other villages and farms upon all hands. The fields were being reaped; two ships lay anchored, and boats were coming and going on the Hope. It was altogether a right pleasant sight to me; and I could not take my fill of gazing at these comfortable, green, cultivated hills, and the busy people both of the field and sea.

For all that, there was Mr. Rankeillor's house on the south shore, where I had no doubt wealth awaited me; and here was I upon the north, clad in poor enough attire of an outlandish fashion, with three silver shillings left to me of all my fortune, a price set upon my head, and an outlawed man for my sole company.

"O Alan!" said I, "to think of it! Over there, there's all that heart could want waiting me; and the birds go over, and the boats go over — all that please can go, but just me only! O man, but it's a heart-break!"

In Limekilns we entered a small change-house, which we only knew to be a public by the wand over the door, and bought some bread and cheese from a good-looking lass that was the servant. This we carried with us in a bundle, meaning to sit and eat it in a bush of wood on the sea-shore, that we saw some third part of a mile in front. As we went, I kept looking across the water and sighing to myself; and though I took no heed of it, Alan had fallen into a muse. At last he stopped in the way.

"Did ye take heed of the lass we bought this of?" says he, tapping on the bread and cheese.

"To be sure," said I, "and a bonny lass she was."

"Ye thought that?" cries he. "Man David, that's good news."

"In the name of all that's wonderful, why so?" says I. "What good can that do?"

"Well," said Alan, with one of his droll looks, "I was rather in hopes it would maybe get us that boat."

"If it were the other way about, it would be liker it," said I.

"That's all that you ken, ye see," said Alan. "I don't want the lass to fall in love with ye, I want her to be sorry for ye, David; to which end, there is no manner of need that she should take you for a beauty. Let me see" (looking me curiously over). "I wish ye were a wee thing paler; but apart from that ye'll do fine for my purpose — ye have a fine, hang-dog, rag-and-tatter, clappermaclaw kind of a look to ye, as if ye had stolen the coat from a potato-bogle. Come: right about, and back to the change-house for that boat of ours."

I followed him laughing.

"David Balfour," said he, "ye're a very funny gentleman by your way of it, and this is a very funny employ for ye, no doubt. For all that, if ye have any affection for my neck (to say nothing of your own), ye will perhaps be kind enough to take this matter responsibly. I am going to do a bit of play-acting, the bottom ground of which is just exactly as serious as the gallows for the pair of us. So bear it, if ye please, in mind, and conduct yourself according."

"Well, well," said I, "have it as you will."

As we got near the clachan, he made me take his arm and hang upon it like one almost helpless with weariness; and by the time he pushed open the change-house door, he seemed to be half carrying me. The maid appeared surprised (as well she might be) at our speedy return: but Alan had no words to spare for her in explanation, helped me to a chair, called for a tass of brandy with which he fed me in little sips, and then breaking up the bread and cheese helped me to eat it like a nursery-lass; the whole with that grave, concerned, affectionate countenance, that might have imposed upon a judge. It was small wonder if the maid were taken with the picture we presented, of a poor, sick, overwrought lad and his most tender comrade. She drew quite near, and stood leaning with her back on the next table.

"What's like wrong with him?" said she at last.

Alan turned upon her, to my great wonder, with a kind of fury. "Wrong?" cries he. "He's walked more hundreds of miles than he has hairs upon his chin, and slept oftener in wet

heather than dry sheets. Wrong, quo' she! Wrong enough, I would think! Wrong, indeed!" and he kept grumbling to himself, as he fed me, like a man ill pleased.

"He's young for the like of that," said the maid.

"Ower young," said Alan, with his back to her.

"He would be better riding," says she.

"And where could I get a horse for him?" cried Alan, turning on her with the same appearance of fury. "Would ye have me steal?"

I thought this roughness would have sent her off in dudgeon, as indeed it closed her mouth for the time. But my companion knew very well what he was doing; and for as simple as he was in some things of life, had a great fund of roguishness in such affairs as these.

"Ye neednae tell me," she said at last—"ye're gentry."

"Well," said Alan, softened a little (I believe against his will) by this artless comment, "and suppose we were? did ever you hear that gentrice put money in folks' pockets?"

She sighed at this, as if she were herself some disinherited great lady. "No," says she, "that's true indeed."

I was all this while chafing at the part I played, and sitting tongue-tied between shame and merriment; but somehow at this I could hold in no longer, and bade Alan let me be, for I was better already. My voice stuck in my throat, for I ever hated to take part in lies; but my very embarrassment helped on the plot, for the lass no doubt set down my husky voice to sickness and fatigue.

"Has he nae friends?" said she in a tearful voice.

"That has he so," cried Alan, "if we could but win to them,—friends and rich friends, beds to lie in, food to eat, doctors to see him,—and here he must tramp in the dubs and sleep in the heather like a beggarman."

"And why that?" says the lass.

"My dear," says Alan, "I cannae very safely say; but I'll tell ye what I'll do instead," says he: "I'll whistle ye a bit tune." And with that he leaned pretty far over the table, and in a mere breath of a whistle, but with a wonderful pretty sentiment, gave her a few bars of "Charlie is my darling."

"Wheesht," says she, and looked over her shoulder to the door.

"That's it," said Alan.

"And him so young!" cried the lass.

"He's old enough to—" and Alan struck his forefinger on the back part of his neck, meaning that I was old enough to lose my head.

"It would be a black shame," she cried, flushing high.

"It's what will be, though," said Alan, "unless we manage the better."

At this the lass turned and ran out of that part of the house, leaving us alone together; Alan in high good-humor at the furthering of his schemes, and I in bitter dudgeon at being called a Jacobite and treated like a child.

"Alan," I cried, "I can stand no more of this."

"Ye'll have to sit it then, Davie," said he. "For if ye upset the pot now, ye may scrape your own life out of the fire, but Alan Breck is a dead man."

This was so true that I could only groan; and even my groan served Alan's purpose, for it was overheard by the lass as she came flying in again with a dish of white puddings and a bottle of strong ale.

"Poor lamb!" says she; and had no sooner set the meat before us, than she touched me on the shoulder with a little friendly touch, as much as to bid me cheer up. Then she told us to fall to, and there would be no more to pay; for the inn was her own, or at least her father's, and he was gone for the day to Pittencrieff. We waited for no second bidding, for bread and cheese is but cold comfort, and the puddings smelt excellently well; and while we sat and ate, she took up that same place by the next table, looking on, and thinking, and frowning to herself, and drawing the string of her apron through her hand.

"I'm thinking ye have rather a long tongue," she said at last to Alan.

"Ay," said Alan; "but ye see I ken the folk I speak to."

"I would never betray ye," said she, "if ye mean that."

"No," said he, "ye're not that kind. But I'll tell ye what ye would do,—ye would help."

"I couldnae," said she, shaking her head. "Na, I couldnae."

"No," said he, "but if ye could?"

She answered him nothing.

"Look here, my lass," said Alan: "there are boats in the kingdom of Fife, for I saw two (no less) upon the beach, as I came in by your town's end. Now if we could have the use of a boat

to pass under cloud of night into Lothian, and some secret, decent kind of a man to bring that boat back again and keep his counsel, there would be two souls saved: mine to all likelihood—his to a dead surety. If we lack that boat, we have but three shillings left in this wide world; and where to go, and how to do, and what other place there is for us except the chains of a gibbet—I give you my naked word, I kenna! Shall we go wanting, lassie? Are ye to lie in your warm bed and think upon us, when the wind gowls in the chimney and the rain tirls on the roof? Are ye to eat your meat by the cheeks of a red fire, and think upon this poor sick lad of mine, biting his finger-ends on a blae muir for cauld and hunger? Sick or sound, he must aye be moving; with the death-grapple at his throat, he must aye be trailing in the rain on the long roads; and when he gants his last on a rickle of cauld stanes, there will be nae friends near him but only me and God."

At this appeal, I could see the lass was in great trouble of mind; being tempted to help us, and yet in some fear she might be helping malefactors: and so now I determined to step in myself, and to allay her scruples with a portion of the truth.

"Did you ever hear," said I, "of Mr. Rankeillor of the Queensferry?"

"Rankeillor the writer?" said she. "I daursay that!"

"Well," said I, "it's to his door that I am bound, so you may judge by that if I am an ill-doer; and I will tell you more: that though I am indeed, by a dreadful error, in some peril of my life, King George has no truer friend in all Scotland than myself."

Her face cleared up mightily at this, although Alan's darkened.

"That's more than I would ask," said she. "Mr. Rankeillor is a kennt man." And she bade us finish our meat, get clear of the clachan as soon as might be, and lie close in the bit wood on the sea-beach. "And ye can trust me," says she, "I'll find some means to put you over."

At this we waited for no more, but shook hands with her upon the bargain, made short work of the puddings, and set forth again from Limekilns as far as to the wood. It was a small piece of perhaps a score of elders and hawthorns, and a few young ashes, not thick enough to veil us from passers-by upon the road or beach. Here we must lie, however, making the best

of the brave warm weather and the good hopes we now had of a deliverance, and planning more particularly what remained for us to do.

We had but one trouble all day: when a strolling piper came and sat in the same wood with us; a red-nosed, blear-eyed, drunken dog, with a great bottle of whisky in his pocket, and a long story of wrongs that had been done him by all sorts of persons, from the lord president of the court of session who had denied him justice, down to the baillies of Inverkeithing who had given him more of it than he desired. It was impossible but he should conceive some suspicion of two men lying all day concealed in a thicket and having no business to allege. As long as he stayed there, he kept us in hot water with prying questions; and after he was gone, as he was a man not very likely to hold his tongue, we were in the greater impatience to be gone ourselves.

The day came to an end with the same brightness; the night fell quiet and clear; lights came out in houses and hamlets, and then, one after another, began to be put out: but it was past eleven, and we were long since strangely tortured with anxieties, before we heard the grinding of oars upon the rowing-pins. At that, we looked out and saw the lass herself coming rowing to us in a boat. She had trusted no one with our affairs — not even her sweetheart, if she had one; but as soon as her father was asleep, had left the house by a window, stolen a neighbor's boat, and come to our assistance single-handed.

I was abashed how to find expression for my thanks: but she was no less abashed at the thought of hearing them; begged us to lose no time and to hold our peace, saying (very properly) that the heart of our matter was in haste and silence: and so, what with one thing and another, she had set us on the Lothian shore not far from Carriden, had shaken hands with us, and was out again at sea and rowing for Limekilns, before there was one word said either of her service or our gratitude.

Even after she was gone we had nothing to say, as indeed nothing was enough for such a kindness. Only Alan stood a great while upon the shore shaking his head.

"It is a very fine lass," he said at last. "David, it is a very fine lass." And a matter of an hour later, as we were lying in a den on the sea-shore and I had been already dozing, he broke out again in commendations of her character. For my part I

could say nothing; she was so simple a creature that my heart smote me both with remorse and fear: remorse, because we had traded upon her ignorance; and fear, lest we should have anyway involved her in the dangers of our situation.

A NIGHT AMONG THE PINES

From 'Travels with a Donkey.' By permission of the authorized publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons

From Bleymard after dinner, although it was already late, I set out to scale a portion of the Lozère. An ill-marked stony drove road guided me forward; and I met nearly half a dozen bullock carts descending from the woods, each laden with a whole pine-tree for the winter's firing. At the top of the woods, which do not climb very high upon this cold ridge, I struck leftward by a path among the pines, until I hit on a dell of green turf, where a streamlet made a little spout over some stones to serve me for a water-tap. «In a more sacred or sequestered bower . . . nor nymph, nor faunus, haunted.» The trees were not old, but they grew thickly round the glade: there was no outlook, except northeastward upon distant hill-tops, or straight upward to the sky; and the encampment felt secure and private like a room. By the time I had made my arrangements and fed Modestine, the day was already beginning to decline. I buckled myself to the knees into my sack and made a hearty meal; and as soon as the sun went down, I pulled my cap over my eyes and fell asleep.

Night is a dead monotonous period under a roof; but in the open world it passes lightly, with its stars and dews and perfumes, and the hours are marked by changes in the face of Nature. What seems a kind of temporal death to people choked between walls and curtains, is only a light and living slumber to the man who sleeps a-field. All night long he can hear Nature breathing deeply and freely: even as she takes her rest, she turns and smiles; and there is one stirring hour unknown to those who dwell in houses, when a wakeful influence goes abroad over the sleeping hemisphere, and all the outdoor world are on their feet. It is then that the cock first crows,—not this time to announce the dawn, but like a cheerful watchman speeding the course of

night. Cattle awake on the meadows; sheep break their fast on dewy hillsides, and change to a new lair among the ferns; and houseless men who have lain down with the fowls, open their dim eyes and behold the beauty of the night.

At what inaudible summons, at what gentle touch of Nature, are all these sleepers thus recalled in the same hour to life? Do the stars rain down an influence, or do we share some thrill of mother earth below our resting bodies? Even shepherds and old country-folk, who are the deepest read in these arcana, have not a guess as to the means or purpose of this nightly resurrection. Towards two in the morning they declare the thing takes place; and neither know nor inquire further. And at least it is a pleasant incident. We are disturbed in our slumber only, like the luxurious Montaigne, «that we may the better and more sensibly relish it.» We have a moment to look upon the stars. And there is a special pleasure for some minds in the reflection that we share the impulse with all outdoor creatures in our neighborhood; that we have escaped out of the Bastille of civilization, and are become, for the time being, a mere kindly animal and a sheep of Nature's flock.

When that hour came to me among the pines, I awakened thirsty. My tin was standing by me half full of water. I emptied it at a draught; and feeling broad awake after this internal cold aspersion, sat upright to make a cigarette. The stars were clear, colored, and jewel-like, but not frosty. A faint silvery vapor stood for the Milky Way. All around me the black fir-points stood upright and stock-still. By the whiteness of the pack-saddle, I could see Modestine walking round and round at the length of her tether; I could hear her steadily munching at the sward: but there was not another sound, save the indescribable quiet talk of the runnel over the stones. I lay lazily smoking and studying the color of the sky, as we call the void of space, from where it showed a reddish gray behind the pines to where it showed a glossy blue-black between the stars. As if to be more like a peddler, I wear a silver ring. This I could see faintly shining as I raised or lowered the cigarette; and at each whiff the inside of my hand was illuminated, and became for a second the highest light in the landscape.

A faint wind, more like a moving coolness than a stream of air, passed down the glade from time to time; so that even in my great chamber the air was being renewed all night long. I

thought with horror of the inn at Chasseradès and the congregated nightcaps; with horror of the nocturnal prowesses of clerks and students, of hot theatres and pass-keys and close rooms. I have not often enjoyed a more serene possession of myself, nor felt more independent of material aids. The outer world, from which we cower into our houses, seemed after all a gentle habitable place; and night after night a man's bed, it seemed, was laid and waiting for him in the fields, where God keeps an open house. I thought I had rediscovered one of those truths which are revealed to savages and hid from political economists; at the least, I had discovered a new pleasure for myself. And yet even while I was exulting in my solitude I became aware of a strange lack. I wished a companion to lie near me in the starlight, silent and not moving, but ever within touch. For there is a fellowship more quiet even than solitude, and which, rightly understood, is solitude made perfect. And to live out of doors with the woman a man loves is of all lives the most complete and free.

As I thus lay, between content and longing, a faint noise stole towards me through the pines. I thought, at first, it was the crowing of cocks or the barking of dogs at some very distant farm; but steadily and gradually it took articulate shape in my ears, until I became aware that a passenger was going by upon the high-road in the valley, and singing loudly as he went. There was more of good-will than grace in his performance: but he trolled with ample lungs; and the sound of his voice took hold upon the hillside and set the air shaking in the leafy glens. I have heard people passing by night in sleeping cities: some of them sang; one, I remember, played loudly on the bagpipes. I have heard the rattle of a cart or carriage spring up suddenly after hours of stillness, and pass, for some minutes, within the range of my hearing as I lay abed. There is a romance about all who are abroad in the black hours, and with something of a thrill we try to guess their business. But here the romance was double: first, this glad passenger, lit internally with wine, who sent up his voice in music through the night; and then I, on the other hand, buckled into my sack, and smoking alone in the pine-woods between four and five thousand feet towards the stars.

When I awoke again (Sunday, 29th September), many of the stars had disappeared; only the stronger companions of the night

still burned visibly overhead: and away towards the east I saw a faint haze of light upon the horizon, such as had been the Milky Way when I was last awake. Day was at hand. I lit my lantern, and by its glow-worm light put on my boots and gaiters; then I broke up some bread for Modestine, filled my can at the water-tap, and lit my spirit-lamp to boil myself some chocolate. The blue darkness lay long in the glade where I had so sweetly slumbered; but soon there was a broad streak of orange melting into gold along the mountain-tops of Vivarais. A solemn glee possessed my mind at this gradual and lovely coming in of day. I heard the runnel with delight; I looked round me for something beautiful and unexpected: but the still black pine-trees, the hollow glade, the munching ass, remained unchanged in figure. Nothing had altered but the light; and that indeed shed over all a spirit of life and of breathing peace, and moved me to a strange exhilaration.

I drank my water chocolate, which was hot if it was not rich, and strolled here and there, and up and down about the glade. While I was thus delaying, a gush of steady wind, as long as a heavy sigh, poured direct out of the quarter of the morning. It was cold, and set me sneezing. The trees near at hand tossed their black plumes in its passage; and I could see the thin distant spires of pine along the edge of the hill rock slightly to and fro against the golden east. Ten minutes after, the sunlight spread at a gallop along the hillside, scattering shadows and sparkles, and the day had come completely.

I hastened to prepare my pack, and tackle a steep ascent that lay before me; but I had something on my mind. It was only a fancy; yet a fancy will sometimes be importunate. I had been most hospitably received and punctually served in my green caravanserai. The room was airy, the water excellent, and the dawn had called me to a moment. I say nothing of the tapestries or the inimitable ceiling, nor yet of the view which I commanded from the windows; but I felt I was in some one's debt for all this liberal entertainment. And so it pleased me, in a half-laughing way, to leave pieces of money on the turf as I went along, until I had left enough for my night's lodging. I trust they did not fall to some rich and churlish drover.

A LODGING FOR THE NIGHT

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IT WAS late in November 1456. And snow fell over Paris with rigorous, relentless persistence; sometimes the wind made a sally and scattered it in flying vortices; sometimes there was a lull, and flake after flake descended out of the black night air, silent, circuitous, interminable. To poor people, looking up under moist eyebrows, it seemed a wonder where it all came from. Master Francis Villon had propounded an alternative that afternoon, at a tavern window: was it only pagan Jupiter plucking geese upon Olympus? or were the holy angels moulting? He was only a poor Master of Arts, he went on; and as the question somewhat touched upon divinity, he durst not venture to conclude. A silly old priest from Montargis, who was among the company, treated the young rascal to a bottle of wine in honor of the jest and grimaces with which it was accompanied, and swore on his own white beard that he had been just such another irreverent dog when he was Villon's age.

The air was raw and pointed, but not far below freezing; and the flakes were large, damp, and adhesive. The whole city was sheeted up. An army might have marched from end to end and not a footfall given the alarm. If there were any belated birds in heaven, they saw the island like a large white patch, and the bridges like slim white spars, on the black ground of the river. High up overhead the snow settled among the tracery of the cathedral towers. Many a niche was drifted full; many a statue wore a long white bonnet on its grotesque or sainted head. The gargoyles had been transformed into great false noses, drooping towards the point. The crockets were like upright pillows swollen on one side. In the intervals of the wind, there was a dull sound of dripping about the precincts of the church.

The cemetery of St. John had taken its own share of the snow. All the graves were decently covered; tall white housetops stood around in grave array; worthy burghers were long ago in bed, be-nightcapped like their domiciles; there was no light in all the neighborhood but a little peep from a lamp that hung swinging in the church choir, and tossed the shadows to and fro in time to its oscillations. The clock was hard on ten when the patrol

went by with halberds and a lantern, beating their hands; and they saw nothing suspicious about the cemetery of St. John.

Yet there was a small house, backed up against the cemetery wall, which was still awake, and awake to evil purpose, in that snoring district. There was not much to betray it from without: only a stream of warm vapor from the chimney-top, a patch where the snow melted on the roof, and a few half-obliterated footprints at the door. But within, behind the shuttered windows, Master Francis Villon the poet, and some of the thievish crew with whom he consorted, were keeping the night alive and passing round the bottle.

A great pile of living embers diffused a strong and ruddy glow from the arched chimney. Before this straddled Dom Nicolas, the Picardy monk, with his skirts picked up and his fat legs bared to the comfortable warmth. His dilated shadow cut the room in half; and the firelight only escaped on either side of his broad person, and in a little pool between his outspread feet. His face had the beery, bruised appearance of a continual drinker's: it was covered with a network of congested veins, purple in ordinary circumstances, but now pale violet; for even with his back to the fire the cold pinched him on the other side. His cowl had half fallen back, and made a strange excrescence on either side of his bull neck. So he straddled, grumbling, and cut the room in half with the shadow of his portly frame.

On the right, Villon and Guy Tabary were huddled together over a scrap of parchment; Villon making a ballade which he was to call the 'Ballade of Roast Fish,' and Tabary spluttering admiration at his shoulder. The poet was a rag of a man, dark, little, and lean, with hollow cheeks and thin black locks. He carried his four-and-twenty years with feverish animation. Greed had made folds about his eyes, evil smiles had puckered his mouth. The wolf and pig struggled together in his face. It was an eloquent, sharp, ugly, earthly countenance. His hands were small and prehensile, with fingers knotted like a cord; and they were continually flickering in front of him in violent and expressive pantomine. As for Tabary, a broad, complacent, admiring imbecility breathed from his squash nose and slobbering lips: he had become a thief, just as he might have become the most decent of burgesses, by the imperious chance that rules the lives of human geese and human donkeys.

At the monk's other hand, Montigny and Thevenin Pensete played a game of chance. About the first there clung some flavor of good birth and training, as about a fallen angel: something long, lithe, and courtly in the person; something aquiline and darkling in the face. Thevenin, poor soul, was in great feather: he had done a good stroke of knavery that afternoon in the Faubourg St. Jacques, and all night he had been gaining from Montigny. A flat smile illuminated his face; his bald head shone rosily in a garland of red curls; his little protuberant stomach shook with silent chucklings as he swept in his gains.

"Doubles or quits?" said Thevenin.

Montigny nodded grimly.

"*Some may prefer to dine in state*," wrote Villon, "*On bread and cheese on silver plate. Or, or*—help me out, Guido!"

Tabary giggled.

"*Or parsley on a golden dish*," scribbled the poet.

The wind was freshening without; it drove the snow before it, and sometimes raised its voice in a victorious whoop, and made sepulchral grumblings in the chimney. The cold was growing sharper as the night went on. Villon, protruding his lips, imitated the gust with something between a whistle and a groan. It was an eerie, uncomfortable talent of the poet's, much detested by the Picardy monk.

"Can't you hear it rattle in the gibbet?" said Villon. "They are all dancing the Devil's jig on nothing, up there. You may dance, my gallants, you'll be none the warmer! Whew! what a gust! Down went somebody just now! A medlar the fewer on the three-legged medlar-tree!—I say, Dom Nicolas, it'll be cold to-night on the St. Denis Road?" he asked.

Dom Nicolas winked both his big eyes, and seemed to choke upon his Adam's apple. Montfaucon, the great grisly Paris gibbet, stood hard by the St. Denis Road, and the pleasantry touched him on the raw. As for Tabary, he laughed immoderately over the medlars; he had never heard anything more lighthearted, and he held his sides and crowed. Villon fetched him a fillip on the nose, which turned his mirth into an attack of coughing.

"Oh, stop that row," said Villon, "and think of rhymes to 'fish.'"

"Doubles or quits," said Montigny doggedly.

"With all my heart," quoth Thevenin.

"Is there any more in that bottle?" asked the monk.

"Open another," said Villon. "How do you ever hope to fill that big hogshead, your body, with little things like bottles? And how do you expect to get to heaven? How many angels, do you fancy, can be spared to carry up a single monk from Picardy? Or do you think yourself another Elias — and they'll send the coach for you?"

"*Hominibus impossibile*," replied the monk as he filled his glass.

Tabary was in ecstasies.

Villon filliped his nose again.

"Laugh at my jokes if you like," he said.

"It was very good," objected Tabary.

Villon made a face at him. "Think of rhymes to 'fish,'" he said. "What have you to do with Latin? You'll wish you knew none of it at the great assizes, when the Devil calls for Guido Tabary, clericus — the Devil with the hump-back and red-hot finger-nails. Talking of the Devil," he added in a whisper, "look at Montigny!"

All three peered covertly at the gamester. He did not seem to be enjoying his luck. His mouth was a little to a side; one nostril nearly shut, and the other much inflated. The black dog was on his back, as people say in terrifying nursery metaphor; and he breathed hard under the grewsome burden.

"He looks as if he could knife him," whispered Tabary, with round eyes.

The monk shuddered, and turned his face and spread his open hands to the red embers. It was the cold that thus affected Dom Nicolas, and not any excess of moral sensibility.

"Come now," said Villon — "about this ballade. How does it run so far?" And beating time with his hand, he read it aloud to Tabary.

They were interrupted at the fourth rhyme by a brief and fatal movement among the gamesters. The round was completed, and Thevenin was just opening his mouth to claim another victory, when Montigny leaped up, swift as an adder, and stabbed him to the heart. The blow took effect before he had time to utter a cry, before he had time to move. A tremor or two convulsed his frame; his hands opened and shut, his heels rattled on

the floor; then his head rolled backward over one shoulder with the eyes wide open, and Thevenin Pensete's spirit had returned to Him who made it.

Every one sprang to his feet; but the business was over in two twos. The four living fellows looked at each other in rather a ghastly fashion; the dead man contemplating a corner of the roof with a singular and ugly leer.

"My God!" said Tabary; and he began to pray in Latin.

Villon broke out into hysterical laughter. He came a step forward and ducked a ridiculous bow at Thevenin, and laughed still louder. Then he sat down suddenly, all of a heap, upon a stool, and continued laughing bitterly as though he would shake himself to pieces.

Montigny recovered his composure first.

"Let's see what he has about him," he remarked; and he picked the dead man's pockets with a practiced hand, and divided the money into four equal portions on the table. "There's for you," he said.

The monk received his share with a deep sigh, and a single stealthy glance at the dead Thevenin, who was beginning to sink into himself and topple sideways off the chair.

"We're all in for it," cried Villon, swallowing his mirth. "It's a hanging job for every man jack of us that's here — not to speak of those who aren't." He made a shocking gesture in the air with his raised right hand, and put out his tongue and threw his head on one side, so as to counterfeit the appearance of one who has been hanged. Then he pocketed his share of the spoil, and executed a shuffle with his feet as if to restore the circulation.

Tabary was the last to help himself; he made a dash at the money and retired to the other end of the apartment.

Montigny stuck Thevenin upright in the chair, and drew out the dagger, which was followed by a jet of blood.

"You fellows had better be moving," he said, as he wiped the blade on his victim's doublet.

"I think we had," returned Villon with a gulp. "Damn his fat head!" he broke out. "It sticks in my throat like phlegm. What right has a man to have red hair when he is dead?" And he fell all of a heap again upon the stool, and fairly covered his face with his hands.

Montigny and Dom Nicolas laughed aloud, even Tabary feebly chiming in.

"Cry-baby," said the monk.

"I always said he was a woman," added Montigny with a sneer. "Sit up, can't you?" he went on, giving another shake to the murdered body. "Tread out that fire, Nick!"

But Nick was better employed: he was quietly taking Villon's purse, as the poet sat, limp and trembling, on the stool where he had been making a ballade not three minutes before. Montigny and Tabary dumbly demanded a share of the booty, which the monk silently promised as he passed the little bag into the bosom of his gown. In many ways an artistic nature unfits a man for practical existence.

No sooner had the theft been accomplished than Villon shook himself, jumped to his feet, and began helping to scatter and extinguish the embers. Meanwhile Montigny opened the door and cautiously peered into the street. The coast was clear; there was no meddlesome patrol in sight. Still it was judged wiser to slip out severally; and as Villon was himself in a hurry to escape from the neighborhood of the dead Thevenin, and the rest were in a still greater hurry to get rid of him before he should discover the loss of his money, he was the first by general consent to issue forth into the street.

The wind had triumphed and swept all the clouds from heaven. Only a few vapors, as thin as moonlight, fleeted rapidly across the stars. It was bitter cold; and by a common optical effect, things seemed almost more definite than in the broadest daylight. The sleeping city was absolutely still; a company of white hoods, a field full of little alps, below the twinkling stars. Villon cursed his fortune. Would it were still snowing! Now, wherever he went, he left an indelible trail behind him on the glittering streets; wherever he went, he was still tethered to the house by the cemetery of St. John; wherever he went, he must weave, with his own plodding feet, the rope that bound him to the crime and would bind him to the gallows. The leer of the dead man came back to him with a new significance. He snapped his fingers as if to pluck up his own spirits; and choosing a street at random, stepped boldly forward in the snow.

Two things preoccupied him as he went: the aspect of the gallows at Montfaucon in this bright, windy phase of the night's existence, for one; and for another, the look of the dead man

with his bald head and garland of red curls. Both struck cold upon his heart; and he kept quickening his pace as if he could escape from unpleasant thoughts by mere fleetness of foot. Sometimes he looked back over his shoulder with a sudden nervous jerk; but he was the only moving thing in the white streets, except when the wind swooped round a corner and threw up the snow, which was beginning to freeze, in spots of glittering dust.

Suddenly he saw, a long way before him, a black clump and a couple of lanterns. The clump was in motion, and the lanterns swung as though carried by men walking. It was a patrol. And though it was merely crossing his line of march, he judged it wiser to get out of eyeshot as speedily as he could. He was not in the humor to be challenged, and he was conscious of making a very conspicuous mark upon the snow. Just on his left hand there stood a great hotel, with some turrets and a large porch before the door: it was half ruinous, he remembered, and had long stood empty; and so he made three steps of it, and jumped into the shelter of the porch. It was pretty dark inside, after the glimmer of the snowy streets; and he was groping forward with outspread hands, when he stumbled over some substance which offered an indescribable mixture of resistances, hard and soft, firm and loose. His heart gave a leap, and he sprang two steps back and stared dreadfully at the obstacle. Then he gave a little laugh of relief. It was only a woman, and she dead. He knelt beside her to make sure upon this latter point. She was freezing cold, and rigid like a stick. A little ragged finery fluttered in the wind about her hair, and her cheeks had been heavily rouged that same afternoon. Her pockets were quite empty; but in her stocking, underneath the garter, Villon found two of the small coins that went by the name of whites. It was little enough, but it was always something; and the poet was moved with a deep sense of pathos that she should have died before she had spent her money. That seemed to him a dark and pitiable mystery; and he looked from the coins in his hand to the dead woman, and back again to the coins, shaking his head over the riddle of man's life. Henry V. of England, dying at Vincennes just after he had conquered France, and this poor jade cut off by a cold draught in a great man's doorway before she had time to spend her couple of whites,—it seemed a cruel way to carry on the world. Two whites would have taken such a little while to squander; and yet it would have been one more good taste in the

mouth, one more smack of the lips, before the Devil got the soul and the body was left to birds and vermin. He would like to use all his tallow before the light was blown out and the lantern broken.

While these thoughts were passing through his mind, he was feeling, half mechanically, for his purse. Suddenly his heart stopped beating; a feeling of cold scales passed up the back of his legs, and a cold blow seemed to fall upon his scalp. He stood petrified for a moment; then he felt again with one feverish movement; and then his loss burst upon him, and he was covered at once with perspiration. To spendthrifts money is so living and actual — it is such a thin veil between them and their pleasures! There is only one limit to their fortune, — that of time; and a spendthrift with only a few crowns is the Emperor of Rome until they are spent. For such a person to lose his money is to suffer the most shocking reverse, and fall from heaven to hell, from all to nothing, in a breath. And all the more if he has put his head in the halter for it; if he may be hanged to-morrow for that same purse so dearly earned, so foolishly departed! Villon stood and cursed; he threw the two whites into the street; he shook his fist at heaven; he stamped, and was not horrified to find himself trampling the poor corpse. Then he began rapidly to retrace his steps towards the house beside the cemetery. He had forgotten all fear of the patrol, which was long gone by at any rate, and had no idea but that of his lost purse. It was in vain that he looked right and left upon the snow: nothing was to be seen. He had not dropped it in the streets. Had it fallen in the house? He would have liked dearly to go in and see; but the idea of the grisly occupant unmanned him. And he saw besides, as he drew near, that their efforts to put out the fire had been unsuccessful; on the contrary, it had broken into a blaze, and a changeful light played in the chinks of door and window, and revived his terror for the authorities and Paris gibbet.

He returned to the hotel with the porch, and groped about upon the snow for the money he had thrown away in his childish passion. But he could only find one white: the other had probably struck sideways and sunk deeply in. With a single white in his pocket, all his projects for a rousing night in some wild tavern vanished utterly away. And it was not only pleasure that fled laughing from his grasp: positive discomfort, positive pain,

attacked him as he stood ruefully before the porch. His perspiration had dried upon him; and although the wind had now fallen, a binding frost was setting in stronger with every hour, and he felt benumbed and sick at heart. What was to be done? Late as was the hour, improbable as was success, he would try the house of his adopted father, the chaplain of St. Benoît.

He ran there all the way, and knocked timidly. There was no answer. He knocked again and again, taking heart with every stroke; and at last steps were heard approaching from within. A barred wicket fell open in the iron-studded door, and emitted a gush of yellow light.

"Hold up your face to the wicket," said the chaplain from within.

"It's only me," whimpered Villon.

"Oh, it's only you, is it?" returned the chaplain; and he cursed him with foul unpriestly oaths for disturbing him at such an hour, and bade him be off to hell, where he came from.

"My hands are blue to the wrist," pleaded Villon; "my feet are dead and full of twinges; my nose aches with the sharp air; the cold lies at my heart. I may be dead before morning. Only this once, father, and before God, I will never ask again!"

"You should have come earlier," said the ecclesiastic coolly. "Young men require a lesson now and then." He shut the wicket and retired deliberately into the interior of the house.

Villon was beside himself; he beat upon the door with his hands and feet, and shouted hoarsely after the chaplain.

"Wormy old fox!" he cried. "If I had my hand under your twist, I would send you flying headlong into the bottomless pit."

A door shut in the interior, faintly audible to the poet down long passages. He passed his hand over his mouth with an oath. And then the humor of the situation struck him, and he laughed and looked lightly up to heaven, where the stars seemed to be winking over his discomfiture.

What was to be done? It looked very like a night in the frosty streets. The idea of the dead woman popped into his imagination, and gave him a hearty fright: what had happened to her in the early night might very well happen to him before morning. And he so young! and with such immense possibilities of disorderly amusement before him! He felt quite pathetic over the notion of his own fate, as if it had been some one else's, and

made a little imaginative vignette of the scene in the morning when they should find his body.

He passed all his chances under review, turning the white between his thumb and forefinger. Unfortunately he was on bad terms with some old friends, who would once have taken pity on him in such a plight. He had lampooned them in verses; he had beaten and cheated them: and yet now, when he was in so close a pinch, he thought there was at least one who might perhaps relent. It was a chance. It was worth trying at least, and he would go and see.

On the way, two little accidents happened to him which colored his musings in a very different manner. For, first, he fell in with the track of a patrol, and walked in it for some hundred yards, although it lay out of his direction. And this spirited him up: at least he had confused his trail; for he was still possessed with the idea of people tracking him all about Paris over the snow, and collaring him next morning before he was awake. The other matter affected him quite differently. He passed a street corner where, not so long before, a woman and her child had been devoured by wolves. This was just the kind of weather, he reflected, when wolves might take it into their heads to enter Paris again; and a lone man in these deserted streets would run the chance of something worse than a mere scare. He stopped and looked upon the place with an unpleasant interest. It was a centre where several lanes intersected each other; and he looked down them all, one after another, and held his breath to listen, lest he should detect some galloping black things on the snow or hear the sound of howling between him and the river. He remembered his mother telling him the story and pointing out the spot, while he was yet a child. His mother! If he only knew where she lived, he might make sure at least of shelter. He determined he would inquire upon the morrow; nay, he would go and see her too, poor old girl! So thinking, he arrived at his destination — his last hope for the night.

The house was quite dark, like its neighbors; and yet after a few taps he heard a movement overhead, a door opening, and a cautious voice asking who was there. The poet named himself in a loud whisper, and waited, not without some trepidation, the result. Nor had he to wait long. A window was suddenly opened, and a pailful of slops splashed down upon the doorstep.

Villon had not been unprepared for something of the sort, and had put himself as much in shelter as the nature of the porch admitted; but for all that, he was deplorably drenched below the waist. His hose began to freeze almost at once. Death from cold and exposure stared him in the face; he remembered he was of phthisical tendency, and began coughing tentatively. But the gravity of the danger steadied his nerves. He stopped a few hundred yards from the door where he had been so rudely used, and reflected with his finger to his nose. He could only see one way of getting a lodging, and that was to take it. He had noticed a house not far away, which looked as if it might be easily broken into; and thither he betook himself promptly, entertaining himself on the way with the idea of a room still hot, with a table still loaded with the remains of supper, where he might pass the rest of the black hours, and whence he should issue on the morrow with an armful of valuable plate. He even considered on what viands and what wines he should prefer; and as he was calling the roll of his favorite dainties, roast fish presented itself to his mind with an odd mixture of amusement and horror.

"I shall never finish that ballade," he thought to himself; and then, with another shudder at the recollection, "Oh, damn his fat head!" he repeated fervently, and spat upon the snow.

The house in question looked dark at first sight; but as Villon made a preliminary inspection in search of the handiest point of attack, a little twinkle of light caught his eye from behind a curtained window.

"The Devil!" he thought. "People awake! Some student or some saint, confound the crew! Can't they get drunk and lie in bed snoring like their neighbors! What's the good of curfew, and poor devils of bell-ringers jumping at a rope's end in bell-towers? What's the use of day, if people sit up all night? The gripes to them!" He grinned as he saw where his logic was leading him. "Every man to his business, after all," added he; "and if they're awake, by the Lord, I may come by a supper honestly for once, and cheat the Devil."

He went boldly to the door and knocked with an assured hand. On both previous occasions, he had knocked timidly and with some dread of attracting notice; but now when he had just discarded the thought of a burglarious entry, knocking at a door

seemed a mighty simple and innocent proceeding. The sound of his blows echoed through the house with thin, phantasmal reverberations, as though it were quite empty; but these had scarcely died away before a measured tread drew near, a couple of bolts were withdrawn, and one wing was opened broadly, as though no guile or fear of guile were known to those within. A tall figure of a man, muscular and spare, but a little bent, confronted Villon. The head was massive in bulk, but finely sculptured; the nose blunt at the bottom, but refining upward to where it joined a pair of strong and honest eyebrows; the mouth and eyes surrounded with delicate markings, and the whole face based upon a thick white beard, boldly and squarely trimmed. Seen as it was by the light of a flickering hand-lamp, it looked perhaps nobler than it had a right to do; but it was a fine face, honorable rather than intelligent, strong, simple, and righteous.

"You knock late, sir," said the old man in resonant, courteous tones.

Villon cringed, and brought up many servile words of apology: at a crisis of this sort, the beggar was uppermost in him, and the man of genius hid his head with confusion.

"You are cold," repeated the old man, "and hungry? Well, step in." And he ordered him into the house with a noble enough gesture.

"Some great seigneur," thought Villon, as his host, setting down the lamp on the flagged pavement of the entry, shot the bolts once more into their places.

"You will pardon me if I go in front," he said, when this was done; and he preceded the poet up-stairs into a large apartment, warmed with a pan of charcoal and lit by a great lamp hanging from the roof. It was very bare of furniture: only some gold plate on a sideboard; some folios; and a stand of armor between the windows. Some smart tapestry hung upon the walls, representing the crucifixion of our Lord in one piece, and in another a scene of shepherds and shepherdesses by a running stream. Over the chimney was a shield of arms.

"Will you seat yourself," said the old man, "and forgive me if I leave you? I am alone in my house to-night, and if you are to eat I must forage for you myself."

No sooner was his host gone than Villon leaped from the chair on which he had just seated himself, and began examining the room with the stealth and passion of a cat. He weighed the

gold flagons in his hand, opened all the folios, and investigated the arms upon the shield, and the stuff with which the seats were lined. He raised the window curtains, and saw that the windows were set with rich stained glass, in figures, so far as he could see, of martial import. Then he stood in the middle of the room, drew a long breath, and retaining it with puffed cheeks, looked round and round him, turning on his heels, as if to impress every feature of the apartment on his memory.

"Seven pieces of plate," he said. "If there had been ten, I would have risked it. A fine house, and a fine old master, so help me all the saints!"

And just then hearing the old man's tread returning along the corridor, he stole back to his chair, and began humbly toasting his wet legs before the charcoal pan.

His entertainer had a plate of meat in one hand and a jug of wine in the other. He set down the plate upon the table, motioning Villon to draw in his chair; and going to the sideboard, brought back two goblets, which he filled.

"I drink your better fortune," he said, gravely touching Villon's cup with his own.

"To our better acquaintance," said the poet, growing bold. A mere man of the people would have been awed by the courtesy of the old seigneur, but Villon was hardened in that matter: he had made mirth for great lords before now, and found them as black rascals as himself. And so he devoted himself to the viands with a ravenous gusto, while the old man, leaning backward, watched him with steady, curious eyes.

"You have blood on your shoulder, my man," he said.

Montigny must have laid his wet right hand upon him as he left the house. He cursed Montigny in his heart.

"It was none of my shedding," he stammered.

"I had not supposed so," returned his host quietly. "A brawl?"

"Well, something of that sort," Villon admitted with a quaver.

"Perhaps a fellow murdered?"

"Oh no, not murdered," said the poet, more and more confused. "It was all fair play — murdered by accident. I had no hand in it, God strike me dead!" he added fervently.

"One rogue the fewer, I daresay," observed the master of the house.

"You may dare to say that," agreed Villon, infinitely relieved. "As big a rogue as there is between here and Jerusalem. He turned up his toes like a lamb. But it was a nasty thing to look at. I daresay you've seen dead men in your time, my lord?" he added, glancing at the armor.

"Many," said the old man. "I have followed the wars, as you imagine."

Villon laid down his knife and fork, which he had just taken up again.

"Were any of them bald?" he asked.

"Oh yes, and with hair as white as mine."

"I don't think I should mind the white so much," said Villon. "His was red." And he had a return of his shuddering and tendency to laughter, which he drowned with a great draught of wine. "I'm a little put out when I think of it," he went on. "I knew him — damn him! And then the cold gives a man fancies — or the fancies give a man cold, I don't know which."

"Have you any money?" asked the old man.

"I have one white," returned the poet, laughing. "I got it out of a dead jade's stocking in a porch. She was as dead as Cæsar, poor wench, and as cold as a church, with bits of ribbon sticking in her hair. This is a hard world in winter for wolves and wenches and poor rogues like me."

"I," said the old man, "am Enguerrand de la Feuillée, seigneur de Brisetout, bailly du Patatrac. Who and what may you be?"

Villon rose and made a suitable reverence. "I am called Francis Villon," he said, "a poor Master of Arts of this university. I know some Latin, and a deal of vice. I can make chansons, ballades, lais, virelais, and roundels, and I am very fond of wine. I was born in a garret, and I shall not improbably die upon the gallows. I may add, my lord, that from this night forward I am your Lordship's very obsequious servant to command."

"No servant of mine," said the knight: "my guest for this evening, and no more."

"A very grateful guest," said Villon politely; and he drank in dumb show to his entertainer.

"You are shrewd," began the old man, tapping his forehead, "very shrewd; you have learning; you are a clerk: and yet you take a small piece of money off a dead woman in the street. Is it not a kind of theft?"

"It is a kind of theft much practiced in the wars, my lord."

"The wars are the field of honor," returned the old man proudly. "There a man plays his life upon the cast; he fights in the name of his lord the king, his Lord God, and all their Lordships the holy saints and angels."

"Put it," said Villon, "that I were really a thief: should I not play my life also, and against heavier odds?"

"For gain but not for honor."

"Gain?" repeated Villon with a shrug. "Gain! The poor fellow wants supper, and takes it. So does the soldier in a campaign. Why, what are all these requisitions we hear so much about? If they are not gain to those who take them, they are loss enough to the others. The men-at-arms drink by a good fire, while the burgher bites his nails to buy them wine and wood. I have seen a good many plowmen swinging on trees about the country; ay, I have seen thirty on one elm, and a very poor figure they made: and when I asked some one how all these came to be hanged, I was told it was because they could not scrape together enough crowns to satisfy the men-at-arms."

"These things are a necessity of war, which the low-born must endure with constancy. It is true that some captains drive over-hard: there are spirits in every rank not easily moved by pity; and indeed many follow arms who are no better than brigands."

"You see," said the poet, "you cannot separate the soldier from the brigand; and what is a thief but an isolated brigand with circumspect manners? I steal a couple of mutton chops, without so much as disturbing people's sleep; the farmer grumbles a bit, but sups none the less wholesomely on what remains. You come up blowing gloriously on a trumpet, take away the whole sheep, and beat the farmer pitifully into the bargain. I have no trumpet; I am only Tom, Dick, or Harry; I am a rogue and a dog, and hanging's too good for me — with all my heart: but just ask the farmer which of us he prefers; just find out which of us he lies awake to curse on cold nights."

"Look at us two," said his Lordship. "I am old, strong, and honored. If I were turned from my house to-morrow, hundreds would be proud to shelter me. Poor people would go out and pass the night in the streets with their children, if I merely hinted that I wished to be alone. And I find you up, wandering homeless, and picking farthings off dead women by the wayside!

I fear no man and nothing: I have seen you tremble and lose countenance at a word. I wait God's summons contentedly in my own house; or if it please the King to call me out again, upon the field of battle. You look for the gallows,—a rough, swift death, without hope or honor. Is there no difference between these two?"

"As far as to the moon," Villon acquiesced. "But if I had been born lord of Brisetout, and you had been the poor scholar Francis, would the difference have been any the less? Should not I have been warming my knees at this charcoal pan, and would not you have been groping for farthings in the snow? Should not I have been the soldier, and you the thief?"

"A thief?" cried the old man. "I a thief! If you understood your words, you would repent them."

Villon turned out his hands with a gesture of inimitable impudence. "If your Lordship had done me the honor to follow my argument!" he said.

"I do you too much honor in submitting to your presence," said the knight. "Learn to curb your tongue when you speak with old and honorable men, or some one hastier than I may reprove you in a sharper fashion." And he rose and paced the lower end of the apartment, struggling with anger and antipathy. Villon surreptitiously refilled his cup, and settled himself more comfortably in the chair, crossing his knees and leaning his head upon one hand and the elbow against the back of the chair. He was now replete and warm; and he was in no wise frightened for his host, having gauged him as justly as was possible between two such different characters. The night was far spent, and in a very comfortable fashion after all; and he felt morally certain of a safe departure on the morrow.

"Tell me one thing," said the old man, pausing in his walk. "Are you really a thief?"

"I claim the sacred rights of hospitality," returned the poet. "My lord, I am."

"You are very young," the knight continued.

"I should never have been so old," replied Villon, showing his fingers, "if I had not helped myself with these ten talents. They have been my nursing mothers and my nursing fathers."

"You may still repent and change."

"I repent daily," said the poet. "There are few people more given to repentance than poor Francis. As for change, let

somebody change my circumstances. A man must continue to eat, if it were only that he may continue to repent."

"The change must begin in the heart," returned the old man solemnly.

"My dear lord," answered Villon, "do you really fancy that I steal for pleasure? I hate stealing, like any other piece of work or of danger. My teeth chatter when I see a gallows. But I must eat, I must drink, I must mix in society of some sort. What the Devil! Man is not a solitary animal — *Cui Deus fœminam tradit.* Make me king's pantler — make me abbot of St. Denis — make me bailly of the Patatrac; and then I shall be changed indeed. But as long as you leave me the poor scholar Francis Villon, without a farthing, why, of course I remain the same."

"The grace of God is all-powerful."

"I should be a heretic to question it," said Francis. "It has made you lord of Brisetout and bailly of the Patatrac: it has given me nothing but the quick wits under my hat and these ten toes upon my hands. May I help myself to wine? I thank you respectfully. By God's grace, you have a very superior vintage."

The lord of Brisetout walked to and fro with his hands behind his back. Perhaps he was not yet quite settled in his mind about the parallel between thieves and soldiers; perhaps Villon had interested him by some cross-thread of sympathy; perhaps his wits were simply muddled by so much unfamiliar reasoning: but whatever the cause, he somehow yearned to convert the young man to a better way of thinking, and could not make up his mind to drive him forth again into the street.

"There is everything more than I can understand in this," he said at length. "Your mouth is full of subtleties, and the Devil has led you very far astray; but the Devil is only a very weak spirit before God's truth, and all his subtleties vanish at a word of true honor, like darkness at morning. Listen to me once more. I learned long ago that a gentleman should live chivalrously and lovingly to God, and the king, and his lady; and though I have seen many strange things done, I have still striven to command my ways upon that rule. It is not only written in all noble histories, but in every man's heart, if he will take care to read. You speak of food and wine, and I know very well that hunger is a difficult trial to endure; but you do not speak of other wants: you say nothing of honor, of faith to God and other men,

of courtesy, of love without reproach. It may be that I am not very wise,—and yet I think I am,—but you seem to me like one who has lost his way and made a great error in life. You are attending to the little wants, and you have totally forgotten the great and only real ones, like a man who should be doctoring toothache on the Judgment Day. For such things as honor and love and faith are not only nobler than food and drink, but indeed I think we desire them more, and suffer more sharply for their absence. I speak to you as I think you will most easily understand me. Are you not, while careful to fill your belly, disregarding another appetite in your heart, which spoils the pleasure of your life and keeps you continually wretched?»

Villon was sensibly nettled under all this sermonizing. «You think I have no sense of honor!» he cried. «I'm poor enough, God knows! It's hard to see rich people with their gloves, and you blowing in your hands. An empty belly is a bitter thing, although you speak so lightly of it. If you had had as many as I, perhaps you would change your tune. Any way I'm a thief—make the most of that; but I'm not a devil from hell, God strike me dead. I would have you to know I've an honor of my own, as good as yours, though I don't prate about it all day long, as if it was a God's miracle to have any. It seems quite natural to me; I keep it in its box till it's wanted. Why now, look you here, how long have I been in this room with you? Did you not tell me you were alone in the house? Look at your gold plate! You're strong, if you like, but you're old and unarmed, and I have my knife. What did I want but a jerk of the elbow, and here would have been you with the cold steel in your bowels, and there would have been me linking in the streets with an armful of golden cups! Did you suppose I hadn't wit enough to see that? And I scorned the action. There are your damned goblets, as safe as in a church; there are you, with your heart ticking as good as new; and here am I, ready to go out again as poor as I came in, with my one white that you threw in my teeth! And you think I have no sense of honor—God strike me dead!»

The old man stretched out his right arm. «I will tell you what you are,» he said. «You are a rogue, my man; an impudent and black-hearted rogue and vagabond. I have passed an hour with you. Oh! believe me, I feel myself disgraced! And you have eaten and drunk at my table. But now I am sick at

your presence; the day has come, and the night-bird should be off to his roost. Will you go before, or after?"

"Which you please," returned the poet, rising. "I believe you to be strictly honorable." He thoughtfully emptied his cup. "I wish I could add you were intelligent," he went on, knocking on his head with his knuckles. "Age! age! the brains stiff and rheumatic."

The old man preceded him, from a point of self-respect; Villon followed, whistling, with his thumbs in his girdle.

"God pity you," said the lord of Brisetout at the door.

"Good-by, papa," returned Villon with a yawn. "Many thanks for the cold mutton."

The door closed behind him. The dawn was breaking over the white roofs. A chill, uncomfortable morning ushered in the day. Villon stood and heartily stretched himself in the middle of the road.

"A very dull old gentleman," he thought. "I wonder what his goblets may be worth."

WILLIAM JAMES STILLMAN

(1828–1901)

William James Stillman was prominent among those American writers whose lives are spent for the most part away from the country of their birth. His writings partake to a degree of the character of this voluntary exile; being somewhat desultory, concerned with what is of uppermost importance at the moment, — whether a search for a rare intaglio in forgotten little streets of Rome, or an insurrection in Crete, whither the author has wandered, or a discussion concerning the identity of an exhumed Greek statue. Yet these seemingly ephemeral magazine articles are of a true literary quality, witnessing to deep and fine perceptions of art and life underneath their surface carelessness. Mr. Stillman began his life as an artist, but was drawn by its natural currents into the career of a writer. Born in Schenectady in 1828, he was graduated from Union College in 1848; beginning soon after the study of painting under F. E. Church. He was for a time a resident artist in New York city, where he established with Mr. Durand the first art journal ever published in this country, the Crayon. After the year 1870 he devoted himself, however, exclusively to literature; yet his art training proved invaluable to him in his office of critic, enabling him to understand and to formulate the instincts of his artistic temperament. From 1861 to 1865 he was United States consul in Rome; holding the same office in Crete from 1865 to 1869. He was therefore a witness of the insurrection in that island, concerning which he wrote the volume entitled 'The Cretan Insurrection.' For many years he was a regular staff correspondent of the London Times, being stationed first at Athens, and afterward at Rome; and for another long period he was art critic of the New York Evening Post. His environment was ever peculiarly well adapted to his temperament: a fierce, free soul, rejoicing in beauty and battle, he was equally at home in the still art galleries of Florence and Rome, and in scenes of strife. His appreciation of art was subtle and intimate, in the nature of instinct, as was also his appreciation of nature; though in this he was more mystical, more deeply touched with the invisible soul of things. He was one of the first artists who penetrated the Adirondacks, feeling to the uttermost the almost oppressive beauty of the wilderness. His simple, sensuous, and passionate love of art led him directly back to Titian.

«In our time we have a new ideal, a new and maybe a higher development of intellectual art; and as great a soul as Titian's might to-day reach further towards the reconciled perfections of graphic art: but what he did, no one can now do; the glory of that time has passed away, its unreasoning faith, its wanton instinct,—reveling in art like children in the sunshine, and rejoicing in childlike perception of the pomp and glory which overlay creation, unconscious of effort, indifferent to science,—all gone with the fairies, the saints, the ecstatic visions which framed their poor lives in gold. Only, still reflecting the glory, as eastern mountains the sunken sun, came a few sympathetic souls kindling into like glow with faint perception of what had passed from the whole world beside: Velasquez, Rubens, Rembrandt, Watteau, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Turner, and Delacroix kept the line of color, now at last utterly extinguished. Now we reason, now we see facts; sentiment is out of joint, and appearances are known to be liars; we have found the greater substance: we kindle with the utilities, and worship the aspiring spirit of a common humanity; we banish the saints from our souls and the gewgaws from our garments, and walk clothed and in our right mind: . . . but we have lost the art of painting; for when Eugène Delacroix died, the last painter (visible above the man) who understood art as Titian understood it, and painted with such art as Veronese's, passed away, leaving no pupil or successor. It is as when the last scion of a kingly race dies in some alien land.»

Again he writes of the Venetian painters: «Their lives developed their instincts and their instincts their art;» and of a modern painting: «It is in the minor key of that lovely Eastern color-work such as we see in the Persian carpets, and to me always something weird and mysterious and touching, like the tones of an Æolian harp, or the greeting of certain sad-voiced children touched by the shadow of death before their babyhood is gone.» These passages indicate an unusual degree of sensitiveness to both the spirit and matter of art products,—a sensitiveness especially marked in Mr. Stillman's articles on the 'Old Italian Masters' contributed to the Century Magazine.

The side of his nature which was congenial with struggle is exhibited in high light in 'The Cretan Insurrection'; and 'Herzegovina,' a book dealing with the insurrection of 1875–76 in that country. Regarding the Eastern question he writes: «The interests of civilization—of Europe entire—demand its [the Mussulman government's] replacement by a new government which shall be amenable to those interests and progress. . . . Having once admitted the necessity for its cessation, we shall more quickly find an accord over the manner of replacing it. It is in attempting to reform it that the danger lies.» Besides his various magazine articles on subjects of art or politics, and the two books already mentioned, Mr. Stillman published 'Turkish Rule and Turkish Warfare,' 'The Acropolis of Athens,' and 'On the Track of Ulysses.' He died at Surrey, England, July 6, 1901.

BILLY AND HANS: A TRUE HISTORY

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So long as the problem of the possession of the capacity of reasoning by the animals of lower rank than man in creation is investigated through those of their species that have been domesticated, and in which the problem of heredity has become complicated with human influence, and the natural instincts with an artificial development of their faculties, no really valuable conclusions can be arrived at. It is only when we take the native gifts of an animal under investigation, at least without the intervention of any trace of heredity and of what under teaching may become a second nature, that we can estimate in scientific exactitude the measure of intelligence of one of the lower animals. The ways of a dog or cat are the result of innumerable generations of ancestors reared in intimate relations with the human master mind. As subjects for investigation into the question of animal character, they are therefore misleading, and the wild creature must be taken. And so far as my observation goes, the squirrel, of all the small animals, shows at once the most character and the most affection; and I believe that the history of two that I have lately lost has a dramatic quality which makes it worth recording.

In my favorite summer resort at the lower edge of the Black Forest, the quaint old town of Lauffenburg, a farmer's boy one day brought me a young squirrel for sale. He was a tiny creature, probably not yet weaned: a variation on the ordinary type of the European *Sciurus* (*Sciurus vulgaris*), gray instead of the usual red, and with black tail and ears; so that at first, as he contented himself with drinking his milk and sleeping, I was not sure that he was not a dormouse. But examination of the paws, with their delicate anatomy, so marvelously like the human hand in their flexibility and handiness, and the graceful curl of his tail, settled the question of genus; and mindful of my boyhood and early pets, I bought him and named him Billy. From the first moment that he became my companion he gave me his entire confidence, and accepted his domestication without the least indication that he considered it captivity. There is generally a short stage of mute rebellion in wild creatures before they come to accept us entirely as their friends,—a longing for freedom which makes precautions against escape necessary. This

never appeared in Billy: he came to me for his bread and milk, and slept in my pocket from the first, and enjoyed being caressed as completely as if he had been born under my roof. No other animal is so clean in its personal habits as the squirrel when in health; and Billy soon left the basket which cradled his infancy, and habitually slept under a fold of my bed-cover, sometimes making his way to my pillow and sleeping by my cheek: and he never knew what a cage was except when traveling, and even then for the most part he slept in my pocket. He went with me to the table d'hôte, and when invited out sat on the edge of the table and ate his bit of bread with a decorum that made him the admiration of all the children in the hotel, so that he accompanied me in all my journeys. He acquired a passion for tea sweet and warm, and to my indulgence of this taste I fear I owe his early loss. He had full liberty to roam in my room: but his favorite resort was my work-table when I was at work; and when his diet became nuts he used to hide them among my books, and then come to hunt them out again, like a child with its toys. I sometimes found my typewriter stopped, and discovered a hazelnut in the works. And when tired of his hide-and-seek he would come to the edge and nod to me, to indicate that he wished to go into my pocket or be put down to run about the room; and he soon made a limited language of movements of his head to tell me his few wants,—food, drink, to sleep, or to take a climb on the highest piece of furniture in the room. He was from the beginning devoted to me, and naturally became like a spoiled child. If I gave him an uncracked nut, he rammed it back into my hand to be cracked for him with irresistible persistence. I did as many parents do, and indulged him, to his harm and my own later grief. I could not resist that coaxing nodding, and gave him what he wished,—tea when I had mine, and cracked his nuts, to the injury of his teeth, I was told. In short, I made him as happy as I knew how.

Early in my possession of him I cast about if I might find in the neighborhood a companion of the other sex for him; and when finally I heard that in a village just across the Rhine there was a captive squirrel for sale, I sent my son with orders to buy it if a female. It turned out to be a male; but he bought it just the same,—a bright, active, and quite unreconciled prisoner, two months older than Billy, of the orthodox red, just tamed enough to take his food from the hand, but accustomed to be

kept with his neck in a collar, to which there was attached a fathom of light dog-chain. He refused with his utmost energy to be handled; and as it was not possible to keep the little creature in the torture of that chain,—for I refuse to keep a caged creature,—I cut the collar and turned him loose in my chamber, where he kept involuntary company with Billy. The imprisonment of the half-tamed but wholly unreconciled animal was perhaps as painful to me as to him, and my first impulse was to turn him out into his native forest to take his chances of life; but I considered that he was already too far compromised with Mother Nature for this to be prudent: for having learned to take his food from a man, the first attack of hunger was sure to drive him to seek it where he had been accustomed to find it; and the probable consequence was being knocked on the head by a village boy, or at best re-consigned to a worse captivity than mine. He had no mother, and he was still little more than a baby; so I decided to keep him and make him as happy as he would let me. His name was Hans. Had I released him as I thought to do, I had saved myself one sorrow, and this history had lost its interest.

After a little strangeness, the companionship between the two became as perfect as the utterly diverse nature of their squirrelships would permit. Billy was social and as friendly as a little dog, Hans always a little morose and not over-ready to accept familiarities; Billy always making friendly advances to his companion, which were at first unnoticed, and afterward only submitted to with equanimity. It was as if Billy had accepted the position of the spoiled child of the family, and Hans reluctantly that of an elder brother who is always expected to make way for the pet and baby of the house. Billy was full of fun, and delighted to tease Hans, when he was sleeping, by nibbling at his toes and ears, biting him playfully anywhere he could get at him; and Hans, after a little indignant bark, would bolt away and find another place to sleep in. As they both had the freedom of my large bedroom,—the door of which was carefully guarded, as Hans was always on the lookout for a chance to bolt out into the unknown,—they had plenty of room for climbing, and comparative freedom; and after a little time Hans adopted Billy's habit of passing the night in the fold of my bed-rug, and even of nestling with Billy near my head. Billy was from the beginning a bad sleeper, and in his waking moments his standing

amusement was nibbling at Hans, who used to break out of his sleep and go to the foot of the bed to lie; but never for long, for he always worked his way back to Billy, and nestled down again. When I gave Hans a nut, Billy would wait for him to crack it, and deliberately take it out of his jaws and eat it,—to which Hans submitted without a fight, or a snarl even, though at first he held on a little; but the good-humor and caressing ways of Billy were as irresistible with Hans as with us, and I never knew him to retaliate in any way.

No two animals of the most domesticated species could have differed in disposition more than these. During the first phase of Hans's life he never lost his repugnance to being handled, while Billy delighted in being fondled. The European squirrel is by nature one of the most timid of animals, even more so than the hare, being equaled in this respect only by the exquisite flying-squirrel of America; and when it is frightened, as for instance when held fast in any way or in a manner that alarms it, it will bite even the most familiar hand, the feeling being apparently that it is necessary to gnaw away the ligature which holds it. Of course, considering the irreconcilability of Hans to captivity, I was obliged, much against my will, to get a cage for him to travel in; and I made a little dark chamber in the upper part of a wire bird-cage in which the two squirrels were put for traveling. During the first journeys the motion of the carriage or railway train made Hans quite frantic, while Billy took it with absolute unconcern. On stopping at a hotel, they were invariably released in my room.

Arriving at Rome, I fitted up a deep window recess for their home: but they always had the run of the study, and Hans, while never losing sight of a door left ajar, and often escaping into adjoining rooms, made himself apparently happy in his new quarters, climbing the high curtains, racing along the curtain poles, and at intervals making excursions to the top of the book-case; though to both, the table at which I was at work soon became the favorite resort, and their antics there were as amusing as those of a monkey. Toward the end of the year Billy developed an indolent habit, which I now can trace to the disease that finally took him from us; but he never lost his love for my writing-table, where he used to lie and watch me at my work by the hour. Hans soon learned to climb down from their window bench, and up my legs and arms to the writing-table, and down

again by the same road when he was tired of his exercises with the pencils or penholders he found there, or of hunting out the nuts which he had hidden the day before among the books and papers; but I never could induce him to stay in my pocket with Billy, who on cold days preferred sleeping there, as the warmth of my body was more agreeable than that of their fur-lined nest. There was something uncanny in Billy,—a preternatural animal intelligence which one sees, generally, only in animals that have had training and heredity to work on. He soon learned to indicate to me his few wants: and one of the things which will never fade from my memory is the pretty way in which he used to come to the edge of the window bench and nod his head to me to show that he wished to be taken; for he soon learned that it was easier to call to me and be taken than it was to climb down the curtain and run across the room to me. He nodded and wagged his head until I went to him, and his flexible nose wrinkled into the grotesque semblance of a smile, with all the seductive entreaty an animal could show; and somehow we learned to understand each other so well that I rarely mistook his want, were it water or food, or to climb, or to get on my table, or rest in my pocket. Notwithstanding all the forbearance which Hans showed for his mischievous ways, and the real attachment he had for Billy, Billy clearly preferred me to his companion; and when during the following winter I was attacked by bronchitis, and was kept in my bedroom for several days, after a day of my absence my wife, going into the study, found him in an extraordinary state of excitement, which she said resembled hysterics, and he insisted on being taken. It occurred to her that he wanted me, and she brought him up-stairs to my bedroom, when he immediately pointed to be taken to me; and as she was curious to see what he would do, and stopped at the threshold, he bit her hand gently to spur her forward to the bed. When put on the bed, he nestled down in the fur of my bed-cover, perfectly contented. As long as I kept my room he was brought up every day, and passed the day on my bed. At other times the two slept together in an open box lined with fur,—or what they seemed greatly to delight in, a wisp of new-mown hay,—or the bend of the window-curtain, so nestled together that it was hard to distinguish whether there were one or two.

Some instincts of the woods they were long losing the use of, as the habit of often changing their sleeping-places. I provided

them with several, of which the ultimate favorite was the bag of the window curtain; but sometimes when Billy was missing, he was found in my waste-paper basket, and even in the drawer of my typewriter desk, asleep. In their native forests these squirrels have this habit of changing their nests; and the mother will carry her little ones from one tree to another to hide their resting-place, as if she suspected the mischievous plans of the boys to hunt them — and probably she does. But the nest I made my squirrels in their traveling-carriage, of hard cardboard well lined with fur, suited the hiding and secluding ways of Hans for a long time best of all; and he abandoned it entirely only when he grew so familiar as not to care to hide. They also lost the habit of hiding their surplus food when they found food never wanting.

When the large cones of the stone-pine came into the market late in the autumn, I got some to give them a taste of fresh nuts; and the frantic delight with which Hans recognized the relation to his national fir-cones, far away and slight as it was, was touching. He raced around the huge and impenetrable cone, tried it from every side, gnawed at the stem and then at the apex, but in vain. Yet he persisted. The odor of the pine seemed an intoxication to him; and the eager satisfaction with which he split the nuts, once taken out for him, even when Billy was watching him to confiscate them when open, was very interesting: for he had never seen the fruit of the stone-pine, and knew only the tiny things which the fir of the Northern forest bears; and to extricate the pine-nuts from their strong and hard cones was impossible to his tiny teeth. As for Billy, he was content to sit and look on while Hans gnawed, and to take the kernel from him when he had split the nut; and the charming *bonhomie* with which he appropriated it, and with which Hans submitted to the piracy, was a study.

The friendship between the two was very interesting: for while Billy generally preferred being with me to remaining on his window bench with Hans, he had intervals when he insisted on being with Hans; while the latter seemed to care for nothing but Billy, and would not remain long away from him willingly as long as Billy lived. When the summer came again, being unable to leave them with servants or the housekeeper, I put them in their cage once more, and took them back to Lauffenburg for my vacation. Hans still retained his impatience at the

confinement even of my large chamber, and with a curious diligence watched the door for a crack to escape by, though in all other respects he seemed happy and at home and perfectly familiar; and though always in this period of his life shy with strangers, he climbed over me with perfect nonchalance. Billy, on the contrary, refused freedom; and when I took him out into his native woods he ran about a little, and came back to find his place in my pocket as naturally as if it had been his birth-nest. But the apparent yearning of Hans for liberty was to me an exquisite pain. He would get up on the window-bench, looking out one way on the rushing Rhine, and the other on the stretching pine forest, and stand with one paw on the sash and the other laid across his breast, and turn his bright black eyes from one to the other view incessantly, and with a look of passionate eagerness which made my heart ache. If I could have found a friendly park where he could have been turned loose in security from hunger and the danger of hunting boys and the snares which beset a wild life, I would have released him at once. I never so felt the wrong and mutual pain of imprisonment of God's free creatures as then with poor Hans, whose independent spirit had always made him the favorite of the two with my wife; and now that the little drama of their lives is over, and Nature has taken them both to herself again, I can never think of this eager little creature with his passionate outlook over the Rhineland without tears. But in the Rhineland, under the pretext that they eat off the top twigs of the pine-trees and spoil their growth, they hunt the poor things with a malignancy that makes it a wonder that there is one left to be captured; and Hans's chance of life in those regions was the very least a creature could have. As to the pretext of the destruction of the pine-tops, I have looked at them in every part of the Black Forest that I have visited, and have never been able to discover one tree-top spoiled. It is possible that the poor little creatures, when famished, may eat the young twigs of trees; but in my opinion the accusation is only the case of the wolf who wants an excuse to eat the lamb. Hans and Billy were both fond of roses and lettuce; but nothing else in the way of vegetation, other than fruits and nuts, would they eat. But when I remember that in my boyhood I have joined in squirrel hunts, and that my murderous lead has often crashed through their tender frames, I have no right to cast stones at the Germans, but with pain and humiliation remember my cruelty. I would sooner be myself

shot than shoot another. I feel so keenly their winsome grace when I can watch them in freedom that I cannot draw the line between them and myself, except that they are worthier of life than I am. The evolutionists tell us that we are descended from some common ancestor of the monkey. It may be so: and if, as has been conjectured by one scientist, that was the lemur, which is the link between the monkey and the squirrel, I should not object; but I hope that we branched off at the *Sciurus*, for I would willingly be the far-off cousin of my little pets.

But before leaving Rome for my summer vacation at Lauffenburg, the artificial habits of life, and my ignorance of the conditions of squirrel health, began to work their usual consequences. Billy had begun to droop, and symptoms of some organic malady appeared; though he grew more and more devoted to me, his ambition to climb and disport himself diminished: and it was clear that his civilized life had done for him what it does for many of us,— shortened his existence. He never showed signs of pain, but grew more sluggish, and would come to me and rest, licking my hand like a little dog, and was as happy so as his nature could show. They both hailed again with greedy enthusiasm the first nuts, fresh and crisp, and the first peaches, which I went to Basel to purchase for them; and what the position permitted me I supplied them with, with a guilty feeling that I could never atone for the loss of what they lost with freedom. I tried to make them happy in any way with my limited abilities; and, the vacation over, we went back to Rome and the fresh pine-cones and their window niche.

But there Billy grew rapidly worse, and I realized that the tragedy of our little ménage was coming. He grew apathetic; and would lie with his great black eyes looking into space, as if in a dream. It became tragedy for me: for the symptoms were the same as those of a dear little fellow who had first rejoiced my father's heart in the years gone by, and who lies in an old English church-yard; whose last hours I watched lapsing into the eternity beyond, painlessly, and he, thank God! understanding nothing of the great change. When he could no longer speak, he beckoned me to lay my head on the same pillow. He died of blood-poisoning, as I found after Billy's death that he also did; and the identity of the symptoms (of the cause of which I then understood nothing) brought back the memory of that last solitary night when my boy passed from under my care, and his eyes, large and dark like Billy's, grew dim and vacant like his.

Billy, too, clung the closer to me as the end approached; and when the apathy left him almost no recognition of things around, he would grasp one of my fingers with his two paws, and lick it till he tired. It was clear that death was at hand: and on the last afternoon I took him out into the grounds of the Villa Borghese to lie in the sunshine, and get perhaps a moment of return to Mother Nature; but when I put him on the grass in the warm light he only looked away into vacancy, and lay still, and after a little dreamily indicated to me to take him up again: and I remembered that on the day before his death I had carried Russie into the green fields, hoping they would revive him for one breathing-space, for I knew that death was on him; and he lay and looked off beyond the field and flowers; and now he almost seemed to be looking out of dear little Billy's eyes.

I went out to walk early the next morning, and when I returned I found Billy dead, still warm, and sitting up in his box of fresh hay in the attitude of making his toilet; for to the last he would wash his face and paws, and comb out his tail, even when his strength no longer sufficed for more than the mere form of it. I am not ashamed to say that I wept like a child. The dear little creature had been to me not merely a pet to amuse my vacant hours,—though many of those most vacant which sleepless nights bring had been diverted by his pretty ways as he shared my bed, and by his singular devotion to me, —but he had been as a door open into the world of God's lesser creatures, an apostle of pity and tenderness for all living things, and his memory stands on the eternal threshold nodding and beckoning to me to enter in and make part of the creation I had ignored till he taught it to me; so that while life lasts I can no longer inflict pain or death upon the least of God's creatures. If it be true that "to win the secret of a weed's plain heart" gives the winner a clue to the hidden things of the spiritual life, how much more the conscient and reciprocal love which Billy and I bore, and I could gladly say still bear, each other, must widen the sphere of spiritual sympathy; which, widening still, reaches at last the eternal source of all life and love, and finds indeed that one touch of nature makes all things kin. Living and dying, Billy has opened to me a window into the universe, of the existence of which I had no suspicion; his little history is an added chamber to that eternal mansion into which my constant and humble faith assures me that I shall some time enter; he

has helped me to a higher life. If love could confer immortality, he would share eternity with me, and I would thank the Creator for the companionship. And who knows? Thousands of human beings to whom we dare not deny the possession of immortal souls have not half Billy's claim to live forever. May not the Indian philosopher with his transmigration of souls have had some glimpses of a truth?

But my history is only half told. When I found the little creature dead, and laid him down in an attitude befitting death, Hans came to him, and making a careful and curious study of him, seemed to realize that something strange had come: and stretched himself out at full length on the body, evidently trying to warm it into life again, or feeling that something was wanting which he might impart; and this failing, began licking the body. When he found that all this was of no avail, he went away into the remotest corner of his window niche, refusing to lie any longer in their common bed or stay where they had been in the habit of staying together. All day he would touch neither food nor drink; and for days following he took no interest in anything, hardly touching his food. Fearing that he would starve himself to death, I took him out on the large open terrace of my house, where, owing to his old persistent desire to escape, I had never dared trust him, and turned him loose among the plants. He wandered a few steps as if bewildered, looked all about him, and then came deliberately to me, climbed my leg, and went voluntarily into the pocket Billy loved to lie in, and in which I had never been able to make Hans stay for more than a minute or so. The whole nature of the creature became changed. He reconciled himself to life, but never again became what he had been before. His gayety was gone, his wandering ambitions were forgotten, and his favorite place was my pocket,— Billy's pocket. From that time he lost all desire to escape: even when I took him out into the fields or woods he had no desire to leave me; but after a little turn, and a half-attempt to climb a tree, would come back voluntarily to me, and soon grew as fond of being caressed and stroked as Billy had been. It was as if the love he bore Billy had changed him to Billy's likeness. He never became as demonstrative as Billy was; and to my wife, who was fond of teasing him, he always showed a little pique, and even if buried in his curtain nest or in the fold of my rug, and asleep, he would scold if she approached within several yards

of him: but to me he behaved as if he had consciously taken Billy's place. I sent to Turin to get him a companion, and the merchant sent me one guaranteed young and a female; but I found it a male, which died of old age within a few weeks of his arrival. Hans had hardly become familiarized with him when he died. The night before he died I came home late in the evening; and having occasion to go into my study, I was surprised, when I opened the door, to find Hans on the threshold nodding to me to be taken, with no attempt to escape as of old. I took him up, wondering what had disturbed him at an hour when he was never accustomed to be afoot, put him back in his bed, and went to mine. But thinking over the strange occurrence, I got up, dressed myself, and went down to see if anything was wrong; and found the new squirrel hanging under the curtain in which the two had been sleeping, with his hind claws entangled in the stuff, head down, and evidently very ill. He had probably felt death coming, and tried to get down and find a hiding-place, but got his claws entangled, and could not extricate them. He died the next day, and I took Hans to sleep in his old place in the fold of my bed-cover; where, with a few days' interruption, he slept as long as he lived. He insisted on being taken, in fact, when his sleeping-time came, and would come to the edge of his shelf and nod to me till I took him; or if I delayed, he would climb down the curtain and come to me. One night I was out late, and on reaching home I went to take him; and not finding him in his place, alarmed the house to look for him. After long search I found him sitting quietly under the chair I always occupied in the study. He got very impatient if I delayed putting him to bed; and like Billy, he used to bite my hand to indicate his discontent, gently at first, but harder and harder till I attended to him. When he saw that we were going up-stairs to the bedroom he became quiet.

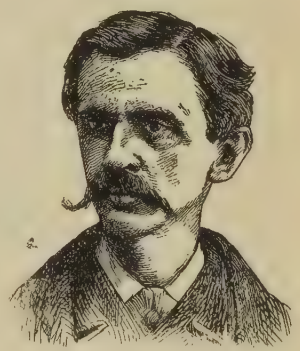
Whether from artificial conditions of life or because he suffered from the loss of Billy (after whose death he never recovered his spirits), or as I fear, from a fall from some high piece of furniture,—for he loved still to be on any height, and his claws, grown too long, no longer held to the furniture, so that he had several heavy falls,—his hind legs became slowly paralyzed. He now ran with difficulty; but his eyes were as bright and his intelligence was as quick as ever, and his fore feet were as dexterous. His attachment to me increased as the malady

progressed; and though from habit he always scolded a little when my wife approached him, he showed a great deal of affection for her toward the end, which was clearly approaching. Vacation came again, and I took him once more with me to the Black Forest, hoping that his mysterious intelligence might find some consolation in the native air. He was evidently growing weak very fast, and occasionally showed impatience as if in pain; but for the most of the time he rested quietly in my pocket, and was most happy when I gave him my hand for a pillow, sometimes, though rarely, licking the hand — for he was even then far more reserved in all his expressions of feeling than Billy. At times he would sit on the window bench, and scan the landscape with something of the old eagerness that used to give me so much pain, snuffing the mountain air eagerly for a half-hour, and then nod to go into my pocket again; and at other times, as if restless, would insist, in the way he had made me understand, that like a baby he wanted motion, and when I walked about with him he grew quiet and content again. At home he had been very fond of a dish of dried rose-leaves, in which he would wallow and burrow; and my wife sent him from Rome a little bag of them, which he enjoyed weakly for a little. But in his last days the time was spent by day mostly in my pocket, and by night on my bed with his head on my hand. It was only the morning before his death that he seemed really to suffer, and then a great restlessness came on him, and a disposition to bite convulsively whatever was near him: but at the end he lay quietly in my hand, and when the spasm was on him I gave him a little chloroform to inhale till it had passed; and when he breathed his last in my pocket, I knew that he was dead only by my hand on his heart. I buried him, as I had wished, in his native forest, in his bed of rose-leaves, digging a niche under a great granite bowlder. He had survived his companion little more than six months; and if the readers of my little history are disposed to think me weak when I say that his death was to me a great and lasting grief, I am not concerned to dispute their judgment. I have known grief in all its most blinding and varied forms, and I thank God that he constituted me loving enough to have kept a tender place in my heart "even for the least of these," the little companions of two years; and but for my having perhaps shortened their innocent lives, I thank him for having known and loved them as I have.

FRANK R. STOCKTON

(1834–)

FRANK R. STOCKTON holds a unique position among American makers of humorous fiction. His vein is so quaint and enjoyable, his invention so unfailing, that his work is a perennial source of pleasure. He was born in Philadelphia, April 5th, 1834, and is a graduate of the High School in that city. As a young man he worked at wood engraving as well as literature, furnishing illustrations for Vanity Fair and writing child stories; his first two books, 'Roundabout Rambles' and 'Tales Out of School,'—like the later 'What Might Have Been Expected,' 'A Jolly Fellowship,' 'The Story of Viteau,' and a great number of delicious wonder stories,—being intended for the critical audience of children. Mr. Stockton was early a magazine contributor, his work appearing in the Philadelphia Post, the New York Hearth and Home, Scribner's, and St. Nicholas. His first successful book was the set of sketches called 'Rudder Grange,' which was published in 1879. It was widely welcomed as a fresh and amusing account of a picturesque phase of American life, and made Stockton's reputation as a humorist. His subsequent books—novels and collections of short stories—count up to a dozen or more, with great variety of motive.



FRANK R. STOCKTON

His special talent is for writing a tale, which in a few pages and with the lightest of touches, explicates an odd plot or delineates an odd character, dealing so gravely and logically with an absurd or impossible set of circumstances that they seem reality itself. More than once this singularly graphic quality has suggested to critical readers a likeness to Defoe; but he has an excellent style, while Defoe has none at all. His humor is sly and unobtruded, yet it pervades all his writing like an atmosphere. His longer stories—especially 'The Adventures of Captain Horn' (1895) and its sequel 'Mrs. Cliff's Yacht' (1897)—indicate a broader range than might have been inferred from his earlier whimsies. Both stories in their romantic incidents introduce an element of strong narrative interest. Whether in these broader delineations, or in the delicately turned fantasies of his short tales, Mr. Stockton's quality is unmistakable and

distinctive. His inventions are always refined and wholesome; introducing the reader to the company of well-bred folk, whether they know anything of etiquette or not. Even his burglars are not coarse. His humor is most kindly, having the sparkle of dry wine; and his manner of writing is quite as much a merit as is his fecund originality in the imagining of the story. Mr. Stockton's death occurred at Washington, D. C., on April 20, 1902.

THE CASTING AWAY OF MRS. LECKS AND MRS. ALESHINE

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I was on my way from San Francisco to Yokohama, when in a very desultory and gradual manner I became acquainted with Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine. The steamer, on which I was making a moderately rapid passage toward the land of the legended fan and the lacquered box, carried a fair complement of passengers, most of whom were Americans; and among these, my attention was attracted from the very first day of the voyage to two middle-aged women who appeared to me very unlike the ordinary traveler or tourist. At first sight they might have been taken for farmers' wives who, for some unusual reason, had determined to make a voyage across the Pacific; but on closer observation, one would have been more apt to suppose that they belonged to the families of prosperous tradesmen in some little country town, where, besides the arts of rural housewifery, there would be opportunities of becoming acquainted in some degree with the ways and manners of the outside world. They were not of that order of persons who generally take first-class passages on steamships, but the state-room occupied by Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine was one of the best in the vessel; and although they kept very much to themselves and showed no desire for the company or notice of the other passengers, they evidently considered themselves quite as good as any one else, and with as much right to voyage to any part of the world in any manner or style which pleased them.

Mrs. Lecks was a rather tall woman, large-boned and muscular; and her well-browned countenance gave indications of that conviction of superiority which gradually grows up in the minds of those who, for a long time, have had absolute control of the

destinies of a state, or the multifarious affairs of a country household. Mrs. Aleshine was somewhat younger than her friend, somewhat shorter, and a great deal fatter. She had the same air of reliance upon her individual worth that characterized Mrs. Lecks; but there was a certain geniality about her which indicated that she would have a good deal of forbearance for those who never had had the opportunity or the ability of becoming the thoroughly good housewife which she was herself.

These two worthy dames spent the greater part of their time on deck, where they always sat together in a place at the stern of the vessel which was well sheltered from wind and weather. As they sat thus they were generally employed in knitting; although this occupation did not prevent them from keeping up what seemed to me, as I passed them in my walks about the deck, a continuous conversation. From a question which Mrs. Lecks once asked me about a distant sail, our acquaintance began. There was no one on board for whose society I particularly cared; and as there was something quaint and odd about these countrywomen on the ocean which interested me, I was glad to vary my solitary promenades by an occasional chat with them. They were not at all backward in giving me information about themselves. They were both widows, and Mrs. Aleshine was going out to Japan to visit a son who had a position there in a mercantile house. Mrs. Lecks had no children, and was accompanying her friend because, as she said, she would not allow Mrs. Aleshine to make such a voyage as that by herself; and because, being quite able to do so, she did not know why she should not see the world as well as other people.

These two friends were not educated women. They made frequent mistakes in their grammar, and a good deal of Middle States provincialism showed itself in their pronunciation and expressions. But although they brought many of their rural ideas to sea with them, they possessed a large share of that commonsense which is available anywhere, and they frequently made use of it in a manner which was very amusing to me. I think also that they found in me a quarry of information concerning nautical matters, foreign countries, and my own affairs, the working of which helped to make us very good ship friends.

Our steamer touched at the Sandwich Islands; and it was a little more than two days after we left Honolulu, that about nine o'clock in the evening we had the misfortune to come into

collision with an eastern-bound vessel. The fault was entirely due to the other ship; the lookout on which, although the night was rather dark and foggy, could easily have seen our lights in time to avoid collision, if he had not been asleep or absent from his post. Be this as it may, this vessel, which appeared to be a small steamer, struck us with great force near our bows, and then backing disappeared into the fog, and we never saw or heard of her again. The general opinion was that she was injured very much more than we were, and that she probably sank not very long after the accident; for when the fog cleared away, about an hour afterward, nothing could be seen of her lights.

As it usually happens on occasions of accidents at sea, the damage to our vessel was at first reported to be slight; but it was soon discovered that our injuries were serious, and indeed disastrous. The hull of our steamer had been badly shattered on the port bow, and the water came in at a most alarming rate. For nearly two hours the crew and many of the passengers worked at the pumps, and everything possible was done to stop the enormous leak: but all labor to save the vessel was found to be utterly unavailing; and a little before midnight the captain announced that it was impossible to keep the steamer afloat, and that we must all take to the boats. The night was now clear, the stars were bright, and as there was but little wind, the sea was comparatively smooth. With all these advantages, the captain assured us there was no reason to apprehend danger; and he thought that by noon of the following day we could easily make a small inhabited island, where we could be sheltered and cared for until we should be taken off by some passing vessel.

There was plenty of time for all necessary preparations, and these were made with much order and subordination. Some of the ladies among the cabin passengers were greatly frightened, and inclined to be hysterical. There were pale faces also among the gentlemen. But everybody obeyed the captain's orders, and all prepared themselves for the transfer to the boats. The first officer came among us, and told each of us what boats we were to take, and where we were to place ourselves on deck. I was assigned to a large boat which was to be principally occupied by steerage passengers; and as I came up from my state-room, where I had gone to secure my money and some portable valuables, I met on the companion-way Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, who expressed considerable dissatisfaction when they found that I was

not going in the boat with them. They however hurried below, and I went on deck; where in about ten minutes I was joined by Mrs. Lecks, who apparently had been looking for me. She told me she had something very particular to say to me, and conducted me toward the stern of the vessel; where, behind one of the deck-houses, we found Mrs. Aleshine.

"Look here," said Mrs. Lecks, leading me to the rail and pointing downward, "do you see that boat there? It has been let down, and there is nobody in it. The boat on the other side has just gone off, full to the brim. I never saw so many people crowded into a boat. The other ones will be just as packed, I expect. I don't see why we shouldn't take this empty boat, now we've got a chance, instead of squeezin' ourselves into those crowded ones. If any of the other people come afterward, why, we shall have our choice of seats; and that's considerable of a p'int, I should say, in a time like this."

"That's so," said Mrs. Aleshine, "and me and Mrs. Lecks would 'a' got right in when we saw the boat was empty, if we hadn't been afraid to be there without any man — for it might have floated off, and neither of us don't know nothin' about rowin'. And then Mrs. Lecks she thought of you, supposin' a young man who knew so much about the sea would know how to row."

"Oh, yes," said I, "but I cannot imagine why this boat should have been left empty. I see a keg of water in it, and the oars, and some tin cans; and so I suppose it has been made ready for somebody. Will you wait here a minute until I run forward and see how things are going on there?"

Amidships and forward I saw that there was some confusion among the people who were not yet in their boats, and I found that there was to be rather more crowding than at first was expected. People who had supposed that they were to go in a certain boat found there no place, and were hurrying to other boats. It now became plain to me that no time should be lost in getting into the small boat which Mrs. Lecks had pointed out, and which was probably reserved for some favored persons, as the officers were keeping the people forward and amidships, the other stern-boat having already departed. But as I acknowledged no reason why any one should be regarded with more favor than myself and the two women who were waiting for me, I slipped quietly aft, and joined Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine.

"We must get in as soon as we can," said I in a low voice, "for this boat may be discovered, and then there will be a rush for it. I suspect it may have been reserved for the captain and some of the officers, but we have as much right in it as they."

"And more too," replied Mrs. Lecks; "for we had nothin' to do with the steerin' and smashin'."

"But how are we goin' to get down there?" said Mrs. Aleshine. "There's no steps."

"That is true," said I. "I shouldn't wonder if this boat is to be taken forward when the others are filled. We must scramble down as well as we can by the tackle at the bow and stern. I'll get in first and keep her close to the ship's side."

"That's goin' to be a scratchy business," said Mrs. Lecks; "and I'm of the opinion we ought to wait till the ship has sunk a little more, so we'll be nearer to the boat."

"It won't do to wait," said I, "or we shall not get in at all."

"And goodness gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Aleshine, "I can't stand here and feel the ship sinkin' cold-blooded under me, till we've got where we can make an easy jump!"

"Very well, then," said Mrs. Lecks, "we won't wait. But the first thing to be done is for each one of us to put on one of these life-preservers. Two of them I brought from Mrs. Aleshine's and my cabin, and the other I got next door, where the people had gone off and left it on the floor. I thought if anythin' happened on the way to the island, these would give us a chance to look about us; but it seems to me we'll need 'em more gettin' down them ropes than anywhere else. I did intend puttin' on two myself to make up for Mrs. Aleshine's fat; but you must wear one of 'em, sir, now that you are goin' to join the party."

As I knew that two life-preservers would not be needed by Mrs. Lecks, and would greatly inconvenience her, I accepted the one offered me; but declined to put it on until it should be necessary, as it would interfere with my movements.

"Very well," said Mrs. Lecks, "if you think you are safe in gettin' down without it. But Mrs. Aleshine and me will put ours on before we begin sailor-scramblin'. We know how to do it, for we tried 'em on soon after we started from San Francisco. And now, Barb'ry Aleshine, are you sure you've got everythin' you want? for it'll be no use thinkin' about anythin' you've forgot after the ship has sunk out of sight."

"There's nothin' else I can think of," said Mrs. Aleshine,—"at least nothin' I can carry; and so I suppose we may as well begin, for your talk of the ship sinkin' under our feet gives me a sort o' feelin' like an oyster creepin' up and down my back."

Mrs. Lecks looked over the side at the boat, into which I had already descended. "I'll go first, Barb'ry Aleshine," said she, "and show you how."

The sea was quiet, and the steamer had already sunk so much that Mrs. Lecks's voice sounded frightfully near me, although she spoke in a low tone.

"Watch me," said she to her companion. "I'm goin' to do just as he did, and you must follow in the same way."

So saying, she stepped on a bench by the rail; then, with one foot on the rail itself, she seized the ropes which hung from one of the davits to the bow of the boat. She looked down for a moment, and then she drew back.

"It's no use," she said. "We must wait until she sinks more, an' I can get in easier."

This remark made me feel nervous. I did not know at what moment there might be a rush for this boat, nor when indeed the steamer might go down. The boat amidships on our side had rowed away some minutes before, and through the darkness I could distinguish another boat, near the bows, pushing off. It would be too late now for us to try to get into any other boat, and I did not feel that there was time enough for me to take this one to a place where the two women could more easily descend to her. Standing upright, I urged them not to delay.

"You see," said I, "I can reach you as soon as you swing yourself off the ropes, and I'll help you down."

"If you're sure you can keep us from comin' down too sudden, we'll try it," said Mrs. Lecks, "but I'd as soon be drowned as to get to an island with a broken leg. And as to Mrs. Aleshine, if she was to slip she'd go slam through that boat to the bottom of the sea. Now then, be ready! I'm comin' down!"

So saying, she swung herself off, and she was then so near me that I was able to seize her and make the rest of her descent comparatively easy. Mrs. Aleshine proved to be a more difficult subject. Even after I had a firm grasp of her capacious waist she refused to let go the ropes, for fear that she might drop into the ocean instead of the boat. But the reproaches of Mrs. Lecks and the downward weight of myself made her loosen her nervous

grip; and although we came very near going overboard together, I safely placed her on one of the thwarts.

I now unhooked the tackle from the stern; but before casting off at the bow, I hesitated, for I did not wish to desert any of those who might be expecting to embark in this boat. But I could hear no approaching footsteps; and from my position, close to the side of the steamer, I could see nothing. Therefore I cast off, and taking the oars, I pushed away and rowed to a little distance, where I could get whatever view was possible of the deck of the steamer. Seeing no forms moving about, I called out, and receiving no answer, I shouted again at the top of my voice. I waited for nearly a minute; and hearing nothing and seeing nothing, I became convinced that no one was left on the vessel.

"They are all gone," said I, "and we will pull after them as fast as we can."

And I began to row toward the bow of the steamer, in the direction which the other boats had taken.

"It's a good thing you can row," said Mrs. Lecks, settling herself comfortably in the stern-sheets, "for what Mrs. Aleshine and me would ha' done with them oars, I am sure I don't know."

"I'd never have got into this boat," said Mrs. Aleshine, "if Mr. Craig hadn't been here."

"No, indeed," replied her friend. "You'd ha' gone to the bottom, hangin' for dear life to them ropes."

When I had rounded the bow of the steamer, which appeared to me to be rapidly settling in the water, I perceived at no great distance several lights which of course belonged to the other boats; and I rowed as hard as I could, hoping to catch up with them, or at least to keep sufficiently near. It might be my duty to take off some of the people who had crowded into the other boats, probably supposing that this one had been loaded and gone. How such a mistake could have taken place I could not divine, and it was not my business to do so. Quite certain that no one was left on the sinking steamer, all I had to do was to row after the other boats, and to overtake them as soon as possible. I thought it would not take me very long to do this; but after rowing for half an hour, Mrs. Aleshine remarked that the lights seemed as far off as, if not farther than, when we first started after them. Turning, I saw that this was the case, and was greatly surprised. With only two passengers I ought soon to have come up with those heavily laden boats; but after I had

thought over it a little, I considered that as each of them was probably pulled by half a dozen stout sailors, it was not so very strange that they should make as good or better headway than I did.

It was not very long after this that Mrs. Lecks said that she thought that the lights on the other boats must be going out; and that this, most probably, was due to the fact that the sailors had forgotten to fill their lanterns before they started. "That sort of thing often happens," she said, "when people leave a place in a hurry."

But when I turned around, and peered over the dark waters, it was quite plain to me that it was not want of oil, but increased distance, which made those lights so dim. I could now perceive but three of them; and as the surface was agitated only by a gentle swell, I could not suppose that any of them were hidden from our view by waves. We were being left behind, that was certain; and all I could do was to row on as long and as well as I could in the direction which the other boats had taken. I had been used to rowing, and thought I pulled a good oar, and I certainly did not expect to be left behind in this way.

"I don't believe this boat has been emptied out since the last rain," said Mrs. Aleshine; "for my feet are wet, though I didn't notice it before."

At this I shipped my oars, and began to examine the boat. The bottom was covered with a movable floor of slats, and as I put my hand down I could feel the water welling up between the slats. The flooring was in sections; and lifting the one beneath me, I felt under it, and put my hand into six or eight inches of water.

The exact state of the case was now as plain to me as if it had been posted up on a bulletin-board. This boat had been found to be unseaworthy, and its use had been forbidden, all the people having been crowded into the others. This had caused confusion at the last moment, and of course we were supposed to be on some one of the other boats.

And now, here was I, in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, in a leaky boat with two middle-aged women!

"Anythin' the matter with the floor?" asked Mrs. Lecks.

I let the section fall back into its place and looked aft. By the starlight I could see that my two companions had each fixed upon me a steadfast gaze. They evidently felt that something

was the matter, and wanted to know what it was. I did not hesitate for a moment to inform them. They appeared to me to be women whom it would be neither advisable nor possible to deceive in a case like this.

"This boat has a leak in it," I said. "There is a lot of water in her already, and that is the reason we have got along so slowly."

"And that is why," said Mrs. Aleshine, "it was left empty. We ought to have known better than to expect to have a whole boat just for three of us. It would have been much more sensible, I think, if we had tried to squeeze into one of the others."

"Now, Barb'ry Aleshine," said Mrs. Lecks, "don't you begin findin' fault with good fortune when it comes to you. Here we've got a comfortable boat, with room enough to set easy and stretch out if we want to. If the water is comin' in, what we've got to do is to get it out again just as fast as we can. What's the best way to do that, Mr. Craig?"

"We must bail her out, and lose no time about it," said I. "If I can find the leak I may be able to stop it."

I now looked about for something to bail with, and the two women aided actively in the search. I found one leather scoop in the bow; but as it was well that we should all go to work, I took two tin cans that had been put in by some one who had begun to provision the boat, and proceeded to cut the tops from them with my jack-knife.

"Don't lose what's in 'em," said Mrs. Lecks; "that is, if it's anythin' we'd be likely to want to eat. If it's tomatoes, pour it into the sea, for nobody ought to eat tomatoes put up in tins."

I hastily passed the cans to Mrs. Lecks, and I saw her empty the contents of one into the sea, and those of the other on a newspaper which she took from her pocket and placed in the stern.

I pulled up the movable floor and threw it overboard, and then began to bail.

"I thought," said Mrs. Aleshine, "that they always had pumps for leaks."

"Now, Barb'ry Aleshine," said Mrs. Lecks, "just gether yourself up on one of them seats and go to work. The less talkin' we do and the more scoopin', the better it'll be for us."

I soon perceived that it would have been difficult to find two more valuable assistants in the bailing of a boat than Mrs. Lecks

and Mrs. Aleshine. They were evidently used to work, and were able to accommodate themselves to the unusual circumstances in which they were placed. We threw out the water very rapidly, and every little while I stopped bailing and felt about to see if I could discover where it came in. As these attempts met with no success, I gave them up after a time, and set about bailing with new vigor, believing that if we could get the boat nearly dry, I should surely be able to find the leak.

But after working half an hour more, I found that the job would be a long one; and if we all worked at once, we should all be tired out at once, and that might be disastrous. Therefore I proposed that we should take turns in resting, and Mrs. Aleshine was ordered to stop work for a time. After this Mrs. Lecks took a rest, and when she went to work I stopped bailing and began again to search for the leak.

For about two hours we worked in this way, and then I concluded it was useless to continue any longer this vain exertion. With three of us bailing we were able to keep the water at the level we first found it; but with only two at work it slightly gained upon us, so that now there was more water in the boat than when we first discovered it. The boat was an iron one, and the leak in it I could neither find nor remedy. It had probably been caused by the warping of the metal under a hot sun; an accident which, I am told, frequently occurs to iron boats. The little craft, which would have been a life-boat had its air-boxes remained intact, was now probably leaking from stem to stern; and in searching for the leak without the protection of the flooring, my weight had doubtless assisted in opening the seams, for it was quite plain that the water was now coming in more rapidly than it did at first. We were very tired; and even Mrs. Lecks, who had all along counseled us to keep at work and not to waste one breath in talking, now admitted that it was of no use to try to get the water out of that boat.

It had been some hours since I had used the oars, but whether we had drifted or remained where we were when I stopped rowing, of course I could not know; but this mattered very little, —our boat was slowly sinking beneath us, and it could make no difference whether we went down in one spot or another. I sat and racked my brain to think what could be done in this fearful emergency. To bail any longer was useless labor, and what else was there that we could do?

"When will it be time," asked Mrs. Lecks, "for us to put on the life-preservers? When the water gets nearly to the seats?"

I answered that we should not wait any longer than that, but in my own mind I could not see any advantage in putting them on at all. Why should we wish to lengthen our lives by a few hours of helpless floating upon the ocean?

"Very good," said Mrs. Lecks: "I'll keep a watch on the water. One of them cans was filled with lobster, which would be more than likely to disagree with us, and I've throwed it out; but the other had baked beans in it, and the best thing we can do is to eat some of these right away. They are mighty nourishin', and will keep up strength as well as anythin'; and then, as you said there's a keg of water in the boat, we can all take a drink of that, and it'll make us feel like new creatur's. You'll have to take the beans in your hands, for we've got no spoons nor forks."

Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine were each curled up out of reach of the water, the first in the stern, and the other on the aft thwart. The day was now beginning to break, and we could see about us very distinctly. Before reaching out her hands to receive her beans, Mrs. Aleshine washed them in the water in the boat, remarking at the same time that she might as well make use of it since it was there. Having then wiped her hands on some part of her apparel, they were filled with beans from the newspaper held by Mrs. Lecks, and these were passed over to me. I was very hungry; and when I had finished my beans, I agreed with my companions that although they would have been a great deal better if heated up with butter, pepper, and salt, they were very comforting as they were. One of the empty cans was now passed to me; and after having been asked by Mrs. Lecks to rinse it out very carefully, we all satisfied our taste from the water in the keg.

"Cold baked beans and lukewarm water ain't exactly company victuals," said Mrs. Aleshine, "but there's many a poor wretch would be glad to get 'em."

I could not imagine any poor wretch who would be glad of the food together with the attending circumstances; but I did not say so.

"The water is just one finger from the bottom of the seat," said Mrs. Lecks, who had been stooping over to measure, "and it's time to put on the life-preservers."

"Very good," said Mrs. Aleshine: "hand me mine."

Each of us now buckled on a life-preserver; and as I did so, I stood up upon a thwart and looked about me. It was quite light now, and I could see for a long distance over the surface of the ocean, which was gently rolling in wide, smooth swells. As we rose upon the summit of one of these I saw a dark spot upon the water, just on the edge of our near horizon. "Is that the steamer?" I thought; "and has she not yet sunk?"

At this there came to me a glimmering of courageous hope. If the steamer had remained afloat so long, it was probable that on account of water-tight compartments, or for some other reason, her sinking had reached its limit, and that if we could get back to her we might be saved. But alas, how were we to get back to her? This boat would sink long, long before I could row that distance.

However, I soon proclaimed the news to my companions, whereupon Mrs. Aleshine prepared to stand upon a thwart and see for herself. But Mrs. Lecks restrained her.

"Don't make things worse, Barb'ry Aleshine," said she, "by tumblin' overboard. If we've got to go into the water, let us do it decently and in order. If that's the ship, Mr. Craig, don't you suppose we can float ourselves to it in some way?"

I replied that by the help of a life-preserver a person who could swim might reach the ship.

"But neither of us can swim," said Mrs. Lecks; "for we've lived where the water was never more'n a foot deep,—except in time of freshets, when there's no swimmin' for man or beast. But if we see you swim perhaps we can follow, after a fashion. At any rate, we must do the best we can, and that's all there is to be done."

"The water now," remarked Mrs. Aleshine, "is so near to the bottom of my seat that I've got to stand up, tumble overboard or no."

"All right," remarked Mrs. Lecks: "we'd better all stand up, and let the boat sink under us. That will save our jumpin' overboard, or rollin' out any which way, which might be awkward."

"Goodness gracious me!" exclaimed Mrs. Aleshine. "You set the oysters creepin' over me again! First you talk of the ship sinkin' under us, and now it's the boat goin' to the bottom under our feet. Before any sinkin' 's to be done I'd ruther get out."

"Now, Barb'ry Aleshine," said Mrs. Lecks, "stand up straight and don't talk so much. It'll be a great deal better to be let down gradual than to flop into the water all of a bunch."

"Very well," said Mrs. Aleshine. "It may be best to get used to it by degrees, but I must say I wish I was home."

As for me, I would have much preferred to jump overboard at once, instead of waiting in this cold-blooded manner; but as my companions had so far preserved their presence of mind, I did not wish to do anything which might throw them into a panic. I believed there would be no danger from the suction caused by the sinking of a small boat like this; and if we took care not to entangle ourselves with it in any way, we might as well follow Mrs. Lecks's advice as not. So we all stood up, Mrs. Lecks in the stern, I in the bow, and Mrs. Aleshine on a thwart between us. The last did not appear to have quite room enough for a steady footing; but as she remarked, it did not matter very much, as the footing, broad or narrow, would not be there very long.

I am used to swimming, and have never hesitated to take a plunge into river or ocean; but I must admit that it was very trying to my nerves to stand up this way and wait for a boat to sink beneath me. How the two women were affected I do not know. They said nothing; but their faces indicated that something disagreeable was about to happen, and that the less that was said about it the better.

The boat had now sunk so much that the water was around Mrs. Aleshine's feet, her standing-place being rather lower than ours. I made myself certain that there were no ropes nor any other means of entanglement near my companions or myself, and then I waited. There seemed to be a good deal of buoyancy in the bow and stern of the boat, and it was a frightfully long time in sinking. The suspense became so utterly unendurable that I was tempted to put one foot on the edge of the boat, and by tipping it, put an end to this nerve-rack; but I refrained, for I probably should throw the women off their balance, when they might fall against some part of the boat and do themselves a hurt. I had just relinquished this intention, when two little waves seemed to rise one on each side of Mrs. Aleshine; and gently flowing over the side of the boat, they flooded her feet with water.

"Hold your breaths!" I shouted. And now I experienced a sensation which must have been very like that which comes to a condemned criminal at the first indication of the pulling of the drop. Then there was a horrible sinking, a gurgle, and a swash; and the ocean, over which I had been gazing, appeared to rise up and envelop me.

In a moment, however, my head was out of the water; and looking hastily about me, I saw close by the heads and shoulders of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine. The latter was vigorously winking her eyes and blowing from her mouth some sea-water that had got into it; but as soon as her eyes fell upon me she exclaimed, "That was ever so much more suddint than I thought it was goin' to be!"

"Are you both all right?"

"I suppose I am," said Mrs. Aleshine; "but I never thought that a person with a life-preserver on would go clean under the water."

"But since you've come up again, you ought to be satisfied," said Mrs. Lecks. "And now," she added, turning her face toward me, "which way ought we to try to swim? and have we got everythin' we want to take with us?"

"What we haven't got we can't get," remarked Mrs. Aleshine; "and as for swimmin', I expect I'm goin' to make a poor hand at it."

I had a hope, which was not quite strong enough to be a belief, that, supported by their life-preservers, the two women might paddle themselves along; and that by giving them in turn a helping hand, I might eventually get them to the steamer. There was a strong probability that I should not succeed, but I did not care to think of that.

I now swam in front of my companions, and endeavored to instruct them in the best method of propelling themselves with their arms and their hands. If they succeeded in this, I thought I would give them some further lessons in striking out with their feet. After watching me attentively, Mrs. Lecks did manage to move herself slowly through the smooth water; but poor Mrs. Aleshine could do nothing but splash.

"If there was anythin' to take hold of," she said to me, "I might get along; but I can't get any grip on the water, though you seem to do it well enough. Look there!" she added in a higher voice. "Isn't that an oar floatin' over there? If you can

get that for me, I believe I can row myself much better than I can swim."

This seemed an odd idea; but I swam over to the floating oar, and brought it her. I was about to show her how she could best use it, but she declined my advice.

"If I do it at all," she said, "I must do it in my own way." And taking the oar in her strong hands, she began to ply it on the water, very much in the way in which she would handle a broom. At first she dipped the blade too deeply, but correcting this error, she soon began to paddle herself along at a slow but steady rate.

"Capital!" I cried. "You do that admirably!"

"Anybody who's swept as many rooms as I have," she said, "ought to be able to handle anythin' that can be used like a broom."

"Isn't there another oar?" cried Mrs. Lecks, who had now been left a little distance behind us. "If there is, I want one."

Looking about me, I soon discovered another floating oar, and brought it to Mrs. Lecks; who, after holding it in various positions, so as to get "the hang of it," as she said, soon began to use it with as much skill as that shown by her friend. If either of them had been obliged to use an oar in the ordinary way, I fear they would have had a bad time of it; but considering the implement in the light of a broom, its use immediately became familiar to them, and they got on remarkably well.

I now took a position a little in advance of my companions, and as I swam slowly they were easily able to keep up with me. Mrs. Aleshine, being so stout, floated much higher out of the water than either Mrs. Lecks or I, and this permitted her to use her oar with a great deal of freedom. Sometimes she would give such a vigorous brush to the water that she would turn herself almost entirely around; but after a little practice she learned to avoid undue efforts of this kind.

I was not positively sure that we were going in the right direction, for my position did not allow me to see very far over the water; but I remembered that when I was standing up in the boat and made my discovery, the sun was just about to rise in front of me, while the dark spot on the ocean lay to my left. Judging, therefore, from the present position of the sun, which was not very high, I concluded that we were moving toward the north, and therefore in the right direction. How far off the

steamer might be, I had no idea, for I was not accustomed to judging distances at sea; but I believed that if we were careful of our strength, and if the ocean continued as smooth as it now was, we might eventually reach the vessel, provided she were yet afloat.

"After you are fairly in the water," said Mrs. Aleshine, as she swept along, although without the velocity which that phrase usually implies, "it isn't half so bad as I thought it would be. For one thing, it don't feel a bit salt, although I must say it tasted horribly that way when I first went into it."

"You didn't expect to find pickle-brine, did you?" said Mrs. Lecks. "Though if it was, I suppose we could float on it settin'."

"And as to bein' cold," said Mrs. Aleshine, "the part of me that's in is actually more comfortable than that which is out."

"There's one thing I would have been afraid of," said Mrs. Lecks, "if we hadn't made preparations for it, and that's sharks."

"Preparations!" I exclaimed. "How in the world did you prepare for sharks?"

"Easy enough," said Mrs. Lecks. "When we went down into our room to get ready to go away in the boats, we both put on black stockin's. I've read that sharks never bite colored people, although if they see a white man in the water they'll snap him up as quick as lightnin'; and black stockin's was the nearest we could come to it. You see, I thought as like as not we'd have some sort of an upset before we got through."

"It's a great comfort," remarked Mrs. Aleshine; "and I'm very glad you thought of it, Mrs. Lecks. After this I shall make it a rule: Black stockin's for sharks."

"I suppose in your case," said Mrs. Lecks, addressing me, "dark trousers will do as well."

To which I answered that I sincerely hoped they would.

"Another thing I'm thankful for," said Mrs. Aleshine, "is that I thought to put on a flannel skeert."

"And what's the good of it," said Mrs. Lecks, "when it's soppin' wet?"

"Flannel's flannel," replied her friend, "whether it's wet or dry; and if you'd had the rheumatism as much as I have, you'd know it."

To this Mrs. Lecks replied with a sniff, and asked me how soon I thought we would get sight of the ship; for if we were

going the wrong way, and had to turn round and go back, it would certainly be very provoking.

I should have been happy indeed to be able to give a satisfactory answer to this question. Every time that we rose upon a swell I threw a rapid glance around the whole circle of the horizon; and at last, not a quarter of an hour after Mrs. Lecks's question, I was rejoiced to see, almost in the direction in which I supposed it ought to be, the dark spot which I had before discovered. I shouted the glad news, and as we rose again my companions strained their eyes in the direction to which I pointed. They both saw it, and were greatly satisfied.

"Now then," said Mrs. Aleshine, "it seems as if there was somethin' to work for"; and she began to sweep her oar with great vigor.

"If you want to tire yourself out before you get there, Barb'ry Aleshine," said Mrs. Lecks, "you'd better go on in that way. Now what I advise is, that we stop rowin' altogether and have somethin' to eat; for I'm sure we need it to keep up our strength."

"Eat!" I cried. "What are you going to eat? Do you expect to catch fish?"

"And eat 'em raw?" said Mrs. Lecks. "I should think not. But do you suppose, Mr. Craig, that Mrs. Aleshine and me would go off and leave that ship without takin' somethin' to eat by the way? Let's all gether here in a bunch, and see what sort of a meal we can make. And now, Barb'ry Aleshine, if you lay your oar down there on the water, I recommend you to tie it to one of your bonnet-strings, or it'll be floatin' away, and you won't get it again."

As she said this, Mrs. Lecks put her right hand down into the water and fumbled about, apparently in search of a pocket. I could not but smile, as I thought of the condition of food when for an hour or more it had been a couple of feet under the surface of the ocean; but my ideas on the subject were entirely changed when I saw Mrs. Lecks hold up in the air two German sausages, and shake the briny drops from their smooth and glittering surfaces.

"There's nothin'," she said, "like sausages for shipwreck and that kind o' thing. They're very sustainin'; and bein' covered with a tight skin, water can't get at 'em, no matter how you carry 'em. I wouldn't bring these out in the boat, because havin'

the beans we might as well eat them. Have you a knife about you, Mr. Craig?"

I produced a dripping jack-knife; and after the open blade had been waved in the air to dry it a little, Mrs. Lecks proceeded to divide one of the sausages, handing the other to me to hold meanwhile.

"Now don't go eatin' sausages without bread, if you don't want 'em to give you dyspepsy," said Mrs. Aleshine, who was tugging at a submarine pocket.

"I'm very much afraid your bread is all soaked," said Mrs. Lecks.

To which her friend replied that that remained to be seen, and forthwith produced with a splash a glass preserve-jar with a metal top.

"I saw this nearly empty as I looked into the ship's pantry, and I stuffed into it all the soft biscuits it would hold. There was some sort of jam left at the bottom, so that the one who gets the last biscuit will have somethin' of a little spread on it. And now, Mrs. Lecks," she continued triumphantly, as she unscrewed the top, "that rubber ring has kept 'em as dry as chips. I'm mighty glad of it, for I had trouble enough gettin' this jar into my pocket,—and gettin' it out, too, for that matter."

Floating thus, with our hands and shoulders above the water, we made a very good meal from the sausages and soft biscuit.

"Barb'ry Aleshine," said Mrs. Lecks, as her friend proceeded to cut the second sausage, "don't you lay that knife down when you've done with it, as if 't was an oar; for if you do it'll sink, as like as not, about six miles. I've read that the ocean is as deep as that in some places."

"Goodness gracious me!" exclaimed Mrs. Aleshine, "I hope we are not over one of them deep spots."

"There's no knowin'," said Mrs. Lecks; "but if it's more comfortin' to think it's shallerer, we'll make up our minds that way. Now then," she continued, "we'll finish off this meal with a little somethin' to drink. I'm not given to takin' spirits; but I never travel without a little whisky, ready mixed with water, to take if it should be needed."

So saying, she produced from one of her pockets a whisky flask tightly corked, and of its contents we each took a sip; Mrs. Aleshine remarking that leaving out being chilled or colicky, we were never likely to need it more than now.

Thus refreshed and strengthened, Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine took up their oars, while I swam slightly in advance, as before. When, with occasional intermissions of rest, and a good deal of desultory conversation, we had swept and swam for about an hour, Mrs. Lecks suddenly exclaimed, "I can see that thing ever so much plainer now, and I don't believe it's a ship at all. To me it looks like bushes."

"You're mighty long-sighted without your specs," said Mrs. Aleshine, "and I'm not sure but what you're right."

For ten minutes or more I had been puzzling over the shape of the dark spot, which was now nearly all the time in sight. Its peculiar form had filled me with a dreadful fear that it was the steamer, bottom upward; although I knew enough about nautical matters to have no good reason to suppose that this could be the case. I am not far-sighted; but when Mrs. Lecks suggested bushes, I gazed at the distant object with totally different ideas, and soon began to believe that it was not a ship, either right side up or wrong side up, but that it might be an island. This belief I proclaimed to my companions; and for some time we all worked with increased energy, in the desire to get near enough to make ourselves certain in regard to this point.

"As true as I'm standin' here," said Mrs. Lecks, who, although she could not read without spectacles, had remarkably good sight at long range, "them is trees and bushes that I see before me, though they do seem to be growin' right out of the water."

"There's an island under them; you may be sure of that!" I cried. "And isn't this ever so much better than a sinking ship?"

"I'm not so sure about that," said Mrs. Aleshine. "I'm used to the ship, and as long as it didn't sink I'd prefer it. There's plenty to eat on board of it, and good beds to sleep on, which is more than can be expected on a little bushy place like that ahead of us. But then the ship might sink all of a suddint,—beds, victuals, and all."

"Do you suppose that is the island the other boats went to?" asked Mrs. Lecks.

This question I had already asked of myself. I had been told that the island to which the captain intended to take his boats lay about thirty miles south of the point where we left the steamer. Now, I knew very well that we had not come thirty miles; and had reasons to believe, moreover, that the greater part

of the progress we had made had been toward the north. It was not at all probable that the position of this island was unknown to our captain; and it must therefore have been considered by him as an unsuitable place for the landing of his passengers. There might be many reasons for this unsuitableness: the island might be totally barren and desolate; it might be the abode of unpleasant natives; and more important than anything else, it was in all probability a spot where steamers never touched.

But whatever its disadvantages, I was most wildly desirous to reach it; more so, I believe, than either of my companions. I do not mean that they were not sensible of their danger, and desirous to be freed from it; but they were women who had probably had a rough time of it during a great part of their lives, and on emerging from their little circle of rural experiences accepted with equanimity, and almost as a matter of course, the rough times which come to people in the great outside world.

"I do not believe," I said, in answer to Mrs. Lecks, "that that is the island to which the captain would have taken us; but whatever it is, it is dry land, and we must get there as soon as we can."

"That's true," said Mrs. Aleshine, "for I'd like to have ground nearer to my feet than six miles; and if we don't find anythin' to eat and any place to sleep when we get there, it's no more than can be said of where we are now."

"You're too particular, Barb'ry Aleshine," said Mrs. Lecks, "about your comforts. If you find the ground too hard to sleep on when you get there, you can put on your life-preserver, and go to bed in the water."

"Very good," said Mrs. Aleshine; "and if these islands are made of coral, as I've heard they was, and if they're as full of small p'ints as some coral I've got at home, you'll be glad to take a berth by me, Mrs. Lecks."

I counseled my companions to follow me as rapidly as possible, and we all pushed vigorously forward. When we had approached near enough to the island to see what sort of place it really was, we perceived that it was a low-lying spot, apparently covered with verdure, and surrounded, as far as we could see as we rose on the swells, by a rocky reef, against which a tolerably high surf was running. I knew enough of the formation of these coral islands to suppose that within this reef was a lagoon of smooth water, into which there were openings through the rocky

barrier. It was necessary to try to find one of these; for it would be difficult and perhaps dangerous to attempt to land through the surf.

Before us we could see a continuous line of white-capped breakers; and so I led my little party to the right, hoping that we should soon see signs of an opening in the reef.

We swam and paddled, however, for a long time, and still the surf rolled menacingly on the rocks before us. We were now as close to the island as we could approach with safety; and I determined to circumnavigate it, if necessary, before I would attempt with these two women to land upon that jagged reef. At last we perceived, at no great distance before us, a spot where there seemed to be no breakers; and when we reached it we found, to our unutterable delight, that here was smooth water flowing through a wide opening in the reef. The rocks were piled up quite high, and the reef, at this point at least, was a wide one; for as we neared the opening we found that it narrowed very soon and made a turn to the left, so that from the outside we could not see into the lagoon.

I swam into this smooth water, followed close by Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine,—who however soon became unable to use their oars, owing to the proximity of the rocks. Dropping these useful implements, they managed to paddle after me with their hands; and they were as much astonished as I was when, just after making the slight turn, we found stretched across the narrow passage a great iron bar about eight or ten inches above the water. A little farther on, and two or three feet above the water, another iron bar extended from one rocky wall to the other. Without uttering a word I examined the lower bar, and found one end of it fastened by means of a huge padlock to a great staple driven into the rock. The lock was securely wrapped in what appeared to be tarred canvas. A staple through an eye-hole in the bar secured the other end of it to the rocks.

"These bars were put here," I exclaimed, "to keep out boats, whether at high or low water. You see they can only be thrown out of the way by taking off the padlocks."

"They won't keep us out," said Mrs. Lecks, "for we can duck under. I suppose whoever put 'em here didn't expect anybody to arrive on life-preservers."

ELIZABETH BARSTOW STODDARD

(1823–1902)

ELIZABETH BARSTOW, the wife of Richard Henry Stoddard, was born in Massachusetts, May 6th, 1823. She was married to the poet in 1851; and a few years later began to write stories and poems so intense and individual, that though anonymous they were recognized at once as the work of a new writer. 'The Morgesons' appeared in 1862, 'Two Men' in 1865, and 'Temple House' in 1867, a new edition being issued in 1888.

In advance of her time by a generation, Mrs. Stoddard belongs to the school of Maeterlinck and Ibsen rather than to the romantic period of fiction of the day in which she wrote. Whether she records humble life in a New England village, as in 'Two Men'; or the story of an ancestral mansion in an American seaport town, as in 'Temple House'; or the history of a "queer" family, as in 'The Morgesons,'—her work is metaphysical like Ibsen's. Her men and women reproduce types not infrequently found in forgotten New England towns. They are strong self-centred characters, in whom an active intellect and intense nervous energy, compressed by narrow surroundings, produce numberless idiosyncrasies. In their moral isolation, they are still grim Puritans in everything but creed. Mrs. Stoddard drew them with a wonderful comprehension of the hidden springs of their action. Like Ibsen, she exemplified life and illustrated her dramatic force in breathless tragic episodes.

It is true, however, that before she was a dramatist, she was a psychologist: a sphinx sitting on the stony way to the temple, and looking with unquestioning eyes into life's problem. That method of suggestion which is our latest fashion in literature, Mrs. Stoddard used when it was not a fashion, but a form of reticence. There are descriptions in her novels cut with a chisel; others in which nature is used as a background to scenes of intense thought, in moments of outward stillness. She was a realist before the word had been defined. She dwells in shadows as grim as those of 'Wuthering Heights,' in an atmosphere so dense that we see the movements of her characters as through a thick glass screen; but each person, each scene, is touched with a gleam of poetic light.

It was as a poet, perhaps, that she gained her highest fame; though no book of the time, according to the great English critic,

Mr. Leslie Stephen, is more remarkable than her 'Temple House.' Mrs. Stoddard had been writing and publishing poems since her girlhood, but they were not collected until 1896. In them is reflected the spirit of her fiction, the tragic atmosphere with which her novels are surcharged. Burning with intensity, if a spirit so hopeless may be said to burn, these strange, reserved, yet passionately regretful lyrics have for their theme the pain of quiet endurance, the disappointment of an ardent fancy, and the sorrow of an unsatisfied heart. Those written in early youth might have been penned by Maeterlinck, —tragical, musical, introspective; Stoddard himself might have taught her the ringing, forcible strains in 'The House by the Sea,' or in 'Xanthos' and 'Achilles,'—poems in blank verse, sonorous, dignified, individual. The highest expression of her poetic gift is found perhaps in short poems, like 'Mercedes,' where passion, sullen, deep, and pitiless, veils itself in tropical beauty.

In both her poems and her novels is reflected her sense of the beauty and aloofness of nature; of the "dusty answers" to the clamors of impetuous human souls. She died in New York City, August 1, 1902.

THE GREAT GALE

From 'Temple House.' Copyright 1888, by O. M. Dunham. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company

Mat Sutcliffe announced to Argus one morning that spring had come. The ice on the shores and inside the bay was giving way. And he asked Argus if gales were not to be looked for? They compared notes about the weather, and concluded to look for southerly storms.

The weather softened so that very day that Tempe threw aside her shawl, and Roxalana made the tour of all the rooms, and by way of a walk went up to the attic to look over the fields and bay. She remarked to Argus, on coming down, that she had never seen the White Flat so plainly: it appeared to be stretching across the harbor's mouth.

"The ice made it look so, probably," he replied.

The snow around the house began to melt, and in the stillness they heard the water trickling everywhere.

"Soon," said Roxalana, "the buds will begin to swell."

At sunset the atmosphere was spongy and rotten. Masses of vapor rolled up from the south, extinguishing a pale brassy band

of light in the west; and a strange wind rose in the upper air, and closed with night.

Early in the evening Argus shook the iron bars of the shutters on the harbor side, and fastened them; he foresaw the storm, and would have shut out its fury for Roxalana's sake, who appeared perturbed and melancholy, as if disasters at sea were threatened.

"The wind must be rising," she said, holding up her hand: "I feel streams of air from everywhere. The candles flare; but I don't hear the surf."

"You will hear it presently," he replied.

"I don't care if it blows half the town down," said Tempe.

"Don't spare the other half: let the whole go, and be damned, if you wish so," he answered.

A tremendous hiss passed through the crevices of the outer doors, which was met by a roar in the chimney. An irruption of white flaky ashes followed and covered the hearth. Next, the roof and walls of the house were taken as a coign of vantage by the shrieking wind to hang out its viewless banners, which shivered, flapped, and tore to tatters in raging impotence.

"We must put out this fire, Argus," said Roxalana, "or we shall be on fire inside the house."

"Better put yourselves in bed: I will take care of the fire."

Acting upon this suggestion, they left him alone. A short time afterwards he went out on the lawn. The dull thunder of the surf now broke so furiously on the bar that the ground beneath his feet reverberated.

"The bay is champing its jaws on that devilish White Flat, and any sail coming this way is lost."

Looking overhead, he discovered in the milky darkness of the obscured moon deep vague rifts in the sky, like the chasm in Orion. The frenzied, overdriven spirits of the storm took refuge in the piling, tumbling folds of the clouds, which hovered over and fell into the abyss. While he stood there, the elms bowed from bole to topmost bough, and brushed his face as if they paid him homage. No sound came from the town side; he could not see a single light. Opposite the lawn, King's Hill reared its black summit; from thence, if he climbed, he could obtain a view of the wailing, howling bay, and — perchance of some vessel seeking harbor. He preferred to go back and shut himself up in the house.

Though the storm raged the next morning as storm had not raged for years, Argus remained in the green room, and pored over the book of plays, so well remembered by Virginia. About noon Mat Sutcliffe burst in, with his tarpaulin jammed over his head, and carrying an immense spy-glass in a canvas case. His tidings did not astonish Argus. A vessel putting into the bay the night before had dragged her anchors and struck on the White Flat; her flag was flying from the rigging, and there were men there: it being low water when she struck, her quarter-deck might afford temporary safety, provided the cold did not increase and freeze the crew to death.

"What is the town doing, Mat?" asked Roxalana.

"A great many people are out doing nothing. They are on the wharves, on the top of King's Hill, the hair blowing off their heads; and I believe there's a gang along-shore somewhere," he replied.

"No boat can live if put out," said Argus. "How low down the bar did the vessel drive on?"

"As near to Bass Headland as can be. If the wind would chop round, somebody might get out there."

"So the sailors must drown," cried Tempe, notwithstanding she had put her fingers in her ears, not to hear. "I'll shut myself up in the cellar till it is all over."

"I thought," continued Mat, looking hard at Argus, "it might be best to look at the shingle below here: the ice is about gone there. If we could start under the lee of Bass Headland, a boat might slant—"

Argus gave such a shrug and grimace that Mat suddenly stopped, and without another word abruptly left the room.

"Argus," said Roxalana with great composure, "I shall not get you a mouthful of dinner to-day."

"I trust you will consent to do your share in disposing of the poor corpses," added Tempe sharply.

For reply, Argus rose, book in hand, opened the shutter of the window towards the quay, sat down by it, and went on with his comedy.

Tempe telegraphed to her mother her opinion that he was a beast of an uncle; and even Roxalana was moved to eye him with a mild, doubting severity.

But he was on the alert. When he heard drops of rain splash on the window ledge, he shut his fingers in his book, and looked

into the fire. A shower came down, which was neither hail nor snow, but warm rain. He started up, stretched his arms like one who had long been cramped and weary, and sat down again with an indifferent air, and opened his book.

Roxalana came in from the kitchen, and said that the vane on the summer-house had veered slightly, and there was less noise from the wind.

"The gale is moderating, luckily."

Something in his tone struck her. She raised her eyes to his, and he smiled ironically; it made her feel like asking his pardon.

"Can I have any dinner?" he asked.

"I think so: what shall it be?"

"Brandy and cigars."

She disappeared.

Mat came in late in the afternoon, with as little ceremony as before, and said roughly to Argus, "You are wanted."

"I won't go."

"Captain, if we don't get across within twelve hours, every soul on board that vessel now will be in hell."

"I supposed so."

"She's bilged, and the White Flat begins to hug her. It's flood tide, and the waves must be washing the main deck: a few hours of that work will settle their hash."

"What's doing with the life-boat?"

"The loons have tried to launch her; but there's something wrong, and they are trying to tinker her up. The will of folks is good enough, but they can't get out there,—that's the long and short on't. Bill Bayley swore he'd go out alone: his cock-boat swamped first thing, and they had to throw him a rope. He swore at the man who threw it,—at the boat, at the bay, the wreck, and the Almighty,—and then he cried. I never liked Bill so well."

Mat spit into the fire furiously, and stumped round the room, a shoe on one foot and a boot on the other, his trousers settling over his hips in spite of his tight leather belt. He was growing frantic with excitement.

Argus laughed.

Mat made an energetic, beseeching motion towards the door; he would have put up his soul for sale for the sake of seeing Argus move with the intention he wished to inspire him with.

Argus turned back his sleeves, baring a snow-white wrist, and abstractedly felt his pulse and the muscles of his arms.

"Push ahead," he said.

"Aye, aye, sir," Mat shouted, turning very pale, and lurching towards the door.

"Stop: where is Roxalana?"

"Roxalana!" Mat shouted.

"What is it, Mat?" she answered, coming with a bottle.

"Yes; give us a dram, old girl," continued Mat, utterly oblivious of the proprieties.

Argus laughed again, and asked for his mackintosh.

"Now then," said Mat, having swallowed nearly a tumbler of brandy. Argus drank a little, and poured the rest of the bottle into a flask which he buttoned inside his coat. Tempe ran down to the door as they passed out, and Argus looking back called out:—

"Where is your crape veil, Tempe?"

"Where the courage of Kent is,—shut up in a bandbox," she answered.

Roxalana, after gazing at her a moment, took her by the arm and dragged her into the green room.

"I believe," she said, in a breathless undertone, "that you are possessed sometimes. Do you know that your uncle Argus may have gone for his shroud?"

"Was that why he inquired for the veil?"

"Could you choose no other moment to express your insensibility? Are you never to be anything but a child?"

"Mother, you must be crazy. You don't mean to say that you are going to protest against the Gates character,—as *I* represent it?"

Roxalana said no more, but went her way, feeling a painful excitement. She replenished the fires, hung kettles of water over them, collected blankets, cordials, and liquors, and then went to the kitchen to bake bread.

Twilight brought Mary Sutcliffe and her youngest boys. Dumping them in a corner of the kitchen as if they were sacks, and threatening them with a whipping if they moved, she rolled up her sleeves, and said that she thought the fathers of families had better stay at home, instead of risking themselves to save nobody knew who. Another boat had started since Mat had got

under way, and she guessed the wreck would turn out to be a great cry and little wool: she did not think there would be much drowning this time. She wondered if the good folks in Kent had stirred themselves,—your religious Drakes, and your pious Brandes, and the rest of the church.

"Hold your tongue, Mary Sutcliffe," ordered Tempe.

Then Mary whimpered, sobbed, and shrieked, declaring she had known all along she should never set eyes on Mat Sutcliffe again, who was well enough, considering what he was. And who else would have done what he was doing? and she gloried in his spunk. Drying her eyes with her fat hands, and shaking out her apron, she begged Roxalana to let her make the bread, and put the house to rights,—in case there were bodies coming in.

"Do, Mrs. Gates," she pleaded. "I feel as strong as a giant to-night: I can wrestle with any amount of work."

"If you will stop whining, Mary, I will accept your services: for to tell the truth, my head is not very clear just now; I am afraid I may spoil something."

"Likely as not," replied Mary: "go right into your sitting-room, sit down in your own chair, and you'll come to. It won't do for you, of all persons, to be upset, Mrs. Gates."

Roxalana was quite ready to act upon Mary's suggestion. Death was near, and she felt it. After dark Mary began to walk about,—to the alley, and into the garden,—and report what she saw and heard. She ran down to the quay once, but came back scared and subdued at the sight of the angry solitude of the hoarse black sea, though she shook her impotent fist at it with indignation.

Roxalana felt a relief when Virginia Brande came down from the Forge, enveloped in a great cloak. She ventured to come by the path, the moment she heard that Captain Gates was making an attempt to get to the wreck. Her mother was so frightened and ill about it that Chloe and herself were obliged to make representations of the necessity for help in Kent from every hand and heart, before she consented to spare her. The Forge was deserted; her father had gone into town with the intention of offering a reward to the man who should first reach the wreck. Mary Sutcliffe, hearing this, cried:—

"And I suppose old Drake has offered as much again—hasn't he? Wouldn't I like to see Mr. Mat Sutcliffe, Esquire, handling

that reward! I wish somebody would pay me for doing my duty. I'd put the money right into the contribution box at Mr. Brande's church. Oh yes, don't I see myself doing it!"

"Mary," said Virginia, "you are talking nonsense. Please find some hairpins: mine must have dropped along the path."

She removed the cloak-hood, and her hair tumbled in a mass down her shoulders: she could have hid herself in it.

"Goodness me!" cried Mary, "what splendid hair you've got! I never thought of it before. It is as black as the sky was just now on the quay."

"Have you been to the quay, Mary?" asked Roxalana. "Do content yourself within doors. Where is Tempe?"

"I saw her kiting up-stairs just now. If she does not take care she'll keel over. It is as true as the gospel, that she has got a look in her face as new as a drop of cream would be to my cat."

"Go and tell her that Virginia Brande is here, and she will come back."

"I have always thought," Mary replied, sticking a pin between her teeth, and allowing her eyes to take a reflective cast, "that it was as much as my life was worth to interfere with the way of a Gates; but I may change my mind. I'll go right after Tempe. O Lord-a-mercy, where do you think the two creatures are by this time? Sho! I know they will be along soon: it is not likely that Captain Argus Gates is going to be lost at sea, after he has given up going to sea; and — it would be foolish to suppose that Mat Sutcliffe will venture more than getting his boots soaked through."

"Hairpins, please," said Virginia.

Roxalana asked again, "Where is Tempe? Virginia Brande is here."

Tempe fell into a fit of weeping and laughing the moment she saw Virginia, which was ended by a dead faint.

At last the boat was launched. Argus and Mat were afloat; so much was gained, and Argus thought the danger was preferable to the labor they had undergone in getting ready to risk their lives. The gloomy twilight, spreading from the east, dropped along the shore while they were dragging, pushing, and lifting the boat over the shingle, slush, and into the opposing sea.

"Hell bent be it!" said Mat, apostrophizing the waves, "if you say so. You are not alone, my friends."

Mat seemed a part of the storm: his spirits were in a wild commotion; his clothes were torn and soggy with brine, and his hands were gashed and bloody. Argus had lost his cap, and broken his oar; he bound his head with Mat's woolen comforter, jammed his shoulder against the gunwale, and used the shortened oar with much composure. They did not make much headway: the boat was riding in all directions in the roar and foam of the sea; darkness pressed upon them; they were shut between the low-hanging sky and the shaking plain of water. In the midst of his silent, measured, energetic action, the thoughts of Argus drifted idly back to the trifling events of his life: a new and surprising charm was added to them, as bright, quiet, and warm as the golden dust of a summer sunset which touches everything as it vanishes.

Mat swore at the top of his voice that the wind was more nor'rard, and it would be an even chance about beating or not. Argus looked up and saw a circular break in the clouds, but said nothing.

"By the crucifix," cried Mat, throwing himself forward, "I heard a yell. Where away are we? We are shoaling!"

Argus plunged his hands into the water from the stern-sheets: it felt like the wrinkled, hideous flesh of a monster, trying to creep away.

"We are under lee or there is a lull, for the water don't break," he said. "If the moon was out, we should see the White Flat. I reckon we are on the tongue of the bar, and the vessel has struck below. Her hull must be sunk ten feet by this time, and her shrouds and spars are washed off: that yell will not be heard again."

"Damn 'em," said Mat savagely, "if they have drowned afore ever we could reach 'em, I'll take 'em dead, carry every mother's son of 'em to Kent, and bury 'em against their wills."

The endless, steady-going rockers which slid under them from the bay outside tossed the boat no longer; the wind ceased to smite their faces, but tore overhead and ripped the clouds apart. The moon rolled out, and to the right they saw the ghastly, narrow crest of the White Flat. A mass of spume on their left which hissed madly proved what Argus had said,—that they were close to the end of the bar. Within the limits of the moonlight

they saw nothing. In the bewildering, darkling illumination of the shattering water around them they were alone.

"If she's parted," continued Mat, "something might wash this way,—her gear at least. I'd like to catch a cabin door, or an article to that effect: it might come handy."

Argus did not hear him, for he was overboard. Missing him, Mat gave way for a moment; he felt the keel shove resisting sand, and remained passive, merely muttering, "I'm blasted, but she may drive."

Argus had seen, or thought he had, to the right of the boat, some object dipping in and out of the water and making toward them. He met it coming sideways, where the water was just below his breast; missed a hold of it, struggled for it, the shifting bottom impeding his footway; and the water battled against his head and arms, till, rearing itself up and stranding on the beach, he stumbled and fell beside it exhausted.

Raising himself on his hands and knees, he brought his face close to two persons — a man and a woman — fastened together by the embrace of death. The woman's face was upturned; its white oval, wet and glistening, shed a horrid light; the repeated blows of the murderous waves had tangled and spread her long hair over her. Tears of rage rushed into Argus's eyes when he saw where it had been torn from its roots. Her arms were round the man's head; her hands clutched his temples; his face was so tightly pressed into her bosom that Argus instinctively believed he was still alive in a stifled swoon. *She* was dead. Take her lover away from that breast of stone, Argus; let him not see those open lips,—no longer the crimson gates to the fiery hours of his enjoyment,—nor let him feel those poor bruised fingers clenching his brain; those delicate stems of the will are powerless to creep round his heart! May Satan of the remorseless deep alone know and remember the last hour of this woman's passion, despair, and sacrifice!

Argus rose to his feet, wondering why he saw so clearly; and possessed with an idea which was a mad one, perhaps, but which allied him, in greatness of soul, to the woman before him. He was still confused, and had forgotten where Mat and the boat were; but Mat had seen his dark figure rising against the sky, and was plowing through the sand with the intention of remonstrating with Argus on the impossibility of ever getting it off again. But when he came up behind him, there was something

in his attitude — a familiar one — which imposed his respectful attention. Mat bent over the bodies silently, and touched them with his foot.

"She is dead?" interrogated Argus.

"Never will be more so."

"This man is still alive. Lift his head. I am out of breath. The wind is going down, and we can run back easy."

"It may raly be called pleasant," muttered Mat, on his knees in the sand. "*There, now I have got you, safe enough from her.* God! she put on shirt and trousers to jump overboard with him; swapping deaths, and getting nothing to boot. He is limber: give me the brandy and let's warm up the boy."

"Here," said Argus in a suppressed voice, "pour it down, quick. Have you a lashing? I should like to put her out of his sight: one of the ballast stones will do. Help me to carry her to the other side of the bar: the deep water will cover her."

Mat pretended to be too busy to hear.

"Crazier than ever," he muttered. "I might have known his damned crankiness would bile out somewhere."

Argus wrapped the poor girl in his mackintosh, and staggered towards the boat carrying her; there was no help against it, and Mat rose to his assistance. In a moment or two she was buried in the grave she had so terribly resisted.

The gale was nearly spent, and Mat ventured to hoist the sail. Argus tumbled the still insensible man into the boat by the head and heels, and they ran across the harbor, landing at the quay below the house. Mary was there before the boat was tied to a spile.

"How are you off for elbow-grease?" cried Mat. "Put the lantern down, and jump in: here's a bundle for you to take up to the house. Cap'n and I are clean gone, I tell you. I've lost the rims of my ears, and expect to leave a few toes in these 'ere boots when I pull 'em off. Come, quick!"

Without a word she lifted the man from the bottom of the boat, and with Mat's help, clambered up the wharf and took him into the house. Tempe ran shrieking when she saw him stretched on the floor before the fire in the green room. Roxalana sat rigid, nailed to her chair, incapable of motion at the sight; Virginia and Mary were collected. Mat adroitly peeled off a portion of his wet clothes, and told Mary to rub him like damnation. It was a long time before he gave sign of life. At the first choking breath Mat poured some brandy over his face

and neck; he rose galvanically to a sitting posture, and fell back again, to all appearance dead. But Mat declared he was all right, and presently went out to change his wet clothes for dry ones. Virginia looked up at Argus, convinced herself that the man was saved.

"Take care of me, if you please," he said. "I want brandy, and a dry shirt. How are you, Roxalana?"

At the sound of his voice she turned in her chair. Mat returned with his arms full of clothes for Argus, and asked her if she would be good enough to step out with Virginia, and go to bed. There wasn't any use in praying now, for they were back. Not one of them thought of the unhappy crew, all lost except one who lay before them.

"That 'ere Virginia," said Mat, when she and Roxalana had gone, and he was watching the man's eyelids, "is as mealy a gal as I ever saw in my life. She's cool, and smooth, and soft. She beat Moll in rubbing. Hullo! his eyes are open. Look here, Spaniard, you belong to us. Drink this, my lad, and let me hold you up. So — all right, young un. Shut up, Gates: you are drunk, and have reason to be. I reckon you are black and blue from the bruises you got. I've had a pint of swipes myself, and feel inwardly correct. Hark ye, — he's off in a reglar, natural sleep, ain't he?"

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A SUMMER NIGHT

I FEEL the breath of the summer night,
Aromatic fire;
The trees, the vines, the flowers are astir
With tender desire.

The white moths flutter about the lamp,
Enamored with light;
And a thousand creatures softly sing
A song to the night!

But I am alone; and how can I sing
Praises to thee?
Come, Night! unveil the beautiful soul
That waiteth for me.

EL MANALO

In the still dark shade of the palace wall,
Where the peacocks strut,
Where the Queen may have heard my madrigal,
Together we sat.

My sombrero hid the fire in my eyes,
And shaded her own;
This serge cloak stifled her sweet little cries,
When I kissed her mouth.

The pale olive-trees on the distant plain,
The jagged blue rocks,
The vaporous sea—like mountain chain
Dropped into the night.

We saw the lights in the palace flare;
The musicians played;
The red guards slashed and sabred the stair
And cursed the old king.

In the long black shade of the palace wall,
We sat the night through;
Under my cloak—but I cannot tell all
The Queen may have seen!

MERCEDES

Under a sultry yellow sky
On the yellow sand I lie;
The crinkled vapors smite my brain,—
I smolder in a fiery pain.

Above the crags the condor flies,—
He knows where the red gold lies;
He knows where the diamonds shine:
If I knew, would she be mine?

Mercedes in her hammock swings;
In her court a palm-tree flings
Its slender shadow on the ground;
The fountain falls with silver sound.

Her lips are like this cactus cup;
With my hand I crush it up;
I tear its flaming leaves apart,—
Would that I could tear her heart.

Last night a man was at her gate,—
In the hedge I lay in wait;
I saw Mercedes meet him there,
By the fireflies in her hair.

I waited till the break of day,
Then I rose and stole away;
But I left my dagger in the gate;—
Now she knows her lover's fate!

NAMELESS PAIN

I SHOULD be happy with my lot:
A wife and mother,—is it not
Enough for me to be content?
What other blessing could be sent?

A quiet house, and homely ways,
That make each day like other days;
I only see Time's shadow now
Darken the hair on baby's brow.

No world's work ever comes to me,
No beggar brings his misery;
I have no power, no healing art,
With bruisèd soul or broken heart.

I read the poets of the age,—
'Tis lotus-eating in a cage;
I study art, but art is dead
To one who clamors to be fed

With milk from Nature's rugged breast,
Who longs for Labor's lusty rest.
O foolish wish! I still should pine
If any other lot were mine.

ON THE CAMPAGNA

Stop on the Appian Way,
In the Roman Campagna,—
Stop at my tomb,
The tomb of Cecilia Metella!
To-day as you see it
Alaric saw it, ages ago,
When he, with his pale-visaged Goths,
Sat at the gates of Rome,
Reading his Runic shield.
Odin! thy curse remains!

Beneath these battlements
My bones were stirred with Roman pride,
Though centuries before my Romans died:
Now my bones are dust; the Goths are dust.
The river-bed is dry where sleeps the king;
My tomb remains.
When Rome commanded the earth,
Great were the Metelli:
I was Metellus's wife;
I loved him,—and I died.
Then with slow patience built he this memorial:
Each century marks his love.

Pass by on the Appian Way
The tomb of Cecilia Metella.
Wild shepherds alone seek its shelter,
Wild buffaloes tramp at its base,
Deep in its desolation,
Deep as the shadow of Rome!

ON MY BED OF A WINTER NIGHT

On my bed of a winter night,
Deep in a sleep, and deep in a dream,
What care I for the wild wind's scream?
What to me is its crooked flight?

On the sea of a summer's day,
Wrapped in the folds of a snowy sail,

What care I for the fitful gale,
Now in earnest, and now in play?

What care I for the fitful wind,
That groans in a gorge, or sighs in a tree?
Groaning and sighing are nothing to me;
For I am a man of steadfast mind.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

(1825–)

THE poems of Richard Henry Stoddard, one of America's truest lyrical poets, were collected and published in a complete edition in 1880. The 'Early Poems' form the first of the periods into which, for convenience's sake, the book is divided; the 'Songs of Summer' with 'The King's Bell' the second; the 'Songs of the East' the third; and 'Later Poems' the fourth. They represent the work of thirty years. In 1890 he published 'The Lion's Cub and Other Verses,' a book not unworthy of his maturity.

Stoddard's early verses, too good to be purely original, are perhaps the nearest approach made by any youthful poet to the tuneful phrases and overflowing melody of Keats. But the poet of twenty had lighted his fire with the divine torch. The song

R. H. STODDARD

"You know the old Hidalgo,"

the serenade

"But music has a golden key,"—

songs of the gay troubadour singing under the latticed window,—are true lyrics, showing those peculiar traits of poetic power which are recognizable through all the changes consequent upon nearly fifty years of study and development. These traits are a passionate love of beauty, affluence, virility, and imagination; and a minor but unusual quality, that of childlike unselfconsciousness. He propounds no questions, he seeks to solve no problems. He is a poet, not a metaphysician.

Stoddard learned to "find" his art, according to his own confession, in his early poems. 'The Songs of Summer' are made up of short poems in which his warm imagination gives life to the simplest themes. Among the best known of them are 'There are Gains for all Our Losses,' 'Two Brides,' 'Through the Night,' and the songs 'The Sky is a Drinking-Cup,' and 'Birds are Singing Round my Window.'

Beginning with a measure a little less regular than that of Keats, Stoddard departed gradually from the even ten-syllabled rhyme, and adopted freer movements for his varied themes. This is perceptible in —

> «The young child Jesus had a garden
> Full of roses rich and rare,»

a poem which might be inscribed under one of Francia's pictures.

Few men have sung with so pure a spontaneity, preserving at the same time the canons of art. There is infinite variety in 'The Book of the East.' Its versifications are made from translations by many hands, and not translations at first hand. That love of beauty, that «sensuous love of earth» which passionately possessed him, led Stoddard to use in maturer years the language of the Orient, as in youth it had led him to echo 'Endymion.' But through the caressing measures of the Persian, the ringing rhythm of the Tartar, the sensuous tenderness of the Arab songs, through the Chinese songs where he runs the gamut of sweetness, sentiment, homely naturalism, and savage passion,—through all these themes and quantities the poet keeps himself always within the limits of accurate and organic composition.

His narrative poems, scattered through all four volumes, owe much of their simplicity and strength to the vigor and purity of his prose. In 'The Fisher and Charon,' in 'Proserpine,' in 'The King's Sentinel,' in 'The Pearl of the Philippines,' and in 'Wratislaw,' his imagination and his strength blending, find completest expression.

It was said of Browning that he was «a woman's man.» Stoddard is essentially «a man's man.» In his 'Book of the East,'—poems which exhibit to the full his delicate sensuousness,—he has the Oriental view of woman, feeling her helplessness and her witchery. In his 'Songs of the Mystic' he watches the passing of youth and love, the approach of age and sorrow, with all of the poet's, of the man's, regret; yet retains his strength and sweetness, his love of love and warfare, to the end. The 'Later Poems' contain many of his noblest efforts,—poems that express the highest flights and largest freedom of his poetical genius.

Mr. Stoddard was born July 2d, 1825, at Hingham, Massachusetts. His father was a sea-captain, who died when his son was ten years old. It was doubtless owing to this parentage, and to his early influences and associations, that the poet's songs of the sea are so appreciative of its mystery and its charm. After his father's death he came with his mother to New York, where he received a common-school education, supplemented by independent study. He served for some time in the New York Dock Department, and spent seventeen

years in the Custom House, in an employment dignified by the example of Hawthorne at Salem, and of Lamb at the East India House. During this time he did much scholarly prose work, generally as a literary essayist and critic.

SONG

From 'The Poems of Richard Henry Stoddard.' Copyright 1880, by Charles Scribner's Sons

You know the old Hidalgo
(His box is next to ours)
Who threw the Prima Donna
The wreath of orange-flowers:
He owns the half of Aragon,
With mines beyond the main;
A very ancient nobleman
And gentleman of Spain.

They swear that I must wed him,
In spite of yea or nay,
Though uglier than the Scaramouch,
The spectre in the play;
But I will sooner die a maid
Than wear a gilded chain,
For all the ancient noblemen
And gentlemen of Spain!

A SERENADE

From 'The Poems of Richard Henry Stoddard.' Copyright 1880, by Charles Scribner's Sons

The moon is muffled in a cloud
That folds the lover's star,
But still beneath thy balcony
I touch my soft guitar.

If thou art waking, Lady dear,
The fairest in the land,
Unbar thy wreathèd lattice now,
And wave thy snowy hand.

She hears me not, her spirit lies
In trances mute and deep;

But Music has a golden key
That opes the gate of Sleep.

Then let her sleep; and if I fail
To set her spirit free,
My song will mingle in her dream,
And she will dream of me.

THE YELLOW MOON

From 'The Poems of Richard Henry Stoddard.' Copyright 1880, by Charles Scribner's Sons

THE yellow Moon looks slantly down
Through seaward mists, upon the town;
And ghost-like there the moonshine falls
Between the dim and shadowy walls.

I see a crowd in every street,
But cannot hear their falling feet;
They float like clouds through shade and light,
And seem a portion of the Night.

The ships have lain for ages fled
Along the waters, dark and dead;
The dying waters wash no more
The long black line of spectral shore.

There is no life on land or sea,
Save in the quiet Moon and me;
Nor ours is true, but only seems,
Within some dead old World of Dreams.

THE SKY IS A DRINKING-CUP

Adapted from the Persian. From 'The Poems of Richard Henry Stoddard.' Copyright 1880, by Charles Scribner's Sons

THE sky is a drinking-cup
That was overturned of old,
And it pours in the eyes of men
Its wine of airy gold.

We drink that wine all day,
Till the last drop is drained up,
And are lighted off to bed
By the jewels in the cup!

THE TWO BRIDES

From 'The Poems of Richard Henry Stoddard.' Copyright 1880, by Charles Scribner's Sons

I saw two maids at the kirk,
And both were fair and sweet:
One in her wedding robe,
And one in her winding-sheet.

The choristers sang the hymn,
The sacred rites were read;
And one for life to Life,
And one to Death, was wed.

They were borne to their bridal beds
In loveliness and bloom;
One in a merry castle,
And one in a solemn tomb.

One on the morrow woke
In a world of sin and pain;
But the other was happier far,
And never awoke again.

THE FLIGHT OF YOUTH

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There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign:
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain:
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
But it never comes again.

THE SEA

From 'The Poems of Richard Henry Stoddard.' Copyright 1880, by Charles Scribner's Sons

You stooped and picked a red-lipped shell,
Beside the shining sea:
"This little shell, when I am gone,
Will whisper still of me."
I kissed your hands, upon the sands,
For you were kind to me.

I hold the shell against my ear,
And hear its hollow roar:
It speaks to me about the sea,
But speaks of you no more.
I pace the sands, and wring my hands,
For you are kind no more.

THE SEA

From 'The Poems of Richard Henry Stoddard.' Copyright 1880, by Charles Scribner's Sons

Thou pallid fisher maiden,
That standest by the shore,
Why dost thou watch the ocean,
And hearken to its roar?

It is some Danish sailor,
That sails the Spanish main;
Nor will thy roses redden
Till he returns again.

Thou simple fisher maiden,
He cares no more for thee:
He sleeps with the mermaidens,
The witches of the sea.

Thou shouldst not watch the ocean,
And hearken to its roar,
When bridal bells are ringing
In little kirks ashore.

Go, dress thee for thy bridal:
A stalwart man like me
Is worth a thousand sailors
Whose bones are in the sea.

ALONG THE GRASSY SLOPE I SIT

From 'The Poems of Richard Henry Stoddard.' Copyright 1880, by Charles Scribner's Sons

ALONG the grassy slope I sit,
And dream of other years;
My heart is full of soft regrets,
My eyes of tender tears.

The wild bees hummed about the spot,
The sheep-bells tinkled far,
Last year when Alice sat with me,
Beneath the evening star.

The same sweet star is o'er me now,
Around the same soft hours;
But Alice molders in the dust
With all the last year's flowers.

I sit alone, and only hear
The wild bees on the steep,
And distant bells that seem to float
From out the folds of Sleep.

THE SHADOW OF THE HAND

From 'The Poems of Richard Henry Stoddard.' Copyright 1880, by Charles Scribner's Sons

(ITALY)

YOU were very charming, Madam,
In your silks and satins fine;
And you made your lovers drunken,
But it was not with your wine.
There were court-gallants in dozens,
There were princes of the land,
And they would have perished for you,
As they knelt and kissed your hand.
For they saw no stain upon it,
It was such a snowy hand.

But for me, I knew you better;
And while you were flaunting there,

I remembered some one lying
With the blood on his white hair.
He was pleading for you, Madam,
Where the shriven spirits stand;
But the Book of Life was darkened
By the shadow of a hand.
It was tracing your perdition,
For the blood upon your hand!

PAIN IN AUTUMN

From 'The Poems of Richard Henry Stoddard.' Copyright 1880, by Charles Scribner's Sons

A DROWSY pain, a dull, dead pain
Preys on my heart, and clouds my brain;
And shadows brood above my dreams,
Like spectral mists o'er haunted streams.

There is no fire within the grate,
The room is cold and desolate,
And dampness on the window-panes
Foretells the equinoctial rains.
The stony road runs past the door,
Dry and dusty evermore;
Up and down the people go,
Shadowy figures, sad and slow,
And the strange houses lie below.

Across the road the dark elms wait,
Ranged in a row before the gate,
Giving their voices to the wind,
And their sorrows to my mind.
Behind the house the river flows,
Half unrest and half repose:
Ships lie below with mildewed sails,
Tattered in forgotten gales;
Along each hulk a whitish line,
The dashing of the ancient brine.
Beyond, the spaces of the sea,
Which old Ocean's portals be:
The land runs out its horns of sand,
And the sea comes in to meet the land.

Sky sinks to sea, sea swells to sky,
Till they meet, and mock the eye,
And where they meet the sand-hills lie;
No cattle in their pastures seen,
For the yellow grass was never green.
With a calm and solemn stare
They look to heaven in blank despair,
And heaven, with pity dumb the while,
Looks down again with a sickly smile.

The sky is gray, half dark, half bright,
Swimming in dim, uncertain light,
Something between the day and night.
And the winds blow, but soft and low,
Unheard, unheeded in their woe;
Like some sick heart, too near o'erthrown
To vent its grief by sigh or moan,
Some heart that breaks, like mine—alone.

And here I dwell, condemned to see,
And be, what all these phantoms be,
Within this realm of penal pain,
Beside the melancholy main:
The waste which lies, as legend saith,
Between the worlds of Life and Death;
A soul from Life to Death betrayed,
A shadow in the world of shade.

BIRDS

From 'The Poems of Richard Henry Stoddard.' Copyright 1880, by Charles Scribner's Sons

BIRDS are singing round my window,
Tunes the sweetest ever heard;
And I hang my cage there daily,
But I never catch a bird.

So with thoughts my brain is peopled,
And they sing there all day long;
But they will not fold their pinions
In the little cage of Song!

THE DEAD

From 'The Poems of Richard Henry Stoddard.' Copyright 1880, by Charles Scribner's Sons

I THINK about the dead by day,
I dream of them at night:
They seem to stand beside my chair,
Clad in the clothes they used to wear,
And by my bed in white.

The commonplaces of their lives,
The lightest words they said,
Revive in me, and give me pain,
And make me wish them back again,
Or wish that I were dead.

I would be kinder to them now,
Were they alive once more;
Would kiss their cheeks, and kiss their hair,
And love them, like the angels there,
Upon the silent shore.

THEODOR STORM

(1817–1888)

THEODOR STORM is one of the masters of the German *novelle*. His range is somewhat limited, for he is intensely national, almost sectional. Born in Husum, a small town on the seacoast of Schleswig-Holstein, he had the Northerner's deep love for home; and all his work is colored by this love. After passing through the gymnasium of his native town, he went to Lübeck to prepare for the university. Here his love of poetry was awakened; and Goethe, Eichendorf, and Heine exerted an influence upon him which he never outgrew. He studied law at Kiel and at Berlin, and settled down to a quiet practice at Husum. The revolutionary disturbances of 1848 drove him from his home, and led him to accept positions under the Prussian government; first at Potsdam, and then at Heiligenstadt in Southern Germany. During these latter years he acquired that intimate acquaintance with Southern manners and modes of thinking which he turned to artistic uses in some of his stories. He returned to Husum in 1864, where he held the position of *landvogt* until 1880. He then retired to his country home in Holstein; and some of his most delightful work was produced in his old age.

THEODOR STORM

Storm led the most uneventful of lives. happy in his family and conscientious in his official duties. In his literary work there is very curiously an ever-returning undertone of sadness, of lost hopes, of disappointed lives. He began his literary career as lyric poet,—by 'Liederbuch Dreier Freunde' (Song-Book of Three Friends), a small volume published in 1843 in conjunction with Tycho and Theodor Mommsen. By their truth to nature and their simple pathos these poems promised to place Storm high among German lyric poets, had not his growing fame as story-teller led him to cultivate prose at the expense of poetry. His first great success was 'Immen-see,' published in 1850. Even to-day it is one of the most popular and best known of his works. It is a story of reminiscence,—an old man going back

to his youth to live over again, in the twilight hour, the days of his young lost love. This harking back to bygone times runs more or less through all of Storm's work. It determines the form,—a tale told in the first person by an elderly speaker; and it colors the spirit, toning it down to the gray of sorrows outlived but not forgotten. Renunciation and resignation are the watchwords of most of his stories.

With his return home in 1864, a new and the most fruitful period of his work began, marked by a great advance in characterization and in firmness of touch; he is also more dramatic: 'In St. Jürgen' is an example. He next tried the artist novel, a favorite type with German writers. 'Psyche,' published in 1875, has been especially praised by German critics. Some of his strongest work was done in the so-called chronicle novels,—romantic tales with a historic background, delineating North German life in the seventeenth century. 'Aquis Submersis' is one of the best of these, and by some critics considered the finest he ever wrote. 'Pole Poppenspäler' (Paul the Puppet-Player), written in 1877 for the children's magazine Deutsche Jugend, is one of his most charming stories. He composed it with the utmost care, on the principle that only the best is good enough for children, and that one should not "write down" to them. He has also cultivated the Märchen: of these, 'Die Regentrude' (Rain-Gertrude) is a most happy example of the blending of the real with the fantastic.

After his retirement his country home became a Mecca for literary pilgrimages. He was a favorite of the German reading public, because of his poetical, dreamy sentiment, his simplicity, his love of home, and his finished workmanship. He knows how to create an atmosphere and to produce a mood; he is one of the great masters of the short story of character and sentiment.

AFTER YEARS

From 'Immen-see'

Once more years have fled. It is a warm spring afternoon; and a young man, with sunburnt and strongly marked features, strolls leisurely along a shady road leading down the side of a hill. His grave gray eyes seem watching attentively for some alteration in the monotonous features of the road, which is long in making its appearance. By-and-by a cart comes slowly up the hill. "Halloo, good friend," cries the

wanderer to the peasant trudging by its side, «does this road lead to Immen-see?»

«Straight on,» replies the man, touching his round hat.

«Is it far from here?»

«Your Honor's just there. You'll see the lake before you could half finish a pipe: the manor-house is close on to it.»

The peasant went his way, and the other quickened his pace under the trees. After a quarter of a mile their friendly shade ceased on the left hand; and the path lay along the ridge of a descent, wooded with ancient oaks, whose crests hardly reached the level on which the traveler stood. Beyond these a wide landscape was glowing in the sunlight. Far beneath him lay the lake, calm, dark-blue, almost encircled by green waving forests, which, opening on but one side, disclosed an extensive perspective, bounded in its turn by a blue mountain range. Exactly opposite, it seemed as if snow had been strown among the green foliage of the woods: this effect was caused by the fruit-trees, now in full blossom; and amidst them, crowning the bank of the lake, stood the whitewashed manor-house,—a substantial edifice covered with red tiles. A stork flew from the chimney and circled slowly over the water. «Immen-see!» cried the traveler. It almost seemed as if he had reached the end of his journey; for he stood several minutes perfectly motionless, gazing over the summits of the trees at his feet towards the opposite shore, where the reflection of the house lay gently quivering on the water. Then suddenly he continued his course.

The descent now became steep, so that the trees again shaded the path; but also shut out all view of the prospect beyond, of which a glimpse could only now and then be caught through their branches. Soon the ground again rose, and the woods were replaced by well-cultivated vineyards; on both sides of the road stood blossoming fruit-trees, among whose fragrant branches the bees were humming merrily and rifling the flowers. A stately man, clad in a brown coat, now advanced to meet our pedestrian; and when within a few paces he waved his cap in the air, and in a clear hearty voice joyfully exclaimed, «Welcome, brother Reinhardt! welcome to Immen-see!»

«God bless you, Eric! thanks for your kind welcome!» cried the other in answer.

Here the old friends met, and a hearty shaking of hands followed. «But is it really you?» said Eric after the first

greeting, as he looked closely into the grave countenance of his old schoolfellow.

"Certainly it is I. And you are your old self too, Eric; only you look, if possible, even more cheerful than you always used to do."

At these words a pleasant smile made Eric's simple features look even merrier than before. "Yes, brother Reinhardt," said he, once more pressing his friend's hand: "since then I have drawn the great prize. But you know all about that." Then, rubbing his hands and chuckling with inward satisfaction, he added, "That will be a surprise! She'd never expect him,—not him, to all eternity!"

"A surprise? To whom then?" demanded Reinhardt.

"To Elizabeth."

"Elizabeth! You do not mean that you have not told her of my visit?"

"Not a word, brother Reinhardt! She's not expecting you, nor does mother either. I invited you quite privately, that the pleasure might be all the greater. You know how I enjoy carrying out my little plans sometimes."

Reinhardt grew thoughtful; and as they approached the house, he with difficulty drew breath. On the left hand the vineyards were soon succeeded by a large kitchen-garden, stretching down to the water's edge. Meanwhile the stork had descended to *terra firma*, and was marching gravely among the vegetable beds. "Halloo!" cried Eric, clapping his hands: "is that long-legged Egyptian stealing my short pea-sticks again?" The bird rose slowly, and perched on the roof of a new building, which, almost covered by the branches of the peach and apricot trees trained against it, lay at the end of the kitchen garden. "That is the manufactory," said Eric. "I had that added two years ago. The business-premises were built by my father, of blessed memory; the dwelling-house dates from my grandfather's time. So each generation gets forward a little."

As he spoke, they reached an open space, bounded on both sides by the business premises, and on the background by the manor-house, whose two wings were joined by a high garden wall; which did not, however, quite shut out all view of the rows of dark yew-trees within, and over which drooped here and there the clusters of the now flowering lilacs. Men with faces heated alike by toil and exposure came and went, and saluted the two

friends; and for each Eric had some order or inquiry respecting his daily work. At length they reached the house. A cool and spacious hall received them, at the end of which they entered a somewhat darker side passage. Here Eric opened a door, and they passed into a large garden-room. The thick foliage which covered the windows had filled both sides of this apartment with a sort of green twilight; but between these the wide-open folding-doors at once admitted the full splendor of the spring sunshine, and revealed the charming view of a garden, full of circular flower-beds and dark shady alleys, and divided down the centre by a broad walk, beyond which appeared the lake and the forest on its opposite shore. As the two companions entered, a breeze laden with delicious perfume from the parterres was wafted towards them.

On the terrace, facing the garden, sat a slight, girlish figure. She rose, and advanced to meet the new-comers; but half-way paused and stared at the stranger, motionless as though rooted to the spot. He smiled, and held his hand towards her. "Reinhardt!" cried she, "Reinhardt! My God! is it you? It is long since we met."

"Long indeed," said he,—and could utter no more; for as he heard her voice, a sharp bodily pang shot through his heart; and when he looked at her, she stood before him, the same sweet tender form to whom years ago, he had bidden farewell in his native place.

Eric, his whole face beaming with delight, had remained standing at the door. "Well, Elizabeth," said he, "what do you say to that? You didn't expect him,—not him, to all eternity!"

Elizabeth's eyes were turned with a look of sisterly affection towards him. "You are always so kind, Eric!" said she.

He took her small hand caressingly in his. "And now we have got him," said he, "we will not let him go again in a hurry. He has been so long away, we must make him one of ourselves. He looks quite a stranger. Only see what a fine gentleman he has become!"

Elizabeth stole a shy glance at the well-remembered face.

"It is only the time that we have not seen each other," said he.

At this moment her mother entered, a little key-basket jingling on her arm. "Mr. Werner!" exclaimed she, on perceiving Reinhardt; "a guest as welcome as unexpected!" And now

the conversation became general. The ladies settled themselves to their needlework; and while Reinhardt partook of the refreshments provided for him, Eric lighted his pipe, and sat, puffing and discoursing, by his side. . . .

Some days after this, when evening was drawing on, the family were assembled, as usual at this hour, in the garden-room. The door stood open, and the sun had already sunk behind the forests beyond the lake.

At the request of the whole party, Reinhardt consented to read aloud some ballads which he had that afternoon received from a friend in the country. He went to his room, and returned, bringing a roll of papers, which seemed to consist of several clearly written but detached sheets of paper.

They seated themselves round the table, Elizabeth by Reinhardt's side. "We will take them as they come," said he. "I have not yet had time to look them over."

Elizabeth unrolled the manuscripts. "Some are set to music," said she. "You must sing them, Reinhardt."

The first he came to were some Tyrolese herdsman's songs, of which he now and then hummed the cheerful airs as he read. A general gayety began to pervade the little circle.

"Who can have composed these charming songs?" asked Elizabeth.

"Ah!" said Eric, "easy enough to guess, I should think! Journeymen tailors and hairdressers, and merry souls of that sort!"

"They never were composed," observed Reinhardt: "they grow,—fall from the air, are borne on every breeze, like the gossamers, and are sung in thousands of spots at the same moment. Every circumstance of our own most personal actions or sufferings may be found described among these ballads. It is as though all had helped to write them."

He took up another sheet. "I stood on the high mountain—"

"I know that!" cried Elizabeth. "You begin, and I will join in, Reinhardt!" And now they sang together that wondrous melody, which one can hardly believe to have been discovered by any merely human being; Elizabeth with her rather subdued contralto accompanying his deeper tones.

The mother sat meanwhile stitching industriously at her needlework; and Eric had folded his hands, and was listening with the most devout attention. They finished; and Reinhardt

silently laid the paper aside. From the shore of the lake the chiming of the cattle bells was borne through the still evening air. Involuntarily they listened, and then in a clear boy's voice, the familiar sounds broke on their ear:—

"I stood on the high mountain,
And marked the vale beneath."

Reinhardt smiled. "Do you not hear? So it is carried from mouth to mouth."

"It is often sung about here," said Elizabeth.

"Yes," remarked Eric: "it is only Caspar the cowboy, driving home the cattle."

They listened till the sounds had died away.

"Those are creation's echoes, and sleep in the forest depths," said Reinhardt; "God alone knows who first awakened them."

He drew out a fresh leaf.

It had already grown darker, and a crimson glow now bathed the distant woods which bounded their horizon. Reinhardt unrolled the paper. Elizabeth laid her hand on its other side, and looked over the lines with him. Reinhardt read:—

"Mother would not list to me:
The other's bride I was to be;
All I had learnt to cherish
Was from my heart to perish:
But that could never be.

"Mother well her work may rue:
Whom I fondly loved she knew;
What else had been so blameless
Is sinful now and shameless.
What shall I do?

"For all my joy and pride
I've now this grief to hide:
Ah, were those vows unsaid!
Ah, could I beg my bread
Far o'er yon brown hillside!"

While reading, Reinhardt had noticed a slight trembling of the paper; and as he uttered the last words, Elizabeth gently pushed back her chair and passed silently into the garden. Her mother's look followed her. Eric would have gone after her;

but her mother remarked, "Elizabeth is engaged in the garden," and nothing more passed.

Gradually the pall of evening descended deeper and deeper on lake and garden. The bats flew whirring past the open doors, through which the perfume of the flowers and shrubs entered with ever-increasing strength. From the water rose the croaking of the frogs; and while the moon shed her calm radiance over the whole scene, a nightingale under the window commenced her song, soon answered by another from a thicket in the garden. Reinhardt's gaze long rested on the spot where Elizabeth's graceful form had disappeared among the trees; then he rolled up his papers, and bowing to his companions, he passed through the house and down to the quiet water.

The silent forests threw their dark shadows far out over the lake, while the centre glistened in the pale moonlight. As he passed, a slight breeze shivered among the trees; but it was not wind,—it was but the breath of the summer night. Reinhardt strolled along the shore; and presently, at about a stone's-throw from the water's edge, he perceived a white water-lily. All at once the wish seized him to examine it more closely; and throwing off his clothes, he sprang into the water. The bottom was level. Sharp stones and plants wounded his feet, and still it never became deep enough for swimming. Suddenly the ground ceased from beneath him, the water closed over his head, and it was some time before he again rose to the surface. Now he struggled with hand and foot; and swam round in circles until he could find out where he had entered the lake. Soon he again saw the lily. She lay lonely among her broad, shining leaves. He swam slowly out, now and then raising his arms out of the water, while the falling drops glittered in the moonlight. Still it seemed as though the distance between himself and the flower would never lessen: only when he looked towards the shore its outline grew ever more and more indistinct. He would not, however, be baffled, and swimming boldly forward, he came at length so close to the object of his pursuit that he could clearly distinguish its silvery leaves; but at the same moment he felt himself caught in a network of its strong and slippery roots, which, rising from the earth, had entwined themselves round his naked limbs. The unknown waters stretched black around him; close behind he heard the spring of a fish; suddenly so strong a thrill of horror came over him in the strange element, that

violently tearing himself free from the tangled plants, he swam in breathless haste to the shore. Here he once more looked back over the lake, where, beautiful and distant as ever, the lily yet floated upon the surface of the dark deep. He dressed, and returned slowly to the house; where, on entering, he found Eric and his mother-in-law busied with the preparations for a short journey on business matters which was to take place the following day.

"Why, where have you been so late at night?" cried the lady.

"I?" replied he: "I wished to pay a visit to the water-lily; but I could not manage it."

"Who would ever think of such a thing?" said Eric. "What the deuce had you to do with the lily?"

"I knew her well in former days,—a long time ago," answered Reinhardt.

The following day Reinhardt and Elizabeth wandered together on the farther shore of the lake; now through the wood, and now on the steep and high banks by the water-side. Eric had begged Elizabeth during his and her mother's absence to show their visitor all the most beautiful views of the neighborhood; and especially those from the farther shore, which commanded the house itself. Thus they rambled from one lovely spot to another, until at length Elizabeth became tired, and seated herself in the shade of some overhanging branches. Reinhardt stood opposite to her, leaning against the trunk of a tree. All at once, deep in the forest, he heard the cry of the cuckoo; and suddenly it struck him that all this had happened just so once before.

"Shall we gather strawberries?" asked he, with a bitter smile.

"It is not the strawberry season," she replied.

"It will soon be here, however."

Elizabeth shook her head in silence. She rose, and they continued their stroll. Often and often did his earnest gaze rest on her as she walked by his side,—she moved so gracefully, almost as though borne along by her light, floating drapery. Frequently he involuntarily remained a step behind, that he might the better observe her; and thus proceeding, they arrived at a wide, open heath, from which there was an extensive prospect over the surrounding country. Reinhardt stooped, and gathered something

from among the plants which covered the ground. When he again looked up, his whole face bore an expression of passionate sorrow. "Do you know this flower?" demanded he.

She looked at him inquiringly. "It is a heath: I have often found them in the woods."

"I have an old book at home," continued he, "in which formerly I used to write all sorts of rhymes and songs,—though it is very long now since I did so. Between its leaves there lies another heath-blossom, though it is but a withered one. Do you remember who gave it me?"

She bowed her head without reply; but her downcast eyes rested fixedly on the plant which he held in his hand. So they stood a long time; and as she again raised her eyes to his, he saw that they were full of tears.

"Elizabeth," said he, "behind yonder blue mountains lies our youth. Alas! what traces of it remain to us?"

Neither spoke further. In silence they again descended to the lake. The air was sultry and heavy; lowering clouds began to gather in the west. "There will be a storm," said Elizabeth, quickening her steps. Reinhardt nodded silently, and both walked rapidly along the shore till they reached their boat.

As Reinhardt steered across, his look turned constantly on his companion; but no answering glance met his. With eyes fixed on the far distance, Elizabeth sat opposite to him, and allowed her hand to lie on the edge of the little skiff. Gradually his gaze sunk, and rested on it; and in a moment this slight and wasted hand betrayed all that her face had striven so well to conceal. On it the secret grief which will so frequently show itself in a beautiful woman-hand that lies all night on a sickened heart, had left its unmistakable traces; but as Elizabeth felt his eyes resting on her hand, she allowed it to glide slowly overboard into the water.

On arriving at home, they found a knife-grinder's cart posted in front of the house. A man with long and shaggy black locks stood busily turning the wheel and humming a gipsy air, while a dog, harnessed to his little vehicle, lay growling beside him on the ground. In the hall stood a ragged girl, with disfigured though once beautiful features, who stretched her hand towards Elizabeth, imploring charity. Reinhardt felt in his pocket; but Elizabeth was too quick for him, and hastily pouring the whole contents of her purse into the beggar's hand, she turned abruptly

away. Reinhardt heard her smothered sobs as she passed up the stairs.

His first impulse was to follow her, but instantly recollecting himself, he remained behind. The girl still stood motionless in the hall, the money just given her in her hand.

«What do you want?» asked Reinhardt.

She started violently. «I want nothing more,» said she. Then turning her head and fixing on him her piercing gaze, she retreated slowly towards the door. A cry, a name, burst from his lips; but she heard it not. With bowed head, and arms folded on her breast, she crossed the court-yard below; while in his ear there sounded the long-forgotten and ominous words,—

«Death, death will o'ertake me,
Friendless,—alone.»

For a few moments the very power of breathing seemed suspended; then he too turned, and sought the solitude of his own chamber.

He seated himself, and tried to study: but he could not collect his scattered thoughts; and after wasting an hour in a fruitless effort to fix his attention, he went down to the general sitting-room. No one was there,—only the cool green twilight. On Elizabeth's work-table lay a red ribbon she had worn the previous day. He took it in his hand; but its very touch gave him pain, and he laid it down on its old resting-place. He could not rest. He went down to the lake, and unmooring the boat, he steered across, and once more went over every spot that he had visited so shortly before with Elizabeth. When he again returned to the house it was dark, and in the court-yard he met the coachman taking the carriage-horses to graze; the travelers were just returned. As he entered the hall, he heard Eric pacing up and down the garden-room. Reinhardt could not go to him. A moment he paused irresolute; then he softly mounted the stairs leading to his own room. Here he threw himself into an arm-chair at the window. He tried to persuade himself that he was listening to the nightingale which was already singing among the yew-trees beneath him; but he only heard the wild throbbing of his own heart. Below in the house all were going to rest. The night passed away; but he felt it not. For hours he sat thus. At length he rose, and lay down in the open window. The night-dew trickled between the leaves; the nightingale had left

off singing. Gradually towards the east the deep blue of the leaves was broken by a pale yellow flush; a fresh breeze sprang up and played on Reinhardt's burning forehead; the first lark sprang rejoicing in the air. Reinhardt turned quickly from the window, and went to the table. He felt for a pencil, with which he traced a few lines on a loose sheet of paper. This done, he took his hat and stick, and leaving the note on his desk, he carefully opened the door and descended into the hall. The gray dawn still rested in every corner: the great cat stretched herself out on the straw mat, and rubbed herself against the hand which he unconsciously held towards her. In the garden, however, the sparrows were already twittering among the branches, and proclaimed to every one that the night was past. Suddenly he heard a door open above. Some one came down the stairs, and as he looked up, Elizabeth stood before him. She laid her hand on his arm; she moved her lips, but he caught no sound. "Thou wilt never come back," said she at length. "I know it. Do not deceive me. Thou wilt never come back."

"Never!" said he. She let her hand fall, and said no more. He crossed the hall to the door, and there he once more turned towards her. She stood motionless on the same spot, and gazed after him with dead, glazing eyes. He made one step forward, and stretched out his arms; then violently he tore himself away, and went out. Without lay the world in the fresh morning light. The dewdrops hanging in the spiders' webs sparkled in the first rays of the sun. He looked not behind. Quickly he hurried forward; and as he left that quiet home farther and farther behind, there rose before him the wide, wide world.

Translation of H. Clark.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY

(1819–1896)

William Wetmore Story made himself accomplished in two arts, like Blake or Rossetti. As a sculptor he was distinguished, and he was a graceful writer of both prose and verse. His statues of Edward Everett, George Peabody, Francis Scott Key, Lowell, Bryant, Theodore Parker, or of such ideal or historical subjects as Cleopatra, Medea, and The African Spirit, gave him wide reputation. His published writings are of a varied nature, ranging from legal books to love lyrics and odes of occasion. He was one of those cultured Americans who by long residence abroad become cosmopolitan in spirit, and reflect their environment in their work.

W. W. Story

William Wetmore Story's father was Judge Joseph Story, the noted jurist, whose life the son wrote. William was born in Salem, Massachusetts, February 19th, 1819; and after being graduated from Harvard in 1838, studied law, was admitted to the bar, and published several legal works. But the desire to follow an art was strong in him; and in 1848 he went to Rome, became a sculptor, wrote many books, and resided at the Italian capital the remainder of his life, a conspicuous member of the American colony. He died there in 1896.

As early as 1842 Story was editing and publishing law reports; and two years later appeared his Phi Beta Kappa poem at Harvard. His first book of 'Poems' dates from 1847; half a dozen volumes of verse were printed during a period of well-nigh half a century,—the final volume being 'A Poet's Portfolio' (1894), a volume of mingled prose and verse in dialogue form, continuing the earlier 'He and She: A Poet's Portfolio' (1883), and containing clever social verse and pungent prose comment on life. Perhaps his most picturesque and sympathetic prose is to be found in 'Roba di Roma: or Walks and Talks about Rome' (1862), to which a sequel was 'The Castle of St. Angelo and the Evil Eye.' Other books of essays are 'Conversations

in a Studio' (1890), and 'Excursions in Arts and Letters' (1891),—polished, vigorous, often suggestive in thought and happy in expression. Story's sympathies are broad, and he is sensitive to the finer issues of life and thought. In his mature poems he is the humanist and apostle of culture.

A favorite verse form with him was the dramatic monologue made famous by Browning, and many of his lyrics and narratives show the influence of the Italy of art and literature. The most worthy of his poetry is that gathered in the two volumes entitled 'Poems,' published in 1886, and embodying several books previously issued.

THE GHETTO IN ROME

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But first let us take a glimpse of the Ghetto. Its very name—derived from the Talmud Ghet, and signifying segregation and disjunction—is opprobrious; and fitly describes the home of a people cut off from the Christian world, and banned as infamous. Stepping out from the Piazza di Pianto, we plunge at once down a narrow street into the midst of the common class of Jews. The air reeks with the peculiar frowzy smell of old woolen clothes, modified with occasional streaks of strata of garlic; while above all triumphs the foul human odor of a crowded and unclean population. The street is a succession of miserable houses, and every door opens into a dark shop. Each of these is wide open; and within and without, sprawling on the pavement, sitting on benches and stools, standing in the street, blocking up the passages, and leaning out of the upper windows, are swarms of Jews,—fat and lean, handsome and hideous, old and young,—as thick as ants around an ant-hill. The shop doors are draped with old clothes, and second-hand *roba* of every description. Old military suits of furbished shabbiness, faded silken court dresses of a past century with worn embroidery, napless and forlorn dress-coats with shining seams and flabby skirts, waistcoats of dirty damask, legs of velvet breeches,—in a word, all the cast-off riffraff of centuries that have "fallen from their high estate," are dangling everywhere overhead. Most of the men are lounging about and leaning against the lintels of the doors, or packed upon benches ranged

in front of the shops. The children are rolling round in the dirt, and playing with cabbage ends and stalks, and engaged in numerous and not over-clean occupations. The greater part of the women, however, are plying the weapon of their tribe, with which they have won a world-wide reputation,—the needle,—and, bent closely over their work, are busy in renewing old garments and hiding rents and holes with its skillful web-work. Everybody is on the lookout for customers; and as you pass down the street, you are subject to a constant fusillade of, "Pst, Pst," from all sides. The women beckon you, and proffer their wares. At times they even seize the skirts of your coat in their eagerness to tempt you to a bargain. The men come solemnly up, and whisper confidentially in your ear, begging to know what you seek.

Is there anything you can possibly want? If so, do not be abashed by the shabbiness of the shop, but enter, and ask even for the richest thing. You will find it, if you have patience. But once in the trap, the manner of the seller changes: he dallies with you as a spider with a fly, as a cat with a mouse. Nothing is to be seen but folded cloths on regular shelves—all is hidden out of sight. At first, and reluctantly, he produces a common, shabby enough article. "Oh no, that will never do,—too common." Then gradually he draws forth a better specimen. "Not good enough? why, a prince might be glad to buy it!" Finally, when he has wearied you out, and you turn to go, he understands it is some superb brocade embroidered in gold, some gorgeous *portière* worked in satin, some rich tapestry with Scripture stories, that you want; and with a sigh he opens a cupboard and draws it forth. A strange combination of inconsistent and opposite feelings has prevented him from exhibiting it before. He is divided between a desire to keep it and a longing to sell it. He wishes, if possible, to eat his cake and have it too; and the poor ass in the fable between the two bundles of hay was not in a worse quandary. At last, the article you seek makes its appearance. It is indeed splendid, but you must not admit it. It may be the dress the Princess d'Este wore centuries ago,—faded, but splendid still; or the lace of Alexander VI. the Borgia; or an ancient altar cloth with sacramental spots; or a throne carpet of one of the popes. Do you really wish to buy it, you must nerve yourself to fight. He begins at the zenith, you at the nadir; and gradually, by dint of extravagant laudation on his part, and corresponding depreciation on yours,

you approach each other. But the distance is too great,—the bargain is impossible. You turn and go away. He runs after you when he sees that you are not practicing a feint, and offers it for less; but still the price is too high, and he in turn leaves you. You pass along the street. With a mysterious and confidential air, another of the tribe approaches you. He walks by your side. Was it a gold brocade you wanted? He also has one like that which you have seen, only in better condition. Would your Signoria do him the favor to look at it? You yield to his unctuous persuasion, and enter his shop; but what is your astonishment when, after a delusive show of things you do not want, the identical article for which you have been bargaining is again produced in this new shop, and asserted stoutly, and with a faint pretense of indignation, to be quite another piece! This game is sometimes repeated three or four times. Wherever you enter, your old friend, Monsieur Tonson like, makes its appearance; and you are lucky if you obtain it at least for twice its value, though you only pay a twentieth part of the price originally asked.

All the faces you see in the Ghetto are unmistakably Hebraic, but very few are of the pure type. Generally it is only the disagreeable characteristics that remain: the thick peculiar lips, the narrow eyes set close together, and the nose thin at the junction with the eyebrows, and bulbous at the end. Centuries of degradation have for the most part imbruted the physiognomy, and all of them have a greasy and anointed look. Here and there you will see a beautiful black-eyed child, with a wonderful mass of rich tendril-like curls, rolling about in the dirt; or a patriarchal-looking old Abraham, with a full beard, and the pure Israelite nose hooked over the mustache, and cut up backward in the nostrils. Hagars, too, are sometimes to be seen; and even stately Rebeccas at rarer intervals stride across the narrow street, with a proud, disdainful look, above their station; but old Sarahs abound, —fat, scolding, and repulsive,—who fill to the extreme edge the wide chair on which they sit, while they rest their spuddy hands on their knees, and shake all over like jelly when they laugh. Almost all the faces are however of the short, greasy, bulbous type, and not of the long, thin, hook-nosed class. No impurity of breed and caste has sufficed to eradicate from them the Jewish characteristics.

As it is with the faces, so it is with the names. The pure Hebrew names have in great measure disappeared, or been inter-

married with Italian surnames. These surnames are for the most part taken from some Italian city, or borrowed from some stately Italian house, with a pure Jewish prefix; as for instance, Isaac Volterra, Moses Gonzaga, Jacob Ponticorvo. So also their speech is Roman, and their accent thick and Jewish. It is seldom that one hears them speak in their original Hebrew tongue, though they all understand it, and employ it in their religious services.

The place and the people are in perfect keeping. The Ghetto is the high carnival of old clothes, the May-fair of rags. It is the great receptacle into which the common sewers of thievery and robbery empty. If a silver salver, a gold watch, a sparkling jewel, be missed unaccountably, it will surely run down into the Ghetto. Your old umbrella, your cloak that was stolen from the hall, the lace handkerchief with your initials embroidered in one corner, your snuff-box that the Emperor of Russia presented you, —there lurk in secret holes, and turn up again after months or years of seclusion. In this *columbarium* your lost inanimate friends are buried, but not without resurrection.

Crammed together, layer above layer, like herrings in a barrel, the Jews of Rome are packed into the narrow confines of the Ghetto. Three of the modern palaces of Rome would more than cover the whole Jewish quarter; yet within this restricted space are crowded no less than four thousand persons. Every inch has its occupant; every closet is tenanted. And this seems the more extraordinary in spacious and thinly populated Rome, where houses go a-begging for tenants, and where, in the vast deserted halls and chambers of many a palace, the unbrushed cobwebs of years hang from decaying walls and ceilings. With the utmost economy of room, there is scarcely space enough to secure privacy and individuality; and herded together like a huge family, they live in their sty.

THE KING OF THE BEGGARS

From 'Roba di Roma.' Copyright 1887, by William W. Story. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

DIRECTLY above the Piazza di Spagna, and opposite to the Via de' Condotti, rise the double towers of the Trinità de' Monti. The ascent to them is over one hundred and thirty-five steps, planned with considerable skill, so as to mask

the steepness of the Pincian, and forming the chief feature of the Piazza. Various landings and dividing walls break up their monotony; and a red-granite obelisk, found in the gardens of Sallust, crowns the upper terrace in front of the church. All day long these steps are flooded with sunshine, in which, stretched at length, or gathered in picturesque groups, models of every age and both sexes bask away the hours when they are free from employment in the studios. Here in a rusty old coat, and long white beard and hair, is the "Padre Eterno"; so called from his constantly standing as model for the First Person of the Trinity in religious pictures. Here is the ferocious bandit, with his thick black beard and conical hat; now off duty, and sitting with his legs wide apart, munching in alternate bites an onion which he holds in one hand, and a lump of bread which he holds in the other. Here is the *contadina*, who spends her studio life in praying at a shrine with upcast eyes, or lifting to the Virgin her little sick child, or carrying a perpetual copper vase to the fountain, or receiving imaginary bouquets at a Barmecide carnival. Here is the invariable pilgrim, with his scallop-shell, who has been journeying to St. Peter's and reposing by the way near aqueducts or broken columns so long that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary; and who is now fast asleep on his back, with his hat pulled over his eyes. When strangers come along, the little ones run up and thrust out their hands for baiocchi; and so pretty are they with their large, black, lustrous eyes, and their quaint, gay dresses, that a new-comer always finds something in his pocket for them. Sometimes a group of artists passing by will pause and steadily examine one of these models, turn him about, pose him, point out his defects and excellences, give him a baiocco, and pass on. It is, in fact, a models' exchange.

All this is on the lower steps, close to the Piazza di Spagna; but as one ascends to the last platform, before reaching the upper piazza in front of the Trinità de' Monti, a curious squat figure, with two withered and crumpled legs, spread out at right angles and clothed in long blue stockings, comes shuffling along on his knees and hands, which are protected by clogs. As it approaches, it turns suddenly up from its quadrupedal position; takes off its hat; shows a broad, stout, legless torso, with a vigorous chest and a ruddy face, as of a person who has come half-way up from below the steps through a trap-door, and with a smile

whose breadth is equaled only by the cunning which lurks round the corners of the eyes, says, in the blandest and most patronizing tones, with a rising inflection, "Buon giorno, signore! Oggi fa bel tempo," or "fa cattivo tempo," as the case may be. This is no less a person than Beppo, King of the Beggars, and Baron of the Scale di Spagna. He is better known to travelers than the Belvedere Torso of Hercules at the Vatican; and has all the advantage over that wonderful work, of having an admirable head and a good digestion. Hans Christian Andersen has celebrated him in 'The Improvisatore,' and unfairly attributed to him an infamous character and life; but this account is purely fictitious, and is neither *vero* nor *ben trovato.* Beppo, like other distinguished personages, is not without a history. The Romans say of him, "Era un signore in paese suo"—"He was a gentleman in his own country"; and this belief is borne out by a certain courtesy and style in his bearing which would not shame the first gentleman in the land. He was undoubtedly of a good family in the provinces, and came to Rome while yet young to seek his fortune. His crippled condition cut him off from any active employment, and he adopted the profession of a mendicant as being the most lucrative and requiring the least exertion. Remembering Belisarius, he probably thought it not beneath his own dignity to ask for an obolus. Should he be above doing what a great general had done? However this may be, he certainly became a mendicant, after changing his name; and steadily pursuing this profession for more than a quarter of a century, by dint of his fair words, his bland smiles, and his constant "Fa buon tempo," and "Fa cattivo tempo,"—which, together with his withered legs, were his sole stock in starting,—he has finally amassed a very respectable little fortune. He is now about fifty-five years of age; has a wife and several children; and a few years ago, on the marriage of a daughter to a very respectable tradesman, he was able to give her what was considered in Rome a very respectable dowry. The other day, a friend of mine met a tradesman of his acquaintance running up the Spanish steps.

"Where are you going in such haste?" he inquired.

"To my banker."

"To your banker? But what banker is there above the steps?"

"Only Beppo," was the grave answer. "I want sixty scudi, and he can lend them to me without difficulty."

"Really?"

"Of course. *Come vi pare?*" said the other, as he went on to his banker.

Beppo hires his bank — which is the upper platform of the steps — of the government, at a small rent per annum; and woe to any poor devil of his profession who dares to invade his premises! Hither, every day at about noon, he comes mounted on his donkey and accompanied by his valet, a little boy, who, though not lame exactly, wears a couple of crutches as a sort of livery; and as soon as twilight begins to thicken and the sun is gone, he closes his bank (it is purely a bank of deposit), crawls up the steps, mounts a stone post, and there majestically waits for his valet to bring the donkey. But he no more solicits deposits. His day is done; his bank is closed; and from his post he looks around, with a patronizing superiority, upon the poorer members of his profession, — who are soliciting with small success the various passers-by, — as a king smiles down upon his subjects. The donkey being brought, he shuffles on to its crupper, and makes a joyous and triumphant passage down through the streets of the city to his home. The bland business smile is gone. The wheedling subserviency of the day is over. The cunning eye opens largely. He is calm, dignified, and self-possessed. He mentions no more the state of the weather. "What's Hecuba to him," at this free moment of his return? It is the large style in which all this is done that convinces me that Beppo was a "signor in paese suo." He has a bank, and so had Prince Torlonia and Sir Francis Baring. But what of that? he is a gentleman still. The robber knights and barons demanded toll of those who passed their castles, with violence and threats, and at the bloody point of their swords. Whoso passes Beppo's castle is prayed in courtesy to leave a remembrance, and receives the blandest bow and thanks in return. Shall we then say the former are nobles and gentlemen, the other is a miserable beggar? Is it worse to ask than to seize? Is it meaner to thank than to threaten? If he who is supported by the public is a beggar, our kings are beggars, our pensions are charity. Did not the Princess Royal hold out her hand the other day to the House of Commons? and does any one think the worse of her for it? We are all, in measure, beggars; but Beppo, in the large style of kings and robber-barons, asks for his baiocco, and like the merchant-princes, keeps his bank. I see dukes and noble guards in shining helmets, spurs, and gigantic boots, ride daily through the streets on horseback, and hurry to their palaces; but Beppo, erectly mounted

on his donkey, in his short jacket (for he disdains the tailored skirts of a fashionable coat, though at times over his broad shoulders a great blue cloak is grandly thrown, after the manner of the ancient emperors), is far more impressive, far more princely, as he slowly and majestically moves at nightfall towards his august abode. The shadows close around him as he passes along; salutations greet him from the damp shops; and darkness at last swallows up for a time the great square torso of the "King of the Beggars."

Such is Beppo as he appears on the public 'change. His private life is involved somewhat in obscurity; but glimpses have been had of him which indicate a grand spirit of hospitality, and condescension not unworthy of the best days of his ancestors, the barons of the Middle Ages. Innominato, a short time since, was passing late at night along the district of the Monti, when his attention was attracted by an unusual noise and merry-making in one of its mean little *osterie* or *bettole*. The door was ajar; and peeping in, he beheld a gallant company of roisterers of the same profession as Beppo, with porters, and gentlemen celebrated for lifting in other ways. They were gathered round a table, drinking merrily; and mounted in the centre of it, with his withered legs crooked under him, sat Baron Beppo, the high-priest of the festive rites. It was his banquet; and he had been strictly Scriptural in his invitations to all classes from the street. He was the Amphitryon who defrayed the cost of the wine, and acknowledged with a smile and a cheerful word the toasts of his guests; and when Innominato saw him, he was as "glorious" as Tam O'Shanter. He was not under the table, simply because he was on it; and he had not lost his equilibrium, solely because he rested upon so broad a base. Planted like an oak, his legs figuring the roots, there he sat, while the jolly band of beggars and rascals were "rousing the night-owl with a catch," and the blood of the vine was freely flowing in their cups. The conversation was very idiomatic and gay, if not aristocratic, and Beppo's tongue wagged with the best. It was a most cheering spectacle. The old barons used to sit above the salt, but Baron Beppo sat higher yet,—or rather, he reminded one of classic days, as, mounted there like a Bacchic Torso, he presided over the noisy rout of Silenus.

Beppo has, however, fallen lately into disgrace. His breakfast had perhaps disagreed with him, perhaps he had "roused

the night-owl" too late on the previous night, and perhaps his nerves were irritated by a bad "scirocco"; but certain it is that one unfortunate morning an English lady to whom he applied for "qualche cosa" made some jocosely intended answer, to the effect that he was as rich as she, and alluded, it is said, to the dowry he had given his daughter; whereupon it became suddenly "cattivo giorno" with Beppo, and he suffered himself to threaten her, and even, as some accounts go, to throw stones; and the lady having reported him to the authorities, Beppo went into forced retirement for a time. I was made aware of this one day by finding his bank occupied by a new figure and face. Astonished at the audacity of this interloper, I stopped and said, "And Beppo, where is *he?*" The jolly beggar then informed me, in a very high and rather exulting voice (I am sorry to say), beginning with a sharp and prolonged eh—e-e-e-h, that the police had laid violent hands on Beppo, because he had maltreated an English lady, and that he ought to have known better, but "come si fa"; and that for the present he was at San Michele.

Beppo having repented, and it is to be hoped amended, during his sojourn in that holy hospice, has now again made his appearance in the world. But during his absence the government has passed a new and salutary law, by which beggars are forbidden publicly to practice their profession, except upon the steps of the churches. There they may sit and extend their hand, and ask charity from those who are going to their prayers; but they may no longer annoy the public, and especially strangers in the street. Beppo, therefore, keeps no more his bank on the steps of the Piazza di Spagna; but has removed it to those of the church of St. Agostino, where, at least for the present, he is open to the "receipt of custom."

The words of the previous sentence are now, alas! no longer true. Since they were written and printed last, Beppo has passed away from among the living to join the great company, among which Lazarus is not the least. Vainly the eye of the stranger will seek him on the steps of the Piazza di Spagna, or on those of St. Agostino. The familiar figure has gone. The places which have known him will know him no more; and of the large and noble company of mendicants at Rome, there is not one left who could fitly wear the mantle that has fallen from his shoulders.

SPRING IN ROME

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SPRING has come. The nightingales already begin to bubble into song under the Ludovisi ilexes and in the Barberini Gardens. Daisies have snowed all over the Campagna, periwinkles star the grass, crocuses and anemones impurple the spaces between the rows of springing grain along the still brown slopes. At every turn in the streets basketfuls of sweet-scented Parma violets are offered you by little girls and boys; and at the corner of the Condotti and Corso is a splendid show of camellias, set into beds of double violets, and sold for a song. Now and then one meets huge baskets filled with these delicious violets on their way to the confectioners and caffès, where they will be made into sirup; for the Italians are very fond of this *bibita*, and prize it not only for its flavor, but for its medicinal qualities. Violets seem to rain over the villas in spring; acres are purple with them, and the air all around is sweet with their fragrance. Every day scores of carriages are driving about the Borghese grounds, which are open to the public: and hundreds of children are running about, plucking flowers and playing on the lovely slopes and in the shadows of the noble trees; while their parents stroll at a distance and wait for them in the shady avenues. There too you will see the young priests of the various seminaries, with their robes tucked up, playing at ball, and amusing themselves at various sports. . . . If one drives out at any of the gates he will see that spring is come. The hedges are putting forth their leaves, the almond-trees are in full blossom, and in the vineyards the *contadini* are setting cane-poles, and trimming the vines to run upon them. Here and there along the slopes the rude antique plow, dragged heavily along by great gray oxen, turns up the rich loam, that needs only to be tickled to laugh out in flowers and grain. Here and there, the smoke of distant bonfires, burning heaps of useless stubble, shows against the dreamy purple hills like the pillar of cloud that led the Israelites. One smells the sharp odor of these fires everywhere, and hears them crackle in the fields:—

«Atque levem stipulam crepitantibus urere flammis.»

(And stubble easily burned with crackling flames.)

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CLEOPATRA

DEDICATED TO J. L. M.

HERE, Charmian, take my bracelets,—
They bar with a purple stain
My arms; turn over my pillows,—
They are hot where I have lain;
Open the lattice wider,
A gauze on my bosom throw,
And let me inhale the odors
That over the garden blow.

I dreamed I was with my Antony,
And in his arms I lay;
Ah, me! the vision has vanished—
The music has died away.
The flame and the perfume have perished,
As this spiced aromatic pastille
That wound the blue smoke of its odor
Is now but an ashy hill.

Scatter upon me rose-leaves,—
They cool me after my sleep;
And with sandal odors fan me
Till into my veins they creep;
Reach down the lute, and play me
A melancholy tune,
To rhyme with the dream that has vanished,
And the slumbering afternoon.

There, drowsing in golden sunlight,
Loiters the slow smooth Nile
Through slender papyri, that cover
The wary crocodile.
The lotus lolls on the water,
And opens its heart of gold,
And over its broad leaf-pavement
Never a ripple is rolled.
The twilight breeze is too lazy
Those feathery palms to wave,

And yon little cloud is as motionless
As a stone above a grave.

Ah, me! this lifeless nature
Oppresses my heart and brain!
Oh! for a storm and thunder—
For lightning and wild fierce rain!
Fling down that lute—I hate it!
Take rather his buckler and sword,
And crash them and clash them together
Till this sleeping world is stirred.

Hark! to my Indian beauty,—
My cockatoo, creamy white,
With roses under his feathers,—
That flashes across the light.
Look! listen! as backward and forward
To his hoop of gold he clings,
How he trembles, with crest uplifted,
And shrieks as he madly swings!
O cockatoo, shriek for Antony!
Cry, "Come, my love, come home!"
Shriek, "Antony! Antony! Antony!"
Till he hears you even in Rome.

There—leave me, and take from my chamber
That stupid little gazelle,
With its bright black eyes so meaningless,
And its silly tinkling bell!
Take him,—my nerves he vexes,
The thing without blood or brain,—
Or by the body of Isis,
I'll snap his thin neck in twain!

Leave me to gaze at the landscape
Mistily stretching away,
Where the afternoon's opaline tremors
O'er the mountains quivering play;
Till the fiercer splendor of sunset
Pours from the west its fire,
And melted, as in a crucible,
Their earthly forms expire;
And the bald blear skull of the desert
With glowing mountains is crowned,
That burning like molten jewels
Circle its temples round.

I will lie and dream of the past time,
Æons of thought away,
And through the jungle of memory
Loosen my fancy to play;
When, a smooth and velvety tiger,
Ribbed with yellow and black,
Supple and cushion-footed,
I wandered where never the track
Of a human creature had rustled
The silence of mighty woods,
And, fierce in a tyrannous freedom,
I knew but the law of my moods.
The elephant, trumpeting, started
When he heard my footstep near,
And the spotted giraffes fled wildly
In a yellow cloud of fear.
I sucked in the noontide splendor,
Quivering along the glade,
Or yawning, panting, and dreaming,
Basked in the tamarisk shade,
Till I heard my wild mate roaring,
As the shadows of night came on
To brood in the trees' thick branches,
And the shadow of sleep was gone;
Then I roused, and roared in answer,
And unsheathed from my cushioned feet
My curving claws, and stretched me,
And wandered my mate to greet.
We toyed in the amber moonlight,
Upon the warm flat sand,
And struck at each other our massive arms,—
How powerful he was and grand!
His yellow eyes flashed fiercely
As he crouched and gazed at me,
And his quivering tail, like a serpent,
Twitched, curving nervously.
Then like a storm he seized me,
With a wild triumphant cry,
And we met, as two clouds in heaven
When the thunders before them fly.
We grappled and struggled together,
For his love like his rage was rude;
And his teeth in the swelling folds of my neck
At times, in our play, drew blood.

Often another suitor—
For I was flexile and fair—
Fought for me in the moonlight,
While I lay couching there,
Till his blood was drained by the desert;
And, ruffled with triumph and power,
He licked me and lay beside me
To breathe him a vast half-hour.
Then down to the fountain we loitered,
Where the antelopes came to drink;
Like a bolt we sprang upon them,
Ere they had time to shrink;
We drank their blood and crushed them,
And tore them limb from limb,
And the hungriest lion doubted
Ere he disputed with him.
That was a life to live for!
Not this weak human life,
With its frivolous bloodless passions,
Its poor and petty strife!

Come to my arms, my hero:
The shadows of twilight grow,
And the tiger's ancient fierceness
In my veins begins to flow.
Come not cringing to sue me!
Take me with triumph and power,
As a warrior storms a fortress!
I will not shrink or cower.
Come as you came in the desert,
Ere we were women and men,
When the tiger passions were in us,
And love as you loved me then!

THE CHIFFONIER

I AM a poor Chiffonier!
I seek what others cast away!
In refuse-heaps the world throws by,
Despised of man, my trade I ply;
And oft I rake them o'er and o'er,
And fragments broken, stained, and torn,

I gather up, and make my store
Of things that dogs and beggars scorn.
I am the poor Chiffonier!

You see me in the dead of night
Peering along with pick and light,
And while the world in darkness sleeps,
Waking to rake its refuse-heaps:
I scare the dogs that round them prowl,
And light amid the rubbish throw:
For precious things are hid by foul,
Where least we heed and least we know.
I am the poor Chiffonier!

No wretched and rejected pile,
No tainted mound of offal vile,
No drain or gutter I despise,
For there may lie the richest prize.
And oft amid the litter thrown,
A silver coin — a golden ring —
Which holdeth still its precious stone,
Some happy chance to me may bring.
I am the poor Chiffonier!

These tattered rags, so soiled and frayed,
Were in a loom of wonder made,
And beautiful and free from shame
When from the master's hand they came.
The reckless world that threw them off
Now heeds them only to despise;
Yet, ah! despite its jeers and scoff,
What virtue still within them lies!
I am the poor Chiffonier!

Yes! all these shreds so spoiled and torn,
These ruined rags you pass in scorn,
This refuse by the highway tost,
I seek that they may not be lost;
And, cleansed from filth that on them lies,
And purified and purged from stain,
Renewed in beauty they shall rise
To wear a spotless form again.
I am the poor Chiffonier!

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

(1811–1896)

BY GEORGE S. MERRIAM

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE shared the general conditions of inheritance and nurture which bred the strongest group of thinkers and authors that America has produced. It was the peculiarity of early New England to combine an intense interest in the supreme questions of human destiny, regarded as the basis of the personal life, with the closest application to industrial and practical affairs. Calvinism stimulated thought on religious problems; and austere conditions of soil and climate enforced on the sturdy English stock the practice of industry, thrift, and shrewdness. For two centuries the narrowness of the dogmatic creed, and the awfulness of its sanctions, checked any free or original exploit of the intellect. Then came in a great enlargement of conditions, and a fresh stimulus. With the birth of the nation, brains and hands began to stretch out from their provincial cradle toward continental expansion. The rise of national questions; the impulse from Europe, stirred to its foundation by the French Revolution, and giving birth to new literatures; the outburst of the protest against Calvinism, which had been secretly growing for generations; a new ardor in the churches for missions and reforms; an advance in material comfort which widened opportunity and did not yet enervate,—those were among the influences which enriched and mellowed the soil in which hardy shoots had been growing, and out of which now flowered a brilliant little company of thinkers, poets, and story-tellers.

Mrs. Stowe was the daughter of Lyman Beecher, the foremost orthodox minister of his time; a man of sturdy, aggressive, exuberant nature, the father of a notable family of sons and daughters. His biography is one of the richest portraitures of New England life in the first half of the century. It shows how the sensitive and thoughtful child grew up in an atmosphere of theological discussion, which stimulated the mind and by turns satisfied and distressed the heart, while her observation and sense of humor found rich material. She was largely endowed with imagination, with sensibility, with the mystic's temper. She became the wife of a theological professor with scanty means; and the tenderness of motherly experience was mixed with the pressing cares of the household. By a removal to

the West she gained knowledge of more various society and institutions, and then came back to the quiet of a Maine village, to ponder in her heart all she had seen and heard and felt.

The interest of the North in the slave system of the South was especially due to a little company of strenuous agitators, who were instant in season and out of season in denouncing slavery as the sum of all villainies. The violence of tone which generally characterized the Abolitionists, and their readiness to denounce all men and all institutions that did not fully agree with them, limited the influence due to their purity and heroism. The conservatism of commerce, the timidity of politicians, above all, the remoteness of the whole matter from the personal knowledge of the Northern people, long restrained the mass of the community from any very wide or active interest in the subject. Mrs. Stowe's sympathy had been profoundly touched by the tales of wrong and suffering that had come to her ears from escaped slaves while she lived in Cincinnati. She had pondered the whole question of slavery,— with a woman's heart, a poet's imagination, and a mind schooled by company with masculine and logical thinkers. Then the political interests of the whole country were focused upon the slavery question, by the great Congressional debate on the Compromise measures in 1850. Conspicuous in that legislation was the Fugitive Slave Act, making elaborate provision for the rendition of fugitive slaves from their Northern refuge. This law, and the scenes incident to its enforcement, brought the reality of slavery home to the Northern people closer than ever before, while it also implicated them more directly in the support of the system. But inertia and timidity still held back the mass of politicians, churches, and the general community, from effective action or energetic protest. Then this woman in her busy home in the quiet village, shedding tears at midnight over the sorrows of slave wives and mothers, found her imagination possessed by the scenes of a slave's story. It was transferred to paper almost automatically. Then other scenes linked themselves together,— scenes of pathos, of humor, of racy conversation, of dramatic action, of anguish, and of rapture. The whole story was born and grew,— an inspiration, a creation, mysterious and beautiful as the growth of a human life. It was given to the public, and it took captive the heart of America and of the world. Its literary success, measured by an enumeration of editions, translations, copies sold, was vast almost beyond comparison. But it won a mightier success; for probably beyond any other single influence, it planted in the men and women of the North a deep and passionate hostility to human slavery. The whole course of events moved together: the political forces were marshaled on the question whether slavery should be extended or restricted; new parties rose; and finally the two principles — of the maintenance of the Union and the abolition of

slavery — were established at the cost of a terrible war. It would hardly be a figure of speech to say that the Northern army in that war — or the force which made the heart of that army — had been nurtured in boyhood and youth on 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and carried the book in their hearts.

The book was written as a protest against an institution; and now that the institution is gone the book remains with a deep permanent interest. It is an intensely human story. The temporary and local color is but the incident of a portrayal of human joys and sorrows, sufferings and victories, which appealed to readers in far-away lands, and can hardly fail to appeal in far-away years.

One of the most admirable and effective qualities of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' is its wholly generous and sympathetic spirit toward the master class. The condemnation is all for the system, and for the opportunities and incitements it affords to the baser elements which exist in mankind at large. The master and mistress supply some of the most charming characters of the book, as the noble Mrs. Shelby and the fascinating St. Clare.

The key-note of the book is humanity. Its sub-title is 'Life among the Lowly.' It is in close accord with the great philanthropic movement of the age. Further, it is deeply religious. Its appeal is not to creed or authority, but to the spirit of Christ. It is the Christian faith that brings master and slave together: it is the figure of the Crucified One that to poor Tom's darkest hour brings a peace and strength in which he can calmly face torture and death. It was largely to this religious quality that the book owed its effectiveness. It rebuked that Pharisaic Christianity which had justified slavery with Biblical precedent, or had passed by the slave on the other side, while absorbed in ecclesiastical trifles; while its essential piety won multitudes of churchmen who had resented the fierce assaults of the Abolitionists on the churches and the prevalent forms of Christianity.

'Uncle Tom's Cabin' went on its way and did its work; and Mrs. Stowe, raised to sudden fame and to easier circumstances, but no whit spoiled or unsteadied, produced as her next serious work another antislavery novel, 'Dred.' It was less an inspiration than its predecessor, and more a deliberate construction; and was judged to be inferior in power. Yet it was a very strong book, both in human interest and in effective attack upon the slave system. In logical sequence to the simple story of the earlier book, it went on to portray the treatment of slavery on its own ground by the church, the law, and the would-be reformer. It showed how its essential evils were supported by statute and by judicial interpretation. It pictured the ways of the clerical politician. It depicted the attempt of a high-minded slaveholder to elevate his servants and purify the system, and his defeat by mob violence and by statute law. These

were trenchant attacks on the system they were aimed at. But the more abiding charm of the book is in its lifelike picturing of men and women; and especially in "life among the lowly." Best of all, perhaps, are "Old Tiff," a counterpart of the "Uncle Remus" whom the present generation knows and loves; and Milly, the slave "mammy,"—the type which of all the negroes Mrs. Stowe portrays best, and perhaps the finest type of character which slavery produced. The Dred who gives name to the book is a negro runaway and insurgent,—half insane, half inspired,—pouring upon his oppressors the denunciations and threatenings of Hebrew prophecy. The effect upon the reader is fantastic and unreal. But the strain of terror and foreboding seems in the retrospect like a vague, awful prophecy of the war-cloud which was so soon to break.

Now, in the prime of her power, Mrs. Stowe turned back to the field which she knew best; which indeed was the very home of her heart and experience, and which she had essayed in her first slight sketches. 'The Minister's Wooing' is a prose idyl and epic of New England, in that phase of its history which was richest and most attractive for the literary artist. It is a somewhat romantic and idealized picture, for Mrs. Stowe was a poet at heart; but the groundlines are truthful, both the heroic and the homely figures are genuine and unmistakable in their reality, and the book throughout is racy of the soil from which it sprung. It gives us Yankeeland in its prime and at its best. A later phase and a grimmer aspect are described by Rose Terry Cooke; while Miss Wilkins's sketches are taken from a period of dismal decadence.

But 'The Minister's Wooing' has its deepest interest not in its local character, but in the working of the human heart and mind hard beset by the problems of the universe. The motive of her anti-slavery novels is to depict a social institution; but in this book Mrs. Stowe has revealed from within the drama of a human soul in its supreme exigency. It is individual and yet typical. The Calvinistic theology—which is only an intensified form of the theology inherited by all the Protestant churches from the Middle Ages—was brought closely home to the lives and thoughts of the people, in a society of which the Sunday and the sermon were the central and dominating feature. The creed thus realized and applied bore strangely mingled fruit, according to the individual nature and development,—of heroism, rapture, exasperation, or despair. In the early century, Unitarianism broke out in open revolt; while Orthodoxy rallied to the defense, yet at the same time modified its own theories with a rapidity of which it was unconscious. Lyman Beecher was a foremost champion against the Unitarians, yet he was counted among his brethren an innovator and sometimes a heretic. In his biography and in the lives of his children—notably in Henry Ward and in

Harriet — may be traced the transformation, which without open break has replaced a harsh by a mild religion; a change which is world-wide, but is shown with especial clearness in the land which the Puritan founded.

In the scanty and grim yet heroic chronicles of John Winthrop there is occasionally a brief, terrible mention of some woman driven by religious broodings to distraction, sometimes to murder and suicide. How wide-spread the tragedy of which this was the extreme phase, we can but surmise. It first found full articulate expression in Mrs. Stowe, — but issuing in escape, by resource drawn from the same creed which had crushed it. The story is that of a mother, believing and thoughtful, whose unconverted son comes to a sudden death. Her thought of the fate she believes he has incurred, and of the Divine rule which decrees such a fate, and which she dares not disown, — the seeming contradiction between God and right which drives her almost to madness, — this description is as terrible as the most lurid passage in Dante. That which at last controls and calms is the same that sustains the slave in his extremity, — the vision of that Savior whose very nature is love, and who is the revelation of a God who must in some unguessed way supply the need of the creatures he has made. Around this fiery core the story stands — like a mountain with volcanic heart — in strong and graceful lines, and with rich vesture of beauty and humor. Its heroic figure is the minister and theologian, Dr. Hopkins; his absorption in theological speculation set off by his self-sacrifice in espousing the unpopular antislavery cause, and his magnanimous surrender of the woman he loves to the sailor who had won her heart.

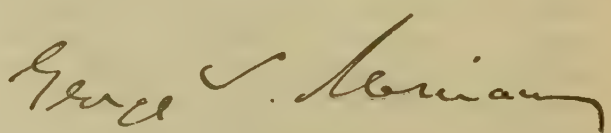
'The Minister's Wooing' marks the culmination of Mrs. Stowe's writing. Of her later works, the best have their scene in New England. 'The Pearl of Orr's Island' has much of quiet beauty; and 'Oldtown Folks,' while unequal and disappointing, furnishes some admirable scenes, and one of her raciest characters, and worthiest of long life, — the kindly ne'er-do-weel, Sam Lawson. In 'Agnes of Sorrento' there is little creative power of character or story to match the beauty of landscape and atmosphere. The latest stories, with their scenes in modern American life, are slight in texture. It is chiefly by her first three books that she will live.

Mrs. Stowe's best work was done by a sort of spontaneous inspiration. She was not strong in deliberate and conscious art. An early letter gives a graphic description of the labor of authorship under constant intrusion from troublesome babies and incompetent servants. One can fancy some such distracting influence as occasionally marring her work in its details. It has not the finish of the student who writes in the guarded privacy of the library. Yet to the free, rough, wholesome contact with every-day life which forbade such

seclusion, we perhaps owe much of the fresh and homely nature in her books, which charms us beyond mere artistic polish.

She has in a high degree the faculty of the greatest artists, of creating as it were their characters: so that the reader recognizes and recalls them as real people. She has a free, strong touch, not unlike Walter Scott's. But the critic feels diffidence in assigning definite literary rank to one who has been so closely a part of the still present age, and thus stands in a sort of personal relation to her contemporaries which perhaps bars them from the judgment seat. Yet it is hardly rash to express the opinion that measured by her best work, Mrs. Stowe stands as distinctly first among American novel-writers as do the others of her group in their respective fields: Hawthorne, in pure romance; Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Bryant, and Holmes, in poetry. No doubt she has been surpassed in various particulars; but judged by the test of power to win and to impress, and looking both at the number and the quality of the audience, it seems a moderate judgment that no American novelist has equaled her. Safer than any attempt to assign her rank in the world's literature is a characterization of the central quality of her mind and work. That, we may say, was the transfer of the essential spirit of Puritanism from the field of speculative theology and mystic experience to human duty and to social institutions. The austere, heroic spirit, which in the seventeenth century tried to build a Church-State in America; which, baffled in that attempt, fell back with renewed energy on universe-schemes,—that spirit has in our century found outlet and fruition in a new passion of service to humanity, while the conception of man's relation to God has passed from the idea of subject and monarch to that of child and father. In many lives has the change been exemplified, but in Mrs. Stowe we see it as wrought in a woman of strong brain and tender heart. In many respects she is a feminine counterpart of Whittier; he of Quaker, she of Puritan lineage; both serving in the antislavery cause; both passing on to a more personal interpretation of life; and both sublimating a dogmatic Christianity into a simple religion of love and trust, in which Christ is still the central figure, but a Christ of the heart and not of the creed.

Such comparison may contribute a little toward an appreciation of this large-natured woman and fine genius. But she is to be really known through her books, in which she expressed her best self.



Biographical and Bibliographical Note. — Harriet Elizabeth Beecher was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, June 14th, 1811. When thirteen years of age she went to Hartford, Connecticut, to attend the school of her sister Catherine. After studying for some years she assisted as a teacher in that institution. In 1832 the Beecher family moved to Cincinnati, Ohio; and four years later Harriet was married to Professor Calvin E. Stowe, of the Lane Theological Seminary in that city.

Her first book was 'The Mayflower, or Sketches of the Descendants of the Pilgrims,' published in 1849. The next year the Stowes went to Brunswick, Maine, Professor Stowe having taken a chair in Bowdoin College. 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' which was written at Brunswick, began to run as a serial in the Washington National Era in 1851, and appeared in book form in 1852. Its success was immediate and phenomenal, half a million copies being printed within ten years, and the translations into foreign tongues numbering about thirty.

In the same year (1852) Professor Stowe was called to Andover Theological Seminary at Andover, Massachusetts. In 1853 the author published a 'Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin,' giving facts to substantiate her slave story. She made at this time the first of several European trips, during which she was received abroad with marked respect and honor. In 1864 the Stowes removed to Hartford, Connecticut, where Mrs. Stowe resided until her death, July 1st, 1896. For a long term of years she spent the summer months at her home in Florida.

Of the many editions of Mrs. Stowe's works, it is sufficient to direct the reader to the final, authoritative, and complete Riverside edition, 1896, issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. of Boston, in sixteen volumes, with a biographical sketch, notes, portraits, and views. The titles of the books, as they appear in this edition, are as follows: 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and the 'Key' (two volumes), 'Dred and Other Anti-Slavery Tales and Papers' (two volumes), 'The Minister's Wooing,' 'The Pearl of Orr's Island,' 'Agnes of Sorrento,' 'Household Papers and Stories,' 'My Wife and I,' 'Oldtown Folks' and 'Sam Lawson's Fireside Stories' (two volumes), 'Poganuc People' and 'Pink and White Tyranny,' 'We and Our Neighbors,' 'Stories, Sketches, and Studies,' 'Religious Studies,' 'Sketches and Poems,' 'Stories and Sketches for the Young.' A full sympathetic account of Mrs. Stowe will be found in her 'Life,' written by her son, the Rev. Charles E. Stowe, which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. also publish.

HOW SAM AND ANDY HELPED HALEY TO PURSUE ELIZA

From 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'

NEVER did fall of any prime minister at court occasion wider surges of sensation than the report of Tom's fate among his compeers on the place. It was the topic in every mouth, everywhere; and nothing was done in the house or in the field but to discuss its probable results. Eliza's flight — an unprecedented event on the place — was also a great accessory in stimulating the general excitement.

Black Sam, as he was commonly called, from his being about three shades blacker than any other son of ebony on the place, was revolving the matter profoundly in all its phases and bearings, with a comprehensiveness of vision and a strict lookout to his own personal well-being, that would have done credit to any white patriot in Washington.

"It's an ill wind dat blows nowhar,—dat are a fact," said Sam sententiously, giving an additional hoist to his pantaloons, and adroitly substituting a long nail in place of a missing suspender button, with which effort of mechanical genius he seemed highly delighted.

"Yes: it's an ill wind blows nowhar," he repeated. "Now, dar, Tom's down;—wal, course der's room for some nigger to be up—and why not dis nigger? dat's de idee. Tom, a-ridin' round de country, boots blacked, pass in his pocket, all grand as Cuffee,—who but he? Now, why shouldn't Sam? dat's what I want to know."

"Halloo, Sam! O Sam! Mas'r wants you to cotch Bill and Jerry," said Andy, cutting short Sam's soliloquy.

"Hi! what's afoot now, young un?"

"Why, you don't know, I s'pose, dat Lizy's cut stick and clar'd out with her young-un?"

"You teach your granny!" said Sam with infinite contempt: "knowed it a heap sight sooner than you did; this nigger ain't so green, now!"

"Well, anyhow, Mas'r wants Bill and Jerry geared right up; and you and I's to go with Mas'r Haley to look arter her."

"Good, now! dat's de time o' day!" said Sam. "It's Sam dat's called for in dese yer times. He's de nigger. See if I don't cotch her, now: Mas'r 'll see what Sam can do!"

"Ah! but, Sam," said Andy, "you'd better think twice; for Missis don't want her cotched, and she 'll be in yer wool."

"Hi!" said Sam, opening his eyes. "How you know dat?"

"Heard her say so, my own self, dis blessed mornin' when I bring in Mas'r's shaving-water. She sent me to see why Lizy didn't come to dress her: and when I telled her she was off, she jest riz up, and ses she, 'The Lord be praised;' and Mas'r, he seemed rael mad, and ses he, 'Wife, you talk like a fool.' But Lor! she'll bring him to! I knows well enough how that'll be,— it's allers best to stand Missis's side de fence, now I tell yer."

Black Sam, upon this, scratched his woolly pate, which, if it did not contain very profound wisdom, still contained a great deal of a particular species much in demand among politicians of all complexions and countries, and vulgarly denominated "knowing which side the bread is buttered"; so stopping with grave consideration, he again gave a hitch to his pantaloons, which was his regularly organized method of assisting his mental perplexities.

"Der ain't no sayin'— never— 'bout no kind o' thing in *dis* yer world," he said at last.

Sam spoke like a philosopher, emphasizing *this*,— as if he had had a large experience in different sorts of worlds, and therefore had come to his conclusions advisedly.

"Now, sartin I'd 'a' said that Missis would 'a' scoured the 'varsal world after Lizy," added Sam thoughtfully.

"So she would," said Andy; "but can't ye see through a ladder, ye black nigger? Missis don't want dis yer Mas'r Haley to get Lizy's boy: dat's de go!"

"Hi!" said Sam, with an indescribable intonation, known only to those who have heard it among the negroes.

"And I'll tell yer more 'n all," said Andy: "I spect you'd better be making tracks for dem hosses,— mighty sudden, too,— for I hearn Missis 'quirin' arter yer, so you've stood foolin' long enough."

Sam, upon this, began to bestir himself in real earnest: and after a while appeared, bearing down gloriously towards the house, with Bill and Jerry in a full canter; and adroitly throwing himself off before they had any idea of stopping, he brought them up alongside of the horse-post like a tornado. Haley's horse, which was a skittish young colt, winced and bounced, and pulled hard at his halter.

"Ho, ho!" said Sam: "skeery, are ye?" and his black visage lighted up with a curious, mischievous gleam. "I'll fix ye now!" said he.

There was a large beech-tree overshadowing the place, and the small, sharp, triangular beech-nuts lay scattered thickly on the ground. With one of these in his fingers, Sam approached the colt, stroked and patted, and seemed apparently busy in soothing his agitation. On pretense of adjusting the saddle, he adroitly slipped under it the sharp little nut, in such a manner that the least weight brought upon the saddle would annoy the nervous sensibilities of the animal, without leaving any perceptible graze or wound.

"Dar!" he said, rolling his eyes with an approving grin, "me fix 'em!"

At this moment Mrs. Shelby appeared on the balcony, beckoning to him. Sam approached with as good a determination to pay court as did ever suitor after a vacant place at St. James's or Washington.

"Why have you been loitering so, Sam? I sent Andy to tell you to hurry."

"Lord bless you, Missis!" said Sam, "horses won't be cotched all in a minnit: they'd done clar'd out way down to the south pasture, and the Lord knows whar!"

"Sam, how often must I tell you not to say 'Lord bless you,' and 'The Lord knows,' and such things? It's wicked."

"Oh, Lord bless my soul! I done forgot, Missis! I won't say nothing of de sort no more."

"Why, Sam, you just *have* said it again."

"Did I? O Lord!—I mean, I didn't go fur to say it."

"You must be *careful*, Sam."

"Just let me get my breath, Missis, and I'll start fair. I'll be bery careful."

"Well, Sam, you are to go with Mr. Haley, to show him the road, and help him. Be careful of the horses, Sam; you know Jerry was a little lame last week: *don't ride them too fast.*"

Mrs. Shelby spoke the last words with a low voice and strong emphasis.

"Let dis child alone for dat!" said Sam, rolling up his eyes with a volume of meaning. "Lord knows—hi! didn't say dat!" said he, suddenly catching his breath, with a ludicrous flourish of apprehension which made his mistress laugh, spite of herself. "Yes, Missis, I'll look out for de hosses!"

"Now, Andy," said Sam, returning to his stand under the beech-tree, "you see I wouldn't be 't all surprised if dat ar gen'lman's crittur should gib a fling, by-and-by, when he comes to be a-gettin' up. You know, Andy, critturs *will* do such things;" and therewith Sam poked Andy in the side in a highly suggestive manner.

"Hi!" said Andy, with an air of instant appreciation.

"Yes, you see, Andy, Missis wants to make time: dat ar's clar to der most or'nary 'bserver. I jis make a little for her. Now, you see, get all dese yer hosses loose, caperin' permiscus round dis yer lot and down to de wood dar, and I spec Mas'r won't be off in a hurry."

Andy grinned.

"Yer see," said Sam,—"yer see, Andy, if any such thing should happen as that Mas'r Haley's horse *should* begin to act contrary, and cut up, you and I jist lets go of our'n to help him, and *we'll help him:* oh, yes!" And Sam and Andy laid their heads back on their shoulders, and broke into a low, immoderate laugh, snapping their fingers and flourishing their heels with exquisite delight.

At this instant, Haley appeared on the veranda. Somewhat mollified by certain cups of very good coffee, he came out smiling and talking, in tolerably restored humor. Sam and Andy, clawing for certain fragmentary palm-leaves which they were in the habit of considering as hats, flew to the horse-posts to be ready to "help Mas'r."

Sam's palm-leaf had been ingeniously disentangled from all pretensions to braid, as respects its brim; and the slivers starting apart and standing upright gave it a blazing air of freedom and defiance, quite equal to that of any Fiji chief: while the whole brim of Andy's being departed bodily, he rapped the crown on his head with a dexterous thump, and looked about well pleased, as if to say, "Who says I haven't got a hat!"

"Well, boys," said Haley, "look alive now: we must lose no time."

"Not a bit of him, Mas'r!" said Sam, putting Haley's rein in his hand and holding his stirrup, while Andy was untying the other two horses.

The instant Haley touched the saddle, the mettlesome creature bounded from the earth with a sudden spring, that threw his master sprawling some feet off on the soft, dry turf. Sam, with

frantic ejaculations, made a dive at the reins, but only succeeded in brushing the blazing palmleaf afore-named into the horse's eyes, which by no means tended to allay the confusion of his nerves. So with great vehemence he overturned Sam, and giving two or three contemptuous snorts, flourished his heels vigorously in the air, and was soon prancing away towards the lower end of the lawn; followed by Bill and Jerry, whom Andy had not failed to let loose according to contract, speeding them off with various direful ejaculations. And now ensued a miscellaneous scene of confusion. Sam and Andy ran and shouted; dogs barked here and there; and Mike, Mose, Mandy, Fanny, and all the smaller specimens on the place, both male and female, raced, clapped hands, whooped, and shouted, with outrageous officiousness and untiring zeal.

Haley's horse, which was a white one, and very fleet and spirited, appeared to enter into the spirit of the scene with great gusto: and having for his coursing ground a lawn of nearly half a mile in extent, gently sloping down on every side into indefinite woodland, he appeared to take infinite delight in seeing how near he could allow his pursuers to approach him; and then, when within a hand's-breadth, whisk off with a start and a snort, like a mischievous beast as he was, and career far down into some alley of the wood-lot. Nothing was further from Sam's mind than to have any one of the troop taken until such season as should seem to him most befitting; and the exertions that he made were certainly most heroic. Like the sword of Cœur de Lion, which always blazed in the front and thickest of the battle, Sam's palm-leaf was to be seen everywhere when there was the least danger that a horse could be caught: there he would bear down full tilt, shouting, "Now for it! cotch him! cotch him!" in a way that would set everything to indiscriminate rout in a moment.

Haley ran up and down, and cursed and swore and stamped miscellaneously. Mr. Shelby in vain tried to shout directions from the balcony, and Mrs. Shelby from her chamber window alternately laughed and wondered; not without some inkling of what lay at the bottom of all this confusion.

At last, about twelve o'clock, Sam appeared triumphant, mounted on Jerry, with Haley's horse by his side, reeking with sweat, but with flashing eyes and dilated nostrils, showing that the spirit of freedom had not yet entirely subsided.

"He's cotched!" he exclaimed triumphantly. "If 't hadn't been for me, they might 'a' bust theirselves, all on 'em; but I cotched him!"

"You!" growled Haley, in no amiable mood. "If it hadn't been for you this never would have happened."

"Lord bless us, Mas'r," said Sam, in a tone of the deepest concern, "and me that has been racin' and chasin' till the sweat jest pours off me!"

"Well, well!" said Haley, "you've lost me near three hours with your cursed nonsense. Now let's be off, and have no more fooling."

"Why, Mas'r," said Sam in a deprecating tone, "I believe you mean to kill us all clar, hosses and all. Here we are all jest ready to drop down, and the critturs all in a reek of sweat. Why, Mas'r won't think of startin' on now till after dinner. Mas'r's hoss wants rubbin' down,—see how he splashed hissef; and Jerry limps too;—don't think Missis would be willin' to have us start dis yer way, nohow. Lord bless you, Mas'r, we can ketch up if we do stop. Lizy never was no great of a walker."

Mrs. Shelby, who, greatly to her amusement, had overheard this conversation from the veranda, now resolved to do her part. She came forward, and courteously expressing her concern for Haley's accident, pressed him to stay to dinner, saying that the cook should bring it on the table immediately.

Thus, all things considered, Haley with rather an equivocal grace proceeded to the parlor; while Sam, rolling his eyes after him with unutterable meaning, proceeded gravely with the horses to the stable-yard.

"Did yer see him, Andy? *did* yer see him?" said Sam, when he had got fairly beyond the shelter of the barn, and fastened the horse to a post. "O Lord, if it warn't as good as a meetin', now, to see him a-dancin' and kickin' and swarin' at us. Didn't I hear him? Swar away, ole fellow, says I to myself; will yer have yer hoss now, or wait till you cotch him? says I. Lord, Andy, I think I can see him now." And Sam and Andy leaned up against the barn, and laughed to their hearts' content.

"Yer oughter seen how mad he looked when I brought the hoss up. Lord, he'd 'a' killed me if he durs' to; and there I was a-standin' as innercent and as humble."

"Lord, I seed you," said Andy: "ain't you an old hoss, Sam!"

"Rather spects I am," said Sam: "did yer see Missis up-stars at the winder? I seed her laughin'."

"I'm sure I was racin' so I didn't see nothin'," said Andy.

"Well, yer see," said Sam, proceeding gravely to wash down Haley's pony, "I'se 'quired what ye may call a habit o' *bobservation*, Andy. It's a very 'portant habit, Andy, and I 'commend yer ter be cultivatin' it, now ye're young. Hist up that hind foot, Andy. Yer see, Andy, it's *bobservation* makes all de difference in niggers. Didn't I see which way the wind blew dis yer mornin'? Didn't I see what Missis wanted, though she never let on? Dat ar's bobservation, Andy. I spects it's what you may call a faculty. Faculties is different in different peoples, but cultivation of 'em goes a great way."

"I guess if I hadn't helped your bobservation dis mornin', yer wouldn't have seen your way so smart," said Andy.

"Andy," said Sam, "you's a promisin' child, der ain't no manner o' doubt. I think lots of yer, Andy; and I don't feel noways ashamed to take idees from you. We oughtenter overlook nobody, Andy, 'cause the smartest on us gets tripped up sometimes. And so, Andy, let's go up to the house now. I'll be boun' Missis 'll give us an uncommon good bite dis yer time."

ELIZA'S FLIGHT

From 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'

IT IS impossible to conceive of a human creature more wholly desolate and forlorn than Eliza, when she turned her footsteps from Uncle Tom's cabin.

Her husband's suffering and dangers, and the danger of her child, all blended in her mind with a confused and stunning sense of the risk she was running in leaving the only home she had ever known, and cutting loose from the protection of a friend whom she loved and revered. Then there was the parting from every familiar object: the place where she had grown up, the trees under which she had played, the groves where she had walked many an evening in happier days, by the side of her young husband,—everything, as it lay in the clear, frosty starlight, seemed to speak reproachfully to her, and ask her whither she could go from a home like that?

But stronger than all was maternal love, wrought into a paroxysm of frenzy by the near approach of a fearful danger. Her boy was old enough to have walked by her side, and in an indifferent case she would only have led him by the hand; but now the bare thought of putting him out of her arms made her shudder, and she strained him to her bosom with a convulsive grasp as she went rapidly forward.

The frosty ground creaked beneath her feet, and she trembled at the sound; every quaking leaf and fluttering shadow sent the blood backward to her heart, and quickened her footsteps. She wondered within herself at the strength that seemed to be come upon her; for she felt the weight of her boy as if it had been a feather, and every flutter of fear seemed to increase the supernatural power that bore her on, while from her pale lips burst forth in frequent ejaculations the prayer to a Friend above: "Lord, help! Lord, save me!"

If it were *your* Harry, mother, or your Willie, that were going to be torn from you by a brutal trader to-morrow morning,—if you had seen the man, and heard that the papers were signed and delivered, and you had only from twelve o'clock till morning to make good your escape,—how fast could *you* walk? How many miles could you make in those few brief hours, with the darling at your bosom, the little sleepy head on your shoulder, the small soft arms trustingly holding on to your neck?

For the child slept. At first the novelty and alarm kept him waking; but his mother so hurriedly repressed every breath or sound, and so assured him that if he were only still she would certainly save him, that he clung quietly round her neck, only asking as he found himself sinking to sleep:—

"Mother, I don't need to keep awake, do I?"

"No, my darling: sleep if you want to."

"But, mother, if I do get asleep, you won't let him get me?"

"No! so may God help me!" said his mother, with a paler cheek, and a brighter light in her large dark eyes.

"You're *sure*, ain't you, mother?"

"Yes, *sure!*" said the mother, in a voice that startled herself —for it seemed to her to come from a spirit within, that was no part of her; and the boy dropped his little weary head on her shoulder and was soon asleep. How the touch of those warm

arms, and gentle breathings that came in her neck, seemed to add fire and spirit to her movements! It seemed to her as if strength poured into her in electric streams from every gentle touch and movement of the sleeping, confiding child. Sublime is the dominion of the mind over the body, that for a time can make flesh and nerve impregnable, and string the sinews like steel, so that the weak become so mighty.

The boundaries of the farm, the grove, the wood-lot, passed by her dizzily, as she walked on; and still she went, leaving one familiar object after another, slacking not, pausing not, till reddening daylight found her many a long mile from all traces of any familiar objects upon the open highway.

She had often been with her mistress to visit some connections in the little village of T——, not far from the Ohio River; and knew the road well. To go thither, to escape across the Ohio River, were the first hurried outlines of her plan of escape; beyond that, she could only hope in God.

When horses and vehicles began to move along the highway, with that alert perception peculiar to a state of excitement, and which seems to be a sort of inspiration, she became aware that her headlong pace and distracted air might bring on her remark and suspicion. She therefore put the boy on the ground; and adjusting her dress and bonnet, she walked on at as rapid a pace as she thought consistent with the preservation of appearances. In her little bundle she had provided a store of cakes and apples, which she used as expedients for quickening the speed of the child; rolling the apple some yards before them, when the boy would run with all his might after it: and this ruse, often repeated, carried them over many a half-mile.

After a while they came to a thick patch of woodland, through which murmured a clear brook. As the child complained of hunger and thirst, she climbed over the fence with him; and sitting down behind a large rock which concealed them from the road, she gave him a breakfast out of her little package. The boy wondered and grieved that she could not eat; and when, putting his arms round her neck, he tried to wedge some of his cake into her mouth, it seemed to her that the rising in her throat would choke her.

"No, no, Harry darling! mother can't eat till you are safe! We must go on — on — till we come to the river!" And she

hurried again into the road, and again constrained herself to walk regularly and composedly forward.

She was many miles past any neighborhood where she was personally known. If she should chance to meet any who knew her, she reflected that the well-known kindness of the family would be of itself a blind to suspicion, as making it an unlikely supposition that she could be a fugitive. As she was also so white as not to be known as of colored lineage, without a critical survey, and her child was white also, it was much easier for her to pass on unsuspected.

On this presumption, she stopped at noon at a neat farmhouse, to rest herself and buy some dinner for her child and self; for as the danger decreased with the distance, the supernatural tension of the nervous system lessened, and she found herself both weary and hungry.

The good woman, kindly and gossiping, seemed rather pleased than otherwise with having somebody come in to talk with, and accepted without examination Eliza's statement that she "was going on a little piece, to spend a week with her friends": all which she hoped in her heart might prove strictly true.

An hour before sunset she entered the village of T——, by the Ohio River, weary and footsore but still strong in heart. Her first glance was at the river, which lay, like Jordan, between her and the Canaan of liberty on the other side.

It was now early spring, and the river was swollen and turbulent; great cakes of floating ice were swinging heavily to and fro in the turbid waters. Owing to the peculiar form of the shore on the Kentucky side, the land bending far out into the water, the ice had been lodged and detained in great quantities; and the narrow channel which swept round the bend was full of ice, piled one cake over another, thus forming a temporary barrier to the descending ice, which lodged and formed a great undulating raft, filling up the whole river and extending almost to the Kentucky shore.

Eliza stood for a moment contemplating this unfavorable aspect of things, which she saw at once must prevent the usual ferry-boat from running; and then turned into a small public house on the bank to make a few inquiries.

The hostess, who was busy in various fizzing and stewing operations over the fire, preparatory to the evening meal, stopped

with a fork in her hand, as Eliza's sweet and plaintive voice arrested her.

"What is it?" she said.

"Isn't there any ferry or boat that takes people over to B—— now?" she said.

"No, indeed!" said the woman: "the boats has stopped running."

Eliza's look of dismay and disappointment struck the woman, and she said inquiringly:—

"Maybe you're wanting to get over? Anybody sick? Ye seem mighty anxious!"

"I've got a child that's very dangerous," said Eliza. "I never heard of it till last night, and I've walked quite a piece to-day, in hopes to get to the ferry."

"Well, now, that's onlucky," said the woman, whose motherly sympathies were much aroused: "I'm re'lly consarned for ye. Solomon!" she called from the window towards a small back building. A man in leather apron and very dirty hands appeared at the door.

"I say, Sol," said the woman, "is that ar man going to tote them bar'ls over to-night?"

"He said he should try, if 'twas anyway prudent," said the man.

"There's a man a piece down here that's going over with some truck this evening, if he durs' to; he'll be in here to supper to-night, so you'd better set down and wait. That's a sweet little fellow," added the woman, offering him a cake.

But the child, wholly exhausted, cried with weariness.

"Poor fellow! he isn't used to walking, and I've hurried him on so," said Eliza.

"Well, take him into this room," said the woman, opening into a small bedroom, where stood a comfortable bed. Eliza laid the weary boy upon it, and held his hands in hers till he was fast asleep. For her there was no rest. As a fire in her bones, the thought of the pursuer urged her on; and she gazed with longing eyes on the sullen, surging waters that lay between her and liberty.

Here we must take our leave of her for the present, to follow the course of her pursuers.

At two o'clock Sam and Andy brought the horses up to the posts, apparently greatly refreshed and invigorated by the scamper of the morning.

Sam was there, new oiled from dinner, with an abundance of zealous and ready officiousness. As Haley approached, he was boasting in flourishing style to Andy of the evident and eminent success of the operation, now that he had "farly come to it."

"Your master, I s'pose, don't keep no dogs?" said Haley thoughtfully, as he prepared to mount.

"Heaps on 'em," said Sam triumphantly: "thar's Bruno—he's a roarer! and besides that, 'bout every nigger of us keeps a pup of some natur' or other."

"Poh!" said Haley,—and he said something else too, with regard to the said dogs; at which Sam muttered:—

"I don't see no use cussin' on 'em, noway."

"But your master don't keep no dogs (I pretty much know he don't) for trackin' out niggers?"

Sam knew exactly what he meant, but he kept on a look of earnest and desperate simplicity.

"Our dogs all smells round consid'able sharp. I spect they's the kind, though they hain't never had no practice. They's *far* dogs, though, at most anything, if you'd get 'em started. Here, Bruno," he called, whistling to the lumbering Newfoundland, who came pitching tumultuously toward them.

"You go hang!" said Haley, getting up. "Come, tumble up now."

Sam tumbled up accordingly, dexterously contriving to tickle Andy as he did so; which occasioned Andy to split out into a laugh, greatly to Haley's indignation, who made a cut at him with his riding-whip.

"I 's 'stonished at yer, Andy," said Sam with awful gravity; "this yer's a seris bisness, Andy. Yer mustn't be a-makin' game. This yer ain't no way to help Mas'r."

"I shall take the straight road to the river," said Haley decidedly, after they had come to the boundaries of the estate. "I know the way of all of 'em: they makes tracks for the underground."

"Sartin," said Sam, "dat's de idee. Mas'r Haley hits de thing right in de middle. Now der's two roads to de river,—de dirt road and der pike: which Mas'r mean to take?"

Andy looked up innocently at Sam, surprised at hearing this new geographical fact; but instantly confirmed what he said by a vehement reiteration.

"'Cause," said Sam, "I'd rather be 'clined to 'magine that Lizy 'd take de dirt road, bein' it's the least traveled."

Haley, notwithstanding that he was a very old bird, and naturally inclined to be suspicious of chaff, was rather brought up by this view of the case.

"If yer warn't both on yer such cussed liars, now!" he said contemplatively, as he pondered a moment.

The pensive, reflective tone in which this was spoken appeared to amuse Andy prodigiously, and he drew a little behind, and shook so as apparently to run a great risk of falling off his horse; while Sam's face was immovably composed into the most doleful gravity.

"Course," said Sam, "Mas'r can do as he'd ruther; go de straight road, if Mas'r thinks best,—it's all one to us. Now when I study 'pon it, I think the straight road the best, *deridedly.*"

"She would naturally go a lonesome way," said Haley, thinking aloud, and not minding Sam's remark.

"Dar ain't no sayin'," said Sam: "gals is pecular: they never does nothin' ye thinks they will; mose gen'lly the contrar. Gals is nat'lly made contrary; and so if you thinks they've gone one road, it is sartin you'd better go t' other, and then you'll be sure to find 'em. Now my private 'pinion is, Lizy took der dirt road; so I think we'd better take de straight one."

This profound generic view of the female sex did not seem to dispose Haley particularly to the straight road; and he announced decidedly that he should go the other, and asked Sam when they should come to it.

"A little piece ahead," said Sam, giving a wink to Andy with the eye which was on Andy's side of the head; and he added gravely, "but I've studied on the matter, and I'm quite clar we ought not to go dat ar way. I nebber been over it noway. It's despit lonesome, and we might lose our way: whar we'd come to, de Lord only knows."

"Nevertheless," said Haley, "I shall go that way."

"Now I think on 't, I think I hearn 'em tell dat ar road was all fenced up and down by der creek, and thar—ain't it, Andy?"

Andy wasn't certain; he'd only "hearn tell" about that road, but never been over it. In short, he was strictly non-committal.

Haley, accustomed to strike the balance of probabilities between lies of greater or lesser magnitude, thought that it lay in favor of the dirt road aforesaid. The mention of the thing he thought he perceived was involuntary on Sam's part at first, and his confused attempts to dissuade him he set down to a desperate lying on second thoughts, as being unwilling to implicate Eliza.

When therefore Sam indicated the road, Haley plunged briskly into it, followed by Sam and Andy.

Now the road, in fact, was an old one that had formerly been a thoroughfare to the river, but abandoned for many years after the laying of the new pike. It was open for about an hour's ride, and after that it was cut across by various farms and fences. Sam knew this fact perfectly well: indeed, the road had been so long closed up that Andy had never heard of it. He therefore rode along with an air of dutiful submission, only groaning and vociferating occasionally that 'twas "desp't rough, and bad for Jerry's foot."

"Now I jest give yer warning," said Haley, "I know yer: yer won't get me to turn off this yer road, with all yer fussin'; so you shet up!"

"Mas'r will go his own way!" said Sam with rueful submission; at the same time winking most portentously to Andy, whose delight was now very near the explosive point.

Sam was in wonderful spirits; professed to keep a very brisk lookout: at one time exclaiming that he saw "a gal's bonnet" on the top of some distant eminence, or calling to Andy "if that thar wasn't Lizy down in the hollow"; always making these exclamations in some rough or craggy part of the road, where the sudden quickening of speed was a special inconvenience to all parties concerned, and thus keeping Haley in a state of constant commotion.

After riding about an hour in this way, the whole party made a precipitate and tumultuous descent into a barnyard belonging to a large farming establishment. Not a soul was in sight, all the hands being employed in the fields; but as the barn stood conspicuously and plainly square across the road, it was evident that their journey in that direction had reached a decided finale.

"Warn't dat ar what I telled Mas'r?" said Sam, with an air of injured innocence. "How does strange gentlemen spect to know more about a country dan de natives born and raised?"

"You rascal!" said Haley, "you knew all about this."

"Didn't I tell yer I *know'd*, and yer wouldn't believe me? I telled Mas'r 'twas all shet up, and fenced up, and I didn't spect we could get through: Andy heard me."

It was all too true to be disputed, and the unlucky man had to pocket his wrath with the best grace he was able; and all three faced to the right about, and took up their line of march for the highway.

In consequence of all the various delays, it was about three-quarters of an hour after Eliza had laid her child to sleep in the village tavern that the party came riding into the same place. Eliza was standing by the window, looking out in another direction, when Sam's quick eye caught a glimpse of her. Haley and Andy were two yards behind. At this crisis Sam contrived to have his hat blown off, and uttered a loud and characteristic ejaculation, which startled her at once; she drew suddenly back: the whole train swept by the window round to the front door.

A thousand lives seemed to be concentrated in that one moment to Eliza. Her room opened by a side door to the river. She caught her child, and sprang down the steps towards it. The trader caught a full glimpse of her, just as she was disappearing down the bank; and throwing himself from his horse, and calling loudly on Sam and Andy, he was after her like a hound after a deer. In that dizzy moment her feet to her scarce seemed to touch the ground, and a moment brought her to the water's edge. Right on behind they came; and nerved with strength such as God gives only to the desperate, with one wild cry and flying leap she vaulted sheer over the turbid current by the shore on to the raft of ice beyond. It was a desperate leap,—impossible to anything but madness and despair; and Haley, Sam, and Andy instinctively cried out, and lifted up their hands as she did it.

The huge green fragment of ice on which she alighted, pitched and creaked as her weight came on it; but she stayed there not a moment. With wild cries and desperate energy she leaped to another and still another cake; stumbling—leaping—slipping—springing upwards again! Her shoes were gone, her stockings cut from her feet, while blood marked every step; but she saw

nothing, felt nothing, till dimly, as in a dream, she saw the Ohio side, and a man helping her up the bank.

"Yer a brave gal, now, whoever ye are!" said the man with an oath.

Eliza recognized the voice and face of a man who owned a farm not far from her old home.

"O Mr. Symmes! — save me — do save me — do hide me!" said Eliza.

"Why, what's this?" said the man. "Why, if 't ain't Shelby's gal!"

"My child! — this boy! — he'd sold him! There is his Mas'r," said she, pointing to the Kentucky shore. "O Mr. Symmes, you've got a little boy!"

"So I have," said the man, as he roughly but kindly drew her up the steep bank. "Besides, you're a right brave gal. I like grit wherever I see it."

When they had gained the top of the bank, the man paused. "I'd be glad to do something for ye," said he; "but then there's nowhar I could take ye. The best I can do is to tell ye to go *thar*," said he, pointing to a large white house which stood by itself, off the main street of the village. "Go thar: they're kind folks. Thar's no kind o' danger but they'll help you: they're up to all that sort o' thing."

"The Lord bless you!" said Eliza earnestly.

"No 'casion, no 'casion in the world," said the man. "What I've done's of no 'count."

"And oh, surely, sir, you won't tell any one!"

"Go to thunder, gal! What do you take a feller for? In course not," said the man. "Come, now, go along like a likely, sensible gal, as you are. You've arnt your liberty; and you shall have it, for all me."

The woman folded her child to her bosom, and walked firmly and swiftly away. The man stood and looked after her.

"Shelby, now, mebbe won't think this yer the most neighborly thing in the world; but what's a feller to do? If he catches one of my gals in the same fix, he's welcome to pay back. Somehow I never could see no kind o' critter a-strivin' and pantin', and tryin' to cl'ar theirselves, with the dogs arter 'em, and go agin 'em. Besides, I don't see no kind o' 'casion for me to be hunter and catcher for other folks, neither."

TOPSY

From 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'

One morning while Miss Ophelia was busy in some of her domestic cares, St. Clare's voice was heard, calling her at the foot of the stairs.

"Come down here, cousin: I've something to show you."

"What is it?" said Miss Ophelia, coming down with her sewing in her hand.

"I've made a purchase for your department: see here," said St. Clare; and with the word he pulled along a little negro girl about eight or nine years of age.

She was one of the blackest of her race; and her round, shining eyes, glittering as glass beads, moved with quick and restless glances over everything in the room. Her mouth, half open with astonishment at the wonders of the new Mas'r's parlor, displayed a white and brilliant set of teeth. Her woolly hair was braided in sundry little tails, which stuck out in every direction. The expression of her face was an odd mixture of shrewdness and cunning, over which was oddly drawn, like a kind of veil, an expression of the most doleful gravity and solemnity. She was dressed in a single filthy, ragged garment, made of bagging; and stood with her hands demurely folded before her. Altogether, there was something odd and goblin-like about her appearance,—something, as Miss Ophelia afterwards said, "so heathenish," as to inspire that good lady with utter dismay; and turning to St. Clare, she said:—

"Augustine, what in the world have you brought that thing here for?"

"For you to educate, to be sure, and train in the way she should go. I thought she was rather a funny specimen in the Jim Crow line. Here, Topsy," he added, giving a whistle, as a man would call the attention of a dog, "give us a song, now, and show us some of your dancing."

The black, glassy eyes glittered with a kind of wicked drollery, and the thing struck up in a clear shrill voice an odd negro melody, to which she kept time with her hands and feet, spinning round, clapping her hands, knocking her knees together, in a wild, fantastic sort of time, and producing in her throat all those odd guttural sounds which distinguish the native music of

her race; and finally, turning a summerset or two, and giving a prolonged closing note, as odd and unearthly as that of a steam-whistle, she came suddenly down on the carpet, and stood with her hands folded, and a most sanctimonious expression of meekness and solemnity over her face, only broken by the cunning glances which she shot askance from the corners of her eyes.

Miss Ophelia stood silent; perfectly paralyzed with amazement.

St. Clare, like a mischievous fellow as he was, appeared to enjoy her astonishment; and addressing the child again, said:—

"Topsy, this is your new mistress. I'm going to give you up to her; see now that you behave yourself."

"Yes, Mas'r," said Topsy, with sanctimonious gravity, her wicked eyes twinkling as she spoke.

"You're going to be good, Topsy, you understand," said St. Clare.

"Oh, yes, Mas'r," said Topsy, with another twinkle, her hands still devoutly folded.

"Now, Augustine, what upon earth is this for?" said Miss Ophelia. "Your house is so full of these little plagues now, that a body can't set down their foot without treading on 'em. I get up in the morning, and find one asleep behind the door, and see one black head poking out from under the table, one lying on the door-mat; and they are mopping and mowing and grinning between all the railings, and tumbling over the kitchen floor! What on earth did you want to bring this one for?"

"For you to educate, didn't I tell you? You're always preaching about educating. I thought I would make you a present of a fresh-caught specimen, and let you try your hand on her, and bring her up in the way she should go."

"*I* don't want her, I am sure: I have more to do with 'em now than I want to."

"That's you Christians, all over! You'll get up a society, and get some poor missionary to spend all his days among just such heathen; but let me see one of you that would take one into your house with you, and take the labor of their conversion on yourselves! No: when it comes to that, they are dirty and disagreeable, and it's too much care, and so on."

"Augustine, you know I didn't think of it in that light," said Miss Ophelia, evidently softening. "Well, it might be a real

missionary work," said she, looking rather more favorably on the child.

St. Clare had touched the right string. Miss Ophelia's conscientiousness was ever on the alert.

"But," she added, "I really didn't see the need of buying this one: there are enough now in your house to take all my time and skill."

"Well, then, cousin," said St. Clare, drawing her aside, "I ought to beg your pardon for my good-for-nothing speeches. You are so good, after all, that there's no sense in them. Why, the fact is, this concern belonged to a couple of drunken creatures that keep a low restaurant that I have to pass by every day; and I was tired of hearing her screaming, and them beating and swearing at her. She looked bright and funny too, as if something might be made of her; so I bought her, and I'll give her to you. Try now, and give her a good orthodox New England bringing-up, and see what it'll make of her. You know I haven't any gift that way; but I'd like you to try."

"Well, I'll do what I can," said Miss Ophelia; and she approached her new subject very much as a person might be supposed to approach a black spider, supposing them to have benevolent designs toward it.

"She's dreadfully dirty, and half naked," she said.

"Well, take her down-stairs, and make some of them clean and clothe her up."

Miss Ophelia carried her to the kitchen regions.

"Don't see what Mas'r St. Clare wants of 'nother nigger!" said Dinah, surveying the new arrival with no friendly air. "Won't have her round under *my* feet, *I* know!"

"Pah!" said Rosa and Jane, with supreme disgust: "let her keep out of our way! What in the world Mas'r wanted another of these low niggers for, I can't see!"

"You go 'long! No more nigger dan you be, Miss Rosa," said Dinah, who felt this last remark a reflection on herself. "You seem to tink yourself white folks. You ain't nerry one, black *nor* white. I'd like to be one or turrer."

Miss Ophelia saw that there was nobody in the camp that would undertake to oversee the cleansing and dressing of the new arrival; and so she was forced to do it herself, with some very ungracious and reluctant assistance from Jane.

It is not for ears polite to hear the particulars of the first toilet of a neglected, abused child. In fact, in this world, multitudes must live and die in a state that it would be too great a shock to the nerves of their fellow-mortals even to hear described.

Miss Ophelia had a good, strong, practical deal of resolution: and she went through all the disgusting details with heroic thoroughness, though it must be confessed, with no very gracious air; for endurance was the utmost to which her principles could bring her. When she saw, on the back and shoulders of the child, great welts and calloused spots, ineffaceable marks of the system under which she had grown up thus far, her heart became pitiful within her.

"See there!" said Jane, pointing to the marks, "don't that show she's a limb? We'll have fine works with her, I reckon. I hate these nigger young-uns! so disgusting! I wonder that Mas'r would buy her!"

The "young-un" alluded to heard all these comments with the subdued and doleful air which seemed habitual to her; only scanning, with a keen and furtive glance of her flickering eyes, the ornaments which Jane wore in her ears. When arrayed at last in a suit of decent and whole clothing, her hair cropped short to her head, Miss Ophelia, with some satisfaction, said she looked more Christian-like than she did; and in her own mind began to mature some plans for her instruction.

Sitting down before her, she began to question her.

"How old are you, Topsy?"

"Dunno, Missis," said the image, with a grin that showed all her teeth.

"Don't know how old you are? Didn't anybody ever tell you? Who was your mother?"

"Never had none!" said the child with another grin.

"Never had any mother? What do you mean? Where were you born?"

"Never was born!" persisted Topsy, with another grin, that looked so goblin-like that if Miss Ophelia had been at all nervous, she might have fancied that she had got hold of some sooty gnome from the land of Diablerie; but Miss Ophelia was not nervous, but plain and business-like, and she said with some sternness:—

"You mustn't answer me in that way, child. I'm not playing with you. Tell me where you were born, and who your father and mother were."

"Never was born," reiterated the creature, more emphatically; "never had no father nor mother, nor nothin'. I was raised by a speculator, with lots of others. Old Aunt Sue used to take car' on us."

The child was evidently sincere; and Jane, breaking into a short laugh, said:—

"Laws, Missis, there's heaps of 'em. Speculators buys 'em up cheap, when they's little, and gets 'em raised for market."

"How long have you lived with your master and mistress?"

"Dunno, Missis."

"Is it a year, or more, or less?"

"Dunno, Missis."

"Laws, Missis, those low negroes — they can't tell: they don't know anything about time," said Jane; "they don't know what a year is; they don't know their own ages."

"Have you ever heard anything about God, Topsy?"

The child looked bewildered, but grinned as usual.

"Do you know who made you?"

"Nobody, as I knows on," said the child with a short laugh.

The idea appeared to amuse her considerably; for her eyes twinkled, and she added:—

"I spect I growed. Don't think nobody never made me."

"Do you know how to sew?" said Miss Ophelia, who thought she would turn her inquiries to something more tangible.

"No, Missis."

"What can you do? what did you do for your master and mistress?"

"Fetch water, and wash dishes, and rub knives, and wait on folks."

"Were they good to you?"

"Spect they was," said the child, scanning Miss Ophelia cunningly.

Miss Ophelia rose from this encouraging colloquy; St. Clare was leaning over the back of her chair.

"You find virgin soil there, cousin: put in your own ideas; you won't find many to pull up."

. . . . . .

On one occasion, Miss Ophelia found Topsy with her very best scarlet India Canton crape shawl wound around her head for a turban, going on with her rehearsals before the glass in great style: Miss Ophelia having, with carelessness most unheard-of in her, left the key for once in her drawer.

"Topsy!" she would say, when at the end of all patience, "what does make you act so?"

"Dunno, Missis: I spects 'cause I's so wicked!"

"I don't know anything what I shall do with you, Topsy."

"Law, Missis, you must whip me; my old Missis allers whipped me. I ain't used to workin' unless I gets whipped."

"Why, Topsy, I don't want to whip you. You can do well, if you've a mind to: what is the reason you won't?"

"Law, Missis, I's used to whippin': I spects it's good for me."

Miss Ophelia tried the recipe, and Topsy invariably made a terrible commotion, screaming, groaning, and imploring; though half an hour afterwards, when roosted on some projection of the balcony, and surrounded by a flock of admiring "young-uns," she would express the utmost contempt of the whole affair.

"Law, Miss Feely whip! Wouldn't kill a skeeter, her whippin's. Oughter see how old Mas'r made de flesh fly: old Mas'r know'd how!"

Topsy always made great capital of her own sins and enormities, evidently considering them as something peculiarly distinguishing.

"Law, you niggers," she would say to some of her auditors, "does you know you's all sinners? Well, you is,—everybody is. White folks is sinners too,—Miss Feely says so: but I spects niggers is the biggest ones; but lor! ye ain't any on ye up to me. I's so awful wicked there can't nobody do nothin' with me. I used to keep old Missis a-swarin' at me half de time. I spects I'se de wickedest crittur in de world;" and Topsy would cut a summerset, and come up brisk and shining on to a higher perch, and evidently plume herself on the distinction.

AARON BURR AND MARY

From 'The Minister's Wooing'

When, with his peculiarly engaging smile, he [Burr] offered his arm, she felt a little of the flutter natural to a modest young person unexpectedly honored with the notice of one of the great ones of the earth, whom it is seldom the lot of humble individuals to know except by distant report.

But although Mary was a blushing and sensitive person, she was not what is commonly called a diffident girl: her nerves had that healthy, steady poise which gave her presence of mind in the most unwonted circumstances.

The first few sentences addressed to her by her new companion were in a tone and style altogether different from any in which she had ever been approached,—different from the dashing frankness of her sailor lover, and from the rustic gallantry of her other admirers.

That indescribable mixture of ease and deference, guided by refined tact, which shows the practiced, high-bred man of the world, made its impression on her immediately, as a breeze on the cords of a wind-harp. She felt herself pleasantly swayed and breathed upon; it was as if an atmosphere were around her in which she felt a perfect ease and freedom, an assurance that her lightest word might launch forth safely, as a tiny boat, on the smooth, glassy mirror of her listener's pleased attention.

"I came to Newport only on a visit of business," he said, after a few moments of introductory conversation. "I was not prepared for its many attractions."

"Newport has a great deal of beautiful scenery," said Mary.

"I have heard that it was celebrated for the beauty of its scenery, and of its ladies," he answered; "but," he added, with a quick flash of his dark eye, "I never realized the fact before."

The glance of the eye pointed and limited the compliment, and at the same time there was a wary shrewdness in it: he was measuring how deep his shaft had sunk, as he always instinctively measured the person he talked with.

Mary had been told of her beauty since her childhood, notwithstanding her mother had essayed all that transparent, respectable hoaxing by which discreet mothers endeavor to blind their daughters to the real facts of such cases: but in her own calm, balanced mind, she had accepted what she was so often

told, as a quiet verity; and therefore she neither fluttered nor blushed on this occasion, but regarded the speaker with a pleased attention, as one who was saying obliging things.

"Cool!" he thought to himself; "hum! a little rustic belle, I suppose,—well aware of her own value; rather piquant, on my word!"

"Shall we walk in the garden?" he said: "the evening is so beautiful."

They passed out of the door and began promenading the long walk. At the bottom of the alley he stopped, and turning, looked up the vista of box ending in the brilliantly lighted rooms where gentlemen with powdered heads, lace ruffles, and glittering knee-buckles were handing ladies in stiff brocades, whose towering heads were shaded by ostrich feathers and sparkling with gems.

"Quite court-like, on my word!" he said. "Tell me, do you often have such brilliant entertainments as this?"

"I suppose they do," said Mary. "I never was at one before, but I sometimes hear of them."

"And *you* do not attend?" said the gentleman, with an accent which made the inquiry a marked compliment.

"No, I do not," said Mary: "these people generally do not visit us."

"What a pity," he said, "that their parties should want such an ornament! But," he added, "this night must make them aware of their oversight; if you are not always in society after this, it will surely not be for want of solicitation."

"You are very kind to think so," replied Mary; "but even if it were to be so, I should not see my way clear to be often in such scenes as this."

Her companion looked at her with a glance a little doubtful and amused, and said, "And pray why not? if the inquiry be not too presumptuous."

"Because," said Mary, "I should be afraid they would take too much time and thought, and lead me to forget the great object of life."

The simple gravity with which this was said, as if quite assured of the sympathy of her auditor, appeared to give him a secret amusement. His bright, dark eyes danced, as if he suppressed some quick repartee; but drooping his long lashes deferentially, he said in gentle tones, "I should like to know what so beautiful a young lady considers the great object of life."

Mary answered reverentially, in those words then familiar from infancy to every Puritan child, "To glorify God, and enjoy him forever."

"*Really?*" he said, looking straight into her eyes with that penetrating glance with which he was accustomed to take the gauge of every one with whom he conversed.

"Is it *not?*" said Mary, looking back, calm and firm, into the sparkling, restless depths of his eyes.

At that moment, two souls, going with the whole force of their being in opposite directions, looked out of their windows at each other with a fixed and earnest recognition.

Burr was practiced in every art of gallantry; he had made womankind a study; he never saw a beautiful face and form without a sort of restless desire to experiment upon it and try his power over the interior inhabitant: but just at this moment, something streamed into his soul from those blue, earnest eyes, which brought back to his mind what pious people had so often told him of his mother, the beautiful and early-sainted Esther Burr. He was one of those persons who systematically managed and played upon himself and others, as a skillful musician on an instrument. Yet one secret of his fascination was the naïveté with which, at certain moments, he would abandon himself to some little impulse of a nature originally sensitive and tender. Had the strain of feeling which now awoke in him come over him elsewhere, he would have shut down some spring in his mind and excluded it in a moment: but talking with a beautiful creature whom he wished to please, he gave way at once to the emotion; real tears stood in his fine eyes, and he raised Mary's hand to his lips and kissed it, saying:—

"Thank you, my beautiful child, for so good a thought. It is truly a noble sentiment, though practicable only to those gifted with angelic natures."

"Oh, I trust not," said Mary, earnestly touched and wrought upon, more than she herself knew, by the beautiful eyes, the modulated voice, the charm of manner, which seemed to enfold her like an Italian summer.

Burr sighed,—a real sigh of his better nature, but passed out with all the more freedom that he felt it would interest his fair companion, who, for the time being, was the one woman of the world to him.

"Pure and artless souls like yours," he said, "cannot measure the temptations of those who are called to the real battle of life

in a world like this. How many nobler aspirations fall withered in the fierce heat and struggle of the conflict!»

He was saying then what he really felt, often bitterly felt,— but *using* this real feeling advisedly, and with skillful tact, for the purpose of the hour.

What was this purpose? To win the regard, the esteem, the tenderness of a religious, exalted nature shrined in a beautiful form; to gain and hold ascendency. It was a lifelong habit; one of those forms of refined self-indulgence which he pursued, thoughtless and reckless of consequences. He had found now the keynote of the character: it was a beautiful instrument, and he was well pleased to play on it.

«I think, sir,» said Mary, modestly, «that you forget the great provision made for our weakness.»

«How?» he said.

«They that *wait on the Lord* shall renew their strength,» she replied gently.

He looked at her as she spoke these words, with a pleased, artistic perception of the contrast between her worldly attire and the simple, religious earnestness of her words.

«She is entrancing!» he thought to himself; «so altogether fresh and naïve!»

«My sweet saint,» he said, «such as you are the appointed guardians of us coarser beings. The prayers of souls given up to worldliness and ambition effect little. You must intercede for us. I am very orthodox, you see,» he added with that subtle smile which sometimes irradiated his features. «I am fully aware of all that your reverend doctor tells you of the worthlessness of unregenerate doings; and so when I see angels walking below, I try to secure a 'friend at court.'»

He saw that Mary looked embarrassed and pained at this banter, and therefore added with a delicate shading of earnestness:—

«In truth, my fair young friend, I hope you *will* sometimes pray for me. I am sure, if I have any chance of good, it will come in such a way.»

«Indeed I will,» said Mary fervently,—her little heart full, tears in her eyes, her breath coming quick,—and she added with a deepening color, «I am sure, Mr. Burr, that there should be a covenant blessing for you if for any one, for you are the son of a holy ancestry.»

A SPIRITUAL LOVE

From 'The Minister's Wooing'

WHAT Mary loved so passionately, that which came between her and God in every prayer, was not the gay young dashing sailor,—sudden in anger, imprudent of speech, and though generous in heart, yet worldly in plans and schemings,—but her own ideal of a grand and noble man; such a man as she thought he might become. He stood glorified before her: an image of the strength that overcomes things physical, of the power of command which controls men and circumstances, of the courage which disdains fear, of the honor which cannot lie, of constancy which knows no shadow of turning, of tenderness which protects the weak, and lastly, of religious loyalty which should lay the golden crown of its perfected manhood at the feet of a Sovereign Lord and Redeemer. This was the man she loved, and with this regal mantle of glories she invested the person called James Marvyn; and all that she saw and felt to be wanting she prayed for with the faith of a believing woman.

Nor was she wrong; for as to every leaf and every flower there is an ideal to which the growth of the plant is constantly urging, so is there an ideal to every human being,—a perfect form in which it might appear, were every defect removed and every characteristic excellence stimulated to the highest point. Once in an age, God sends to some of us a friend who loves in us *not* a false imagining, an unreal character, but looking through all the rubbish of our imperfections, loves in us the divine ideal of our nature,—loves, not the man that we are, but the angel that we may be. Such friends seem inspired by a divine gift of prophecy,—like the mother of St. Augustine, who, in the midst of the wayward, reckless youth of her son, beheld him in a vision, standing, clothed in white, a ministering priest at the right hand of God; as he has stood for long ages since. Could the mysterious foresight unveil to us this resurrection form of the friends with whom we daily walk, compassed about with mortal infirmity, we should follow them with faith and reverence through all the disguises of human faults and weaknesses, "waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God."

MISS PRISSY TAKES CANDACE'S COUNSEL

From 'The Minister's Wooing'

CANDACE sat on a fragment of granite bowlder which lay there, her black face relieved against a clump of yellow mulleins, then in majestic altitude. On her lap was spread a checked pocket-handkerchief, containing rich slices of cheese and a store of her favorite brown doughnuts.

"Now, Miss Prissy," she said, "dar's *reason* in all tings, an' a good deal *more* in some tings dan dar is in oders. Dar's a good deal more reason in two young, handsome folks comin' togeder dan dar is in"—Candace finished the sentence by an emphatic flourish of her doughnut. "Now as long as eberybody thought Jim Marvyn was dead, dar wa'n't nothin' else in de world *to* be done *but* marry de doctor. But good lan'! I hearn him a-talkin' to Miss Marvyn las' night: it kinder 'mos' broke my heart. Why, dem two poor creeturs, dey's jest as onhappy 's dey can be! An' she's got too much feelin' for de doctor to say a word; and *I* say *he oughter to be told on 't!* dat's what *I* say," said Candace, giving a decisive bite to her doughnut.

"I say so too," said Miss Prissy. "Why, I never had such bad feelings in my life as I did yesterday, when that young man came down to our house. He was just as pale as a cloth. I tried to say a word to Miss Scudder, but she snapped me up so! She's an awful decided woman when her mind's made up. I was telling Cerinthy Ann Twitchel,—she came round me this noon,—that it didn't exactly seem to me right that things should go on as they are going. And says I, 'Cerinthy Ann, I don't know anything what to do.' And says she, 'If I was you, I know what *I'd* do,—I'd tell the doctor,' says she. 'Nobody ever takes offense at anything *you* do, Miss Prissy.' To be sure," added Miss Prissy, "I have talked to people about a good many things that it's rather strange I should; 'cause I ain't one, somehow, that can let things go that seem to want doing. I always told folks that I should spoil a novel before it got half-way through the first volume, by blurting out some of those things that they let go trailing on so, till everybody gets so mixed up they don't know what they're doing."

"Well, now, honey," said Candace authoritatively, "ef you's got any notions o' dat kind, I tink it mus' come from de good

Lord, an' I 'dvise you to be 'tendin' to 't right away. You jes' go 'long an' tell de doctor yourself all you know, an' den le's see what 'll come on 't. I tell you, I b'liebe it'll be one o' de bes' day's works you eber did in your life!"

"Well," said Miss Prissy, "I guess to-night, before I go to bed, I'll make a dive at him. When a thing's once out, it's out, and can't be got in again, even if people don't like it; and that's a mercy, anyhow. It really makes me feel 'most wicked to think of it, for he is the most blessedest man!"

"Dat's what he *is*," said Candace. "But de blessedest man in de world oughter know de truth: dat's what *I* tink!"

"Yes — true enough!" said Miss Prissy. "I'll tell him, anyway!"

Miss Prissy was as good as her word; for that evening, when the doctor had retired to his study, she took her life in her hand, and walking swiftly as a cat, tapped rather timidly at the study-door, which the doctor opening, said benignantly: —

"Ah, Miss Prissy!"

"If you please, sir," said Miss Prissy, "I'd like a little conversation."

The doctor was well enough used to such requests from the female members of his church, which generally were the prelude to some disclosures of internal difficulties or spiritual experiences. He therefore graciously motioned her to a chair.

"I thought I must come in," she began, busily twirling a bit of her Sunday gown. "I thought — that is — I felt it my duty — I thought — perhaps — I ought to tell you — that perhaps you ought to know —"

The doctor looked civilly concerned. He did not know but Miss Prissy's wits were taking leave of her. He replied, however, with his usual honest stateliness: —

"I trust, dear madam, that you will feel at perfect freedom to open to me any exercises of mind that you may have."

"It isn't about myself," said Miss Prissy. "If you please, it's about you and Mary!"

The doctor *now* looked awake in right earnest, and very much astonished besides; and he looked eagerly at Miss Prissy, to have her go on.

"I don't know how you would view such a matter," said Miss Prissy; "but the fact is that James Marvyn and Mary always did love each other, ever since they were children."

Still the doctor was unawakened to the real meaning of the words, and he answered simply:—

"I should be far from wishing to interfere with so very natural and universal a sentiment, which I make no doubt is all quite as it should be."

"No—but—" said Miss Prissy, "you don't understand what I mean. I mean that James Marvyn wanted to marry Mary, and that she was—well—she wasn't engaged to him, but—"

"Madam!" said the doctor, in a voice that frightened Miss Prissy out of her chair, while a blaze like sheet-lightning shot from his eyes, and his face flushed crimson.

"Mercy on us! Doctor, I hope you'll excuse me; but there—the fact is—I've said it out—the fact is, they wa'n't engaged: but that Mary loved him ever since he was a boy, as she never will and never can love any man again in this world, is what I am just as sure of as that I'm standing here; and I've felt you ought to know it, 'cause I'm quite sure that if he'd been alive, she'd never given the promise she has—the promise that she means to keep, if her heart breaks and his too. The' wouldn't anybody tell you, and I thought I must tell you; 'cause I thought you'd know what was right to do about it."

During all this latter speech the Doctor was standing with his back to Miss Prissy, and his face to the window, just as he did some time before, when Mrs. Scudder came to tell him of Mary's consent. He made a gesture backward, without speaking, that she should leave the apartment: and Miss Prissy left, with a guilty kind of feeling as if she had been striking a knife into her pastor; and rushing distractedly across the entry into Mary's little bedroom, she bolted the door, threw herself on the bed, and began to cry.

"Well, I've done it!" she said to herself. "He's a very strong, hearty man," she soliloquized, "so I hope it won't put him in a consumption: men do go into a consumption about such things sometimes. I remember Abner Seaforth did; but then he was always narrow-chested, and had the liver complaint or something. I don't know what Miss Scudder will say;—but I've done it. Poor man! such a good man, too! I declare, I feel just like Herod taking off John the Baptist's head. Well, well! it's done, and can't be helped."

Just at this moment Miss Prissy heard a gentle tap at the door, and started as if it had been a ghost,—not being able to

rid herself of the impression that somehow she had committed a great crime, for which retribution was knocking at the door.

It was Mary, who said in her sweetest and most natural tones, "Miss Prissy, the doctor would like to see you."

Mary was much astonished at the frightened, discomposed manner with which Miss Prissy received this announcement, and said:—

"I'm afraid I've waked you up out of sleep. I don't think there's the least hurry."

Miss Prissy didn't, either: but she reflected afterwards that she might as well get through with it at once; and therefore smoothing her tumbled cap-border, she went to the doctor's study. This time he was quite composed, and received her with a mournful gravity, and requested her to be seated.

"I beg, madam," he said, "you will excuse the abruptness of my manner in our late interview. I was so little prepared for the communication you had to make, that I was perhaps unsuitably discomposed. Will you allow me to ask whether you were requested by any of the parties to communicate to me what you did?"

"No, sir," said Miss Prissy.

"Have any of the parties ever communicated with you on the subject at all?" said the doctor.

"No, sir," said Miss Prissy.

"That is all," said the doctor. "I will not detain you. I am very much obliged to you, madam."

He rose, and opened the door for her to pass out; and Miss Prissy, overawed by the stately gravity of his manner, went out in silence.

THE MINISTER'S SACRIFICE

From 'The Minister's Wooing'

When Miss Prissy left the room, the doctor sat down by the table and covered his face with his hands. He had a large, passionate, determined nature; and he had just come to one of those cruel crises in life in which it is apt to seem to us that the whole force of our being, all that we can hope, wish, feel, enjoy, has been suffered to gather itself into

one great wave, only to break upon some cold rock of inevitable fate, and go back, moaning, into emptiness.

In such hours men and women have cursed God and life, and thrown violently down and trampled under their feet what yet was left of life's blessings, in the fierce bitterness of despair. "This, or nothing!" the soul shrieks in her frenzy. At just such points as these, men have plunged into intemperance and wild excess; they have gone to be shot down in battle; they have broken life and thrown it away like an empty goblet, and gone like wailing ghosts out into the dread unknown.

The possibility of all this lay in that heart which had just received that stunning blow. Exercised and disciplined as he had been by years of sacrifice, by constant, unsleeping self-vigilance, there was rising there in that great heart an ocean tempest of passion; and for a while his cries unto God seemed as empty and as vague as the screams of birds tossed and buffeted in the clouds of mighty tempests.

The will that he thought wholly subdued seemed to rise under him as a rebellious giant. A few hours before, he thought himself established in an invincible submission to God's will that nothing could shake. Now he looked into himself as into a seething vortex of rebellion; and against all the passionate cries of his lower nature, could, in the language of an old saint, cling to God only by the naked force of his will. That will rested unmelted amid the boiling sea of passion, waiting its hour of renewed sway. He walked the room for hours; and then sat down to his Bible, and roused once or twice to find his head leaning on its pages, and his mind far gone in thoughts from which he woke with a bitter throb. Then he determined to set himself to some definite work; and taking his Concordance, began busily tracing out and numbering all the proof-texts for one of the chapters of his theological system,—till at last he worked himself down to such calmness that he could pray: and then he schooled and reasoned with himself, in a style not unlike, in its spirit, to that in which a great modern author has addressed suffering humanity:—

"What is it that thou art fretting and self-tormenting about? Is it because thou art not happy? Who told thee that thou wast to be happy? Is there any ordinance of the universe that thou shouldst be happy? Art thou nothing but a vulture screaming for prey? Canst thou not do without happiness? Yea, thou canst do without happiness, and instead thereof find blessedness."

The doctor came lastly to the conclusion that blessedness, which was all the portion his Master had on earth, might do for him also; and therefore he kissed and blessed that silver dove of happiness which he saw was weary of sailing in his clumsy old ark, and let it go out of his hand without a tear.

He slept little that night: but when he came to breakfast, all noticed an unusual gentleness and benignity of manner; and Mary, she knew not why, saw tears rising in his eyes when he looked at her.

DAVID FRIEDRICH STRAUSS

(1808–1874)

THE German renaissance, which had its beginnings in that great literary movement of which Goethe was the central figure, was destined to express itself at a later period in an output of philosophical and religious thought almost without parallel in its comprehensiveness and in its subtlety. Like other manifestations of intellectual and spiritual vigor, it was not without its negative and destructive principle: a principle which found, perhaps, its most significant expression in the life and work of David Friedrich Strauss,—a man modern only in the letter of what he performed; in the spirit a dogmatist of almost mediæval intensity and narrowness.

D. F. STRAUSS

He was born at Ludwigsburg, near Stuttgart, January 27th, 1808. His father, although a tailor by trade, devoted much of his time to literary pursuits; his mother was a woman of strong common-sense, whose piety was of an extremely practical character. The son inherited his father's taste for books, his mother's distaste of mysticism. Being designed for the church, he was sent in his thirteenth year to an evangelical seminary at Blaubeuren near Ulm, to study theology. Two of his teachers there, Professors Kern and F. C. Baur, were to have a deep influence upon his life. There also he met Christian Märklin, a student whose biography he was afterwards to write. Four years later, in 1825, he entered the University of Tübingen; but finding in the curriculum little nourishment, he sought satisfaction for his needs in Schelling's pantheistic philosophy, and in the writings of the romanticists, Jacob Böhme, and others.

In 1826 Professors Baur and Kern came to the University, resuming the intellectual oversight of their former pupils, Strauss and Märklin. Baur introduced Strauss to the works of Schleiermacher, whose mystical conception of religion, as having its roots in the emotional life, was for a time attractive to the future author of the

'Leben Jesu,' drawing him away from the influence of the rational philosophy of Kant and the pantheism of Schelling. But he was not to remain long a disciple of Schleiermacher. His own temperament, as well as outside forces, was drawing him to the consideration of the overwhelming Hegelian philosophy. In the last year at Tübingen he read Hegel's 'Phänomenologie,'—strong meat even for a German youth to digest. Hegel, in direct opposition to Schleiermacher, sought the roots of religion in thought, not feeling: his conception of *Begriff* and *Vorstellung*, of Notion and Representation, the Absolute, and the finite presentation of the Absolute, was to exert a tremendous influence upon Strauss; leading him at last to the inquiry embodied in the 'Life of Jesus,' how much of dogmatic religion is but the shadowing forth, the *vorstellung*, of great underlying truths.

He was not at once, however, to apply the Hegelian philosophy to the doctrines of the Christian religion. In 1830 he passed his examination with honor, becoming soon after assistant to a country clergyman; but a man of his restless and eager intellect could not long remain in the quiet atmosphere of a country parish. In 1831 he resigned his pastorate, to study under Schleiermacher and Hegel in the University of Berlin. The latter dying suddenly, shortly after Strauss's coming to Berlin, he removed to Tübingen, where he became a repetent or assistant professor, lecturing upon logic, history of philosophy, and history of ethics. In 1833 he resigned this position to devote himself to writing the 'Life of Jesus.' In 1834 the first volume, and in 1835 the second volume, was published.

In the 'Life of Jesus,' Strauss attempted to apply the Hegelian philosophy to the dogmatic system of the Christian religion: or rather, influenced by the Hegelian principle that the Absolute is expressed in finite terms, he attempted to show that the miraculous elements in the life of Jesus were ideally but not historically true; that the immaculate conception, the transfiguration, the resurrection, the ascension into heaven, were symbols of profound truth, myths created out of the Messianic hopes of the followers of Christ. This mythical theory was directly in the face of the theory of the deists, that the miraculous events in Christ's life were proof of the fallibility of the evangelists; and in the face of the theory of the rationalists, that those events were capable of natural explanation. The mythical theory of Strauss was not original with him. It had been applied to certain parts of the Old Testament by Eichhorn, Bauer, and others; in the secular domain, it was being applied by Niebuhr to early Roman history, and by Wolff to the Homeric poems: but no one before Strauss had applied it to the four Gospels thoroughly and exhaustively,—thoroughly and exhaustively, however, only in so far that Strauss never lost sight of his theory for one moment, bending

everything to its shape. Of the critical study of the gospels in the modern sense Strauss knew little,—his dogmatic temper being impatient of the restraints of scholarship; added to that, a certain irreverence of temperament prevented him not only from appreciation of the essential in Christianity, but by a kind of paradox, from arriving at anything like scientific truth. He disproved everything but proved nothing. The Jesus of Strauss's 'Life' is not even a historical personage like the Jesus of Renan's 'Life'; but a faint shadow, just discerned through dead mists of theory. The great work was to have but a negative mission: it prepared the way by its blankness for positive scholarship, for positive criticism; it is the reflection of the colorless mood of one standing between two worlds, without the spiritual insight necessary to understand that between the old order and the new there must be an organic link, else both will perish.

The replies to the 'Leben Jesu,' by Neander, Ullmann, Schweizer, and others, led to a reply from Strauss in 1837. In 1839 a third edition of the work appeared, in which concessions were made to the critics, to be withdrawn in the edition of 1840, of which George Eliot made an English translation. In the same year 'Christliche Glaubenslehre,' a history of Christian doctrines in their disintegration, appeared. Strauss meanwhile had been elected to the chair of theology in the University of Zurich, but the opposition this appointment aroused led to its annulment. In 1842 he married Agnes Schebest, an opera singer, with whom he lived until their separation in 1847, and who bore him three children. In 1847 he published a satire, in which he drew a parallel between Julian the Apostate and Frederick William IV. of Prussia. In 1848 he was nominated a member of the Frankfort Parliament, but was defeated; was elected to the Würtemberg Chamber, but his constituents asked him to resign because of his conservative action.

In 1849 he began to publish those biographies which contribute most directly to his literary fame. The 'Life of Schubart' was followed by the 'Life of Christian Märklin,' in 1851; the 'Life of Frischlin,' in 1855; and the 'Life of Ulrich von Hutten,' 1858–60. In 1862 appeared the 'Life of Reimarus'; in 1877, 'A Life of Jesus for the German People,'—in substance much like the former 'Life.' Previous to its publication, 'The Christ of Dogma and the Jesus of History' had appeared in 1865. In 1872 Strauss took up his residence at Darmstadt, where he made the acquaintance of the Princess Alice and the Crown Princess of Germany, who befriended him, and before whom he lectured on Voltaire. In 1870 these lectures were published; in the same year occurred his correspondence with Renan on the subject of the Franco-Prussian War,—a correspondence which led to the severing of their friendship.

In 1872 appeared 'The Old Faith and the New.' It is this work rather than the 'Life of Jesus' which is a monument of destructive criticism; although it is less scholarly and more superficial, written with a certain indifference, as if even a once stimulating subject had become wearisome. The book is without light or heat. Its author had drifted away from all philosophy, whether of Hegel or Schelling or Schleiermacher; had cast anchor in a port of No-man's-land. To his intellect at least, God and the soul of man had become unreal. Yet he was perhaps not wholly satisfied with the aridity of his choice. The last picture of him is of an old man in hired lodgings, reading in the days before his death the 'Phædo' of Plato. He died in February 1874.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF GRÆCO-ROMAN CULTIVATION

From 'A New Life of Jesus'

In opposition to the religious tendency of the Jewish people, all the efforts of the Greeks were applied to the perfecting of the really human element in man. This position does not, speaking generally, require any proof; as in the politics and morals, in the poetry and fine arts, of that people, it lies before us as a recognized fact. But in their religion it shows itself in the resemblance of the Greek gods to men. The Indian, the Egyptian, the Assyrian, did not shape their divinities in purely human form. And the cause of this was not merely deficiency in artistic skill and taste, but above all, the fact that these nations did not conceive of their gods as being simply human. Whether the Greek obtained his divinities in part from abroad, or from native predecessors, the peculiar change which he as a Greek in every instance set about making, is this: that he converted the original *natural* symbolism into a relation of human life; made them, instead of types of cosmical powers, representatives of the powers of the human mind and social institutions; and in connection with this, approximated their outward form more completely to the human.

Now, a piety which produced human ideals in god-like forms — in those of an Apollo, an Athene, a Zeus — stands indisputably higher than that which had not divested its divinities externally of the form of beasts, and internally of the wild creating or destroying power of nature; but the human element in the Greek gods had,— corresponding to its original natural signification, as

well as to the state of the cultivation of the popular mind at the time when these imaginations were realized in form,—together with its moral side, so strongly marked a sensual side, that as soon as the moral ideas were enlightened, offense could not fail to be taken at the cruelties of a Kronos, the adulteries of a Zeus, the pilferings of a Hermes, etc. Hence the poets of the later period endeavored to give a moral coloring to the myths that offended them: but there were individual philosophers of an earlier time — above all Xenophanes, the founder of the Eleatic school — who rejected the unworthy and in general human conceptions of the gods, as they were represented by Homer and Hesiod; and as is well known, it was on this ground that Plato banished Homer from his ideal republic. But even independently of this moral stumbling-block, the plurality of gods was soon discovered to be irreconcilable with the idea of the Divine nature; which, as the most perfect possible and the supreme cause of everything, could be only one and indivisible: and thus, among educated Greeks, we see Polytheism continually more and more displaced by the conception of Monotheism, or at all events reconciled with it by a stricter subordination of separate divinities to one supreme God. Thus in this respect the Greek gradually raised himself to the point of view on which the Hebrew stood from the first; and in so far as the former had attained to his conception of the one God by the philosophical method, that conception, in its later contact with Jewish Monotheism, might be of special service to the latter in the way of purifying it from many anthropomorphic features which still clung to it in the writings of the Old Testament.

But in all this the Greek formed his conceptions of man, his nature and his duties, far in advance of those ideal gods in Homer; and in a manner that never would have been possible on Jewish soil. "Humanitarianism," says Welcker, "could never have issued from Hebrew supranaturalism; for in proportion as the apprehension is earnest and exalted, must the authority and the law of the one God and Lord suppress that human religious freedom out of which all power and cheerfulness is derived in the best and noblest form." It was precisely because the Divinity did not confront the Greek in the form of a commanding law, that the Greek was compelled to be a law to himself; because he did not, like the Jew, see his whole life ordered for him, step by step, by religious ordinance, he was

compelled to seek for a moral rule within his own mind. That this was a difficult problem, that the way to the solution of it led over dangerous ground, we see by the corruption of morals which broke in over the Greek nation after the most brilliant and flourishing age, by the arbitrary manner in which the contemporary Sophists confounded all moral notions. To them, according to the maxim of Protagoras, man was the measure of all things: nothing was naturally good or bad, but only by reason of an arbitrary rule of men, to which the individual need not bind himself; but as the authors of those rules established them for their own advantage, it was open to the individual to call good and put in practice whatever was agreeable or useful to himself. The art of justifying such conduct argumentatively, of shaking the foundations of all existing principles in religion and morals, "of strengthening the weaker cause,"— *i. e.*, of making right of wrong,— was taught and published by the Sophists; but in point of fact, all that they did was to put into a methodical form what all the world around them was practicing already.

It is well known how this moral license among the people of Greece, and the sophistical palliation of it, was resisted by Socrates. He could not, like a Hebrew prophet, refer to a written law of God,— which indeed in the case of his fellow-countrymen, long before moved to religious skepticism, would have done no good; like the opponents, therefore, whom he endeavored to combat, he kept to man: to him too, in a certain sense, man was the measure of all things; but not man in so far as he follows his own caprice or pleasure, but in so far as he seeks in earnest to know himself, and by well-regulated thought to come to an understanding with himself as to what contributes to his own true happiness. He who acts upon such true knowledge will on all occasions act right; and this right conduct will ever make man happy: this was the condensed substance of the moral system of Socrates, for the establishment of which he required no divine command; although he delivered very pure notions respecting the nature of God, in the sense of the reconciliation alluded to above of the national Polytheism with a rational Monotheism. That Socrates delivered these doctrines not scholastically in an exclusive circle, but publicly and as it were socially; that moreover, as an exalted example, he at the same time practiced what he taught, in his own life and conduct; that

lastly he became a martyr to his convictions,—to his efforts, misunderstood by the mass of his fellow-citizens, for spiritual and moral elevation,—all this gives him a resemblance to Christ which has always been observed: in fact, notwithstanding the wide difference occasioned by the opposition between the systems of the nations and the religions on both sides, there is not in the whole of antiquity previous to Christianity, that of the Hebrews not excepted, any figure to be found so closely resembling Christ as that of Socrates.

After Socrates, no Greek did more to raise the tone of Greek cultivation to a point at which it might come into contact with the religion of the Hebrews, consequently towards the preparation for Christianity, than his disciple Plato. According to him, Ideas constituted all that was true in things; *i. e.*, general notions of them, which he considered to be not mere conceptions in the minds of men, but real supersensuous existences. The highest idea is that of the Good, and this identical with God himself: and when Plato calls Ideas also Gods, we see in this the possibility of a reconciliation of his philosophy on the one hand with the Polytheism of his countrymen, on the other with the Monotheism of the Jews; for Ideas, which in the former case might be looked upon as subordinate gods or demons, might in the latter be looked upon as angels, and be subordinated to the supreme Idea as to the one God. Plato declares the external world to have arisen from an amalgamation of reason with unreason, from the entrance of Ideas into their opposite (which accordingly was called matter, but which Plato described more negatively as the non-existent, without form and definiteness): in connection with this, in the language of the mysteries, he calls the human body the fetter and prison of the soul, into which it sunk out of an earlier disembodied state of pure contemplation of Ideas; and he considers the utmost possible release of the soul from the body as the problem which philosophy has to solve. In all this we recognize at once the points of contact with the views of the Essenes and the Gnostic speculations, in the form in which they appeared early in the Christian Church; but the main central principle—that of considering not the visible but the invisible as the truly Existent, not this life but the future as the true Life—has so much connection with Christianity that we cannot but recognize in this principle a preparation for it, or of mankind for it, on the part of the Greeks. Lastly, Plato does not, as Socrates

did, consider virtue as the only true means for attaining happiness, but makes happiness to consist in virtue as the right condition — harmony and health — of the soul; and in doing so he makes virtue, in so far as it has its reward in itself, independent of all pure motives, even of a regard to future recompense,— which nevertheless he emphatically inculcates. Thus he raised the idea of virtue as much above the Christian idea of it, as the point of view of the genuine philosopher is in comparison with the ordinary religious point of view; and only the foremost of the Christian teachers have in this respect come near to Plato.

In everything that was essential, Aristotle remained true to Plato's exalted theory of man's moral object; only that, in accordance with his tendency to outward experience, he laid more stress upon external good and evil as possible helps or obstacles to moral effort. The school of the Stoics, in part from a motive of mere opposition to the less strict principles of the Peripatetic School founded by Aristotle, took as the main foundation of their moral doctrine the self-sufficiency of virtue, its power to make men happy in itself alone, the worthlessness of everything external to it. According to the Stoic doctrine, virtue is to be considered the only good, vice the only evil; all other things, however powerful their influence may be on the condition of men, come into the category of the indifferent: health and sickness, riches and poverty, nay, life and death themselves, are in themselves neither good nor bad, but solely indifferent things, which men may turn as well to good as to evil. Here the connection with the later Christian point of view and its indifference to external circumstances cannot be overlooked: and when the Stoic philosophy places its wise man, as a being perfect, absolutely without wants and godlike, upon an elevation apparently irreconcilable with Christian humility, this elevation is again compensated when the superiority of the wise man is stated to consist only in his having put himself in accordance with the law of the universe, and adapted himself to the general reason of the world; and resignation to destiny as the will of God, the subordination of the individual will to the will of the Divinity, is preached by the Stoics in a manner which at once reminds us of the precepts of Christ.

Again, there was still another point of view in which Stoicism prepared the way for Christianity. The mode of thought that

prevailed in antiquity, not merely among the Jews, but also among the Greeks and Romans, was, in accordance with the isolation of the nations before the great monarchies of the world arose, exclusive, and limited to their own people. The Jew considered none but the posterity of Abraham to be the people of God; the Greek held that none but a Hellene was a genuine man, or fully entitled to be called a man at all, and with reference to the barbarian he assigned himself the same exclusive position that the Jew did to himself towards the Gentiles. Even philosophers like Plato and Aristotle had not yet quite rid themselves of the national prejudice: the Stoics were the first to draw from the community of the faculty of reason in all men the inference of the essential resemblance and connection of all.

The Stoics were the first to look upon all men as citizens of a great republic, to which all individual States stand in only the same relation as the houses of the town to the whole, as a family under the common law of reason: the Idea of Cosmopolitanism, as one of the finest fruits of the exertions of Alexander the Great, first sprung up in the Porch; nay, a Stoic was the first to speak the word that all men are brothers, all having God for their father. As regards the Idea of God, the Stoics advanced the reconciliation between the popular polytheism and philosophical monotheism on the ground of the pantheistic view of the universe, so far as to consider Zeus as the universal Spirit of the universe, the original Existence, and the other gods as portions and manifestations of him; and in doing so they did, in the Idea of the Logos, describing universal Reason as the creative power of nature, prepare a conception which was afterwards to become of the utmost importance for the dogmatic foundation of Christianity. At the same time, by the allegorical interpretation which they applied to Homer and Hesiod in order to extract physic-philosophical ideas of the gods and their histories in the Greek mythology, the Stoics pointed out to the Alexandrian Jews and subsequently to the Christians, in the study of the Old and subsequently of the New Testament, the way of substituting at their pleasure a different meaning when they did not like the literal one.

However far a theory which places the highest good in pleasure, and deprives the gods of all interference with the world and mankind, appears to be moved from the line of spiritual development which helped to prepare the way for Christianity,— still, even in Epicureanism, traits are not wanting that bear some

resemblance to it. In the first place, it is especially true in philosophy that the most opposite tendencies come in contact when thoroughly carried out; and thus the highest Good of the Epicurean is not so far from that of the Stoic as might appear at first sight. For by that pleasure in which he places the highest Good, the Epicurean does not understand the highest sensual enjoyment, but an abiding tranquil state of mind, which requires the renunciation of much transitory enjoyment, the acceptance of much incidental pain; and the Epicurean tranquillity is closely connected with the Stoic apathy. It is true indeed that the virtue of the Epicurean is never an object in and for itself, nor ever anything but a means for attaining that happiness which is separate from it; but still the means are so indispensable and so sufficient, that he can neither conceive virtue without happiness nor happiness without virtue. And though the Epicureans were not so prudish as the Stoics with regard to the outward good things of life, still they pointed to the simplicity of men's real wants, and to the advantage of keeping within the bounds of these wants, conversely also to the mode in which pain and misery may be conquered by the exercise of reason and coolness. In this the Epicureans, by their passive process, approached very nearly to the same point as the Stoics did by their active; and towards the latter they stood in a supplementary relation in those points in which Stoic severity became harshness and want of feeling. The Porch would know nothing of compassion and indulgence; Epicurus advised mercy and pardon, and the Epicurean principle, that it is better to confer a benefit than to receive one, corresponds exactly to the precept of Jesus, that to give is more blessed than to receive.

It was from the opposition and combat between these schools of Greek philosophy, of which the one regularly denied what the other maintained, the one thought it could refute what the other could maintain, that at last a doubt of all truth as capable of being known and proved — skepticism, as well philosophical as practical — developed itself. In this there seems at first sight to be a still wider separation from popular religious faith than had been before involved in men's applying themselves to philosophy. Still, the breaking of the last supports which human consciousness sought in philosophy might make that consciousness even more ready to receive a fresh supposed revelation of the Divine. The increase of superstition, the recourse to secret mysteries and novel forms of worship, which were to bring man into

immediate contact with the Divinity, such as may be noticed about the time of the rise of Christianity even among the more cultivated classes of the Græco-Roman world, was the result of the fact that not merely the old religions now failed to give mankind the satisfaction which they sought for, but the existing philosophical systems also failed to do so. It is well known how in the third century after Christ the so-called Neo-Platonic philosophy sprang out of this unsatisfied want; but even in the last century before Christ we remark a precedent to this tendency in the same Neo-Pythagoreanism to which we ascribed, above, an influence upon the Therapeutico-Essenic sect among the Jews. If then such a want of a new method of contact with the Divine, a new bond between heaven and earth, was felt in the spirit of that time, and felt among the Jews as well as among the Gentiles, Christianity takes its place as one of a series of attempts to satisfy that want; and the recognition that it met with is explained from the fact that it had the power of satisfying it in a more catholic and original manner than the artificially invented systems of Neo-Pythagoreanism and Neo-Platonism, or the secret league of the Therapeuts and Essenes.

If now, as compared with what the Greeks did to prepare the way for Christianity, we attempt to describe the assistance which the Roman people rendered, we may refer this assistance to two points. The first is the unity of one great Empire within which, even in the century before the birth of Christ, they had comprised all the known nations of the ancient world. In this Alexander had preceded them; but his kingdom, which besides did not comprise the real West, had not continued to exist as a unity, but had fallen into several pieces, among which there was never a complete cessation from a bloody struggle. It was impossible that the idea of Cosmopolitanism — the contemplation of man as man, and no longer merely as Greek, Jew, etc., etc. — could strike deep root until it did so in the Roman Empire of the world; so also it was necessary for the numerous and separate divinities of tribes and nations to unite and mix in this great communion of peoples, before the conceptions of them could resolve themselves into that of the one supreme and only God, the religions of the nations into a religion of the world. And with this change the spiritualization of religion was immediately connected. The One God could not be a material God, and for the God of all nations the usages were no longer suited by which this or that people had been accustomed to worship its own God. Christianity

having once arisen, was enabled to spread rapidly and unimpeded by means of the closer connection which the Roman rule had established by assimilation of education and institutions, as well as by the facilitation of intercourse between separate nations and countries. This dissemination was but an external addition to all that preceded. The reverse side of this unity is the destruction of the happiness and comfort which one of these peoples had before enjoyed in its independence, in living according to its own laws and ancient traditions; the pressure with which the foreign yoke weighed upon them; the manifold acts of injustice to which in the later times of the Roman republic — especially during the civil war — they were obliged to submit. Men's life in this world being thus embittered, and all natural assistance against Roman oppression being at last despaired of, their minds were directed to the next world, their expectations to some miraculous succor such as that of the idea of the Jewish Messiah made them hope for, and Christianity promised after a spiritual fashion.

The other point which we may look upon as the Roman contribution towards the preparation of the way for Christianity is the practical turn of the Roman people. Even the late schools of Greek philosophy, such as the Stoic and Epicurean, had preferred applying themselves to the theory of morals; and in the hands of the Romans, who had little inclination for mere speculation or scholastic philosophizing generally, philosophy became entirely practical and popular. In the popular apprehension the opposition between different schools and systems was smoothed away. The consequence was that among the Romans especially was formed that Eclecticism, as the most famous representative of which Cicero is well known to all the world, though his real merit and importance in the history of progress has been lately overlooked; Seneca also, though he stands on Stoic ground, was not free from this Eclecticism: and in the writings of both there are found, about the One God and the consciousness of him implanted in men,—as well as about man, his Divine nature, its corruption and restoration,— thoughts and expressions the purity of which surprises us: while their resemblance to the doctrines of Christianity, especially in the case of Seneca, has given occasion to the legend of a connection between him and the Apostle Paul, though it only shows how everything on all sides at that time was pressing towards the point at which we see Christianity immediately appear.

RUTH McENERY STUART

(1856–)

WITHIN the last ten years Ruth McEnery Stuart has become prominent among writers of dialect stories, by an originality and charm which offset the disadvantages of her being a late comer in a well-worked field. One of her earliest magazine stories, 'Lamentations of Jeremiah Johnson,' proved that the possibilities of the dialect story were by no means exhausted. It was brightened with kindly humor; was in itself a quaint conception, having that general character of pleasantness which distinguishes Mrs. Stuart's stories, making them always readable.

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'Lamentations of Jeremiah Johnson' was followed by other stories of negro life: 'The Golden Wedding,' 'Lucindy,' 'Crazy Abe,'—each told with force and naturalness, each a picture in which scenes and situations stand out by a quick succession of masterly strokes. Her characters are not subtle, but clear and sharp. To understand them, eyesight, not imagination, is required. There are more classic ways than hers of telling a story; but few are written with less effort to be brilliant at the expense of truth. Her comedy rarely degenerates into melodrama. Her pathos is never overdrawn.

She has not confined herself altogether to tales of negro life. 'Babette,' her only long story, is a pretty and conventional idyl of Creole life in New Orleans. The 'Sonny' series tells of the birth and education of the child of an Arkansas planter. The stories of Simpkinsville are of life in an Arkansas village. 'The Unlived Life of Little Mary Ellen' is a pathetic tale of old-fashioned Southern gentlefolk.

Mrs. Stuart has lived the greater part of her life among the people and scenes which she describes so well. She was born in Marksville, Aroyelles Parish, Louisiana, in 1856. In 1879 she married Mr. Alfred O. Stuart, a planter of southern Arkansas, where she learned to know the after-the-war negro of the Southern plantations,—the

«new issue» negro, as he is described by his fellows of the old régime. There too she became acquainted with the country people, whose simple lives and quaint speech are recorded in her stories of Arkansas.

'Unc' Mingo's Speculations' was Mrs. Stuart's first story. The titles of her collected works are—'Carlotta's Intended and Other Tales,' 'A Golden Wedding and Other Tales,' 'Babette,' 'Sonny,' 'Solomon Crow's Christmas,' and 'Pockets and Other Tales.'

THE WIDDER JOHNSING

From 'A Golden Wedding and Other Tales.' Copyright 1893, by Harper & Brothers

«Monkey, monkey, bottle o' beer,
How many monkeys have we here?
One, two, three—
Out goes she!»

«'TAIN' no use ter try ter hol' 'er. She des gwine f'om fits ter convulsions, and f'om convulsions back inter fits!»

Sister Temperance Tias raised her hands and spoke low. She had just come out of the room of sorrow.

Jake Johnson was dead, and Lize Ann Johnson again a widow.

The «other room» in the little cabin was crowded with visitors,—the old, the young, the pious, the thoughtless, the frivolous,—all teeming with curiosity, and bursting into expressions of sympathy, each anxious to look upon the ever-interesting face of death, every one eager to «he'p hol' Sis' Lize Ann.»

But Temperance held sway on this as on all similar occasions on the plantation, and no one would dare to cross the threshold from «the other room» until she should make the formal announcement, «De corpse is perpared ter receive 'is frien's;» and even then there would be the tedium of precedence to undergo.

It was tiresome, but it paid in the end; for long before midnight, every visitor should have had his turn to pass in and take a look. Then would begin an informal, unrestricted circulation between the two rooms, when the so-disposed might «choose pardners,» and sit out on the little porch, or in the yard on benches brought in from the church, and distributed about for that purpose.

Here they would pleasantly gather about in groups with social informality, and freely discuss such newly discovered virtues of the deceased as a fresh retrospect revealed, or employ themselves with their own more pressing romances, as they saw fit.

There were many present, inside and at the doors, who eagerly anticipated this later hour, and were even now casting about for "pardners"; but Sister Temperance was not one of these. Now was the hour of her triumph. It was she alone — excepting the few, selected by herself, who were at this moment making a last toilet for the departed — who had looked upon the face of the dead.

She was even ahead of the doctors; who, as the patient had died between visits, did not yet know the news.

As she was supreme authority upon the case in all its bearings, whenever she appeared at the door between the two rooms the crowd pressed eagerly forward. They were *so* anxious for the very latest bulletin.

"F'om convulsions inter fits! Umh!" repeated the foremost sister, echoing Temperance's words.

"Yas, an' back ag'in!" reiterated the oracle. "She des come thoo a fit, an' de way she gwine orn now, I s'picion de nex' gwine be a reverind convulsion! She taken it hard, I tell yer!" And Sister Temperance quietly, cruelly closed the door, and withdrew into the scene of action.

"Sis' Lize Ann ought ter be helt," ventured a robust sister near the door.

"Or tied, one," added another.

"I knowed she keered mo' fur Brer Jake 'n she let orn," suggested a third. "Lize Ann don't mean no harm by her orf-handed ways. She des kep' 'er love all ter 'erse'f."

So ran the gossip of "the other room," when Temperance reappeared at the door.

"Sis' Calline Taylor, yo' services is requi'ed." She spoke with a suppressed tone of marked distinctness and a dignity that was inimitable, whereupon a portly dame at the farthest corner of the room began to elbow her way through the crowd, who regarded her with new respect as she entered the chamber of death; a shrill scream from the new-made widow adding its glamour to her honors, as with a loud groan she closed the door behind her.

A stillness now fell upon the assembly, disturbed only by an occasional moan, until Sister Phyllis, a leader in things spiritual, broke the silence.

"Sis' Calline Taylor is a proud han' ter hol' down fits, but I hope she'll speak a word in season fur sperityal comfort."

"Sis' Tempunce callin' out Scripture ev'y time she see 'er ease up," said old Black Sal. "Lize Ann in good han's, po' soul! Look like she *is* got good 'casion ter grieve. Seem like she's born ter widderhood."

"Po' Jake! Yer reck'n she gwine bury 'im 'longside o' Alick an' Steve?"—her former husbands.

"In co'se. 'Tain' no use dividin' up grief an' sowin' a pusson's sorrer broadcas', 'caze—"

The opening door commanded silence again.

"Brer Jake's face changin' mightily!" said Temperance, as she stood again before them. "De way hit's a-settlin', I b'lieve he done foun' peace ter his soul."

"Is 'is eyes shet?"

"De lef' eye open des a leetle *teen*chy *tine*chy bit."

"Look fur a chile ter die nex'—a boy chile. Yer say de lef' eye open, ain't yer?"

"Yas—de one todes de chimbly. He layin' catti-cornders o' de baid, wid 'is foots ter de top."

"Catti-cornders! Umh!"

"Yas, an' wid 'is haid down todes de foot."

"Eh, Lord! Haids er foots is all one ter po' Jake now."

"Is yer gwine plat 'is fingers, Sis' Tempunce?"

"His fingers done platted, an' de way I done twissen 'em in an' out, over an' under, dee gwine stay tell Gab'iel call fur 'is han'!"

"Umh!"

"Eh, Lord! An' is yer done comb 'is haid, Sis' Tempunce?"

"I des done wropp'n an' twissen it good, an' I 'low ter let it out fur de fun'al to-morrer. I knowed Jake 'd be mo' satisfider ef he knowed it 'd be in its fus' granjer at the fun'al—an' Sis' Lize Ann too. She say she 'ain't nuver is had no secon'-class buryin's, an' she ain' *gwine* have none. Time Alick died she lay in a trance two days, an' de brass ban' at de fun'al nuver fazed 'er! An' y' all ricollec' how she taken ter de woods an' had ter be ketched time Steve was kilt, an' now she des a-stavin' it orf brave as she kin on convulsions an' fits! Look like when a pusson taken sorrer so hard, Gord would sho'ly spare de scourgin' rod."

"Yas, but yer know what de preacher say—'Gord sen' a tempes' o' win' ter de shorn lamb.'"

"Yas indeedy," said another, a religious celebrity, "an' we daresn't jedge de Jedge!"

"Maybe sometimes Gord sen' a tempes' o' win' ter de shorn lamb ter meck it run an' hide in de Shepherd's fol'. Pray Gord dis searchin' win' o' jedgmint gwine blow po' Sis' Lize Ann inter de green pastures o' de kingdom!"

"Amen!" came solemnly from several directions.

An incisive shriek from within, which startled the speakers into another awe-stricken silence, summoned Temperance back in haste to her post.

Crowds were gathering without the doors now, and the twinkle of lanterns approaching over the fields and through the wood promised a popular attendance at the wake, which after much tedious waiting was at last formally opened. Temperance herself swung wide the dividing door, and hesitating a moment as she stood before them, that the announcement should gain in effect by a prelude of silence, she said with marked solemnity:—

"De corpse is now perpared ter receive 'is frien's! Ef," she continued, after another pause,—"ef so be any pusson present is nigh kin ter de lately deceasted daid corpse, let 'em please ter step in fust at de haid o' de line."

A half-minute of inquiring silence ensued; and that the first to break it by stepping forward was a former discarded wife of the deceased caused no comment. She led by the hand a small boy, whom all knew to be the dead man's son: and it was with distinct deference that the crowd parted to let them pass in. Just as they were entering, a stir was heard at the outer door.

"Heah comes de corpse's mammy and daddy," one said, in an audible whisper.

It was true. The old parents, who lived some miles distant, had just arrived. The throng had fallen well back now, clearing a free passage across the room. With a loud groan and extended arms, Temperance glided down the opening to meet the aged couple, who sobbed aloud as they tremulously followed her into the presence of the dead.

The former wife and awe-stricken child had already entered; and that they all, with the new-made widow, who rocked to and fro at the head of the corpse, wept together, confessed sharers in a common sorrow, was quite in the natural order of things.

The procession of guests now began to pass through, making a circuit of the table on which the body lay; and as they moved out the door, some one raised a hymn. A group in the yard

caught it up, and soon the woods echoed with the weird rhythmic melody. All night long the singing continued, carried along by new recruits as the first voices grew weary and dropped out. If there was some giggling and love-making among the young people, it was discreetly kept in the shadowy corners, and wounded no one's feelings.

The widow took no rest during the night. When exhausted from violent emotion, she fell into a rhythmic moan, accompanied by corresponding swaying to and fro of her body,—a movement at once unyielding and restful.

The church folk were watching her with a keen interest, and indeed so were the worldlings; for this was Lize Ann's third widowhood within the short space of five years, and each of the other funerals had been practically but an inaugural service to a most remarkable career. As girl first, and twice as widow, she had been a conspicuous, and if truth must be told, rather a notorious figure in colored circles. Three times she had voluntarily married into quiet life, and welcomed with her chosen partner the seclusion of wedded domesticity; but during the intervals she had played promiscuous havoc with the matrimonial felicity of her neighbors, to such an extent that it was a confessed relief when she had finally walked up the aisle with Jake Johnson, as by taking one woman's husband she had brought peace of mind to a score of anxious wives.

It is true that Jake had been lawfully wedded to the first woman, but the ceremony had occurred in another parish some years before, and was practically obsolete; and so the church—taking its cue from nature, which does not set eyes in the back of one's head—made no indiscreet retrospective investigations, but in the professed guise of a peace-maker pronounced its benediction upon the new pair.

The deserted wife had soon likewise repaired her loss; whether with benefit of clergy or not, it is not ours to say, but when she returned to mourn at the funeral it was not as one who had refused to be comforted. She felt a certain secret triumph in bringing her boy to gaze for the last time upon the face of his father. It was more than the childless woman, who sat, acknowledged chief mourner, at the head of the corpse, could do.

There was a look of half-savage defiance upon her face as she lifted the little fellow up, and said in an audible voice:—

"Take one las' look at yo' daddy, Jakey. Dat's yo' own Gord-blessed father, an' you ain't nuver gwine see 'im no mo', tell yer

meet 'im in de Kingdom come, whar dey ain't no marryin', neither *givin'* in marriage;" and she added, in an undertone, with a significant sniffle, "nur borryin', nuther."

She knew that she whom it could offend would not hear this last remark, as her ears were filled with her own wails; but the words were not lost upon the crowd.

The little child, frightened and excited, began to cry aloud.

"Let him cry," said one. "D'ain't nobody got a better right."

"He feel his loss, po' chile!"

"Blood's thicker'n water ev'y time."

"Yas, blood will tell. Look like de po' chile's heart was rendered in two quick 's he looked at his pa."

Such sympathetic remarks as these, showing the direction of the ultimate sentiment of the people, reached the mother's ears, and encouraged her to raise her head a fraction higher than before, as, pacifying the weeping child, she passed out and went home.

The funeral took place on the afternoon following; and to the surprise of all, the mourning widow behaved with wonderful self-control during all the harrowing ceremony.

Only when the last clod fell upon the grave did she throw up her hands, and with a shriek fall over in a faint, and have to be "toted" back to the wagon in which she had come.

If some were curious to see what direction her grief would take, they had some time to wait. She had never before taken long to declare herself, and on each former occasion the declaration had been one of war — a worldly, rioting, rollicking war upon the men.

During both her previous widowhoods she had danced longer and higher, laughed oftener and louder, dressed more gaudily and effectively, than all the women on three contiguous plantations put together; and when, in these well-remembered days, she had passed down the road on Sunday evenings, and chosen to peep over her shoulders with dreamy half-closed eyes at some special man whom it pleased her mood to ensnare, he had no more been able to help following her than he had been able to help lying to his wife or sweetheart about it afterward.

The sympathy expressed for her at Jake's funeral had been sincere. No negro ever resists any noisy demonstration of grief, and each of her moans and screams had found responsive echo in more than one sympathetic heart.

But now the funeral was over, Jake was dead and gone, and the state of affairs so exact a restoration to a recent well-remembered condition that it was not strange that the sisters wondered with some concern what she would do.

They had felt touched when she had fainted away at the funeral; and yet there were those, and among them his good wife, who had not failed to observe that she had fallen squarely into Pete Richards's arms.

Now, every one knew that she had once led Pete a dance, and that for a time it seemed a question whether he or Jake Johnson should be the coming man.

Of course this opportune fainting might have been accidental; and it may be that Pete's mother was supercensorious when, on her return from the funeral, she had said as she lit her pipe:—

"Dat gal Lize Ann is a she-devil."

But her more discreet daughter-in-law, excepting that she thrashed the children all round, gave no sign that she was troubled.

For the first few months of her recovered widowhood Lize Ann was conspicuous only by her absence from congregations of all sorts, as well as by her mournful and persistent refusal to speak with any one on the subject of her grief, or indeed to speak at all.

There was neither pleasure nor profit in sitting down and looking at a person who never opened her lips; and so, after oft-repeated but ineffectual visits of condolence, the sisters finally stopped visiting her cabin.

They saw that she had philosophically taken up the burden of practical life again, in the shape of a family washing, which she carried from the village to her cabin poised on her head; but the old abandon had departed from her gait, and those who chanced to meet her in the road said that her only passing recognition was a groan.

Alone in her isolated cabin, the woman so recently celebrated for her social proclivities ranged her wash-tubs against the wall; alone she soaked, washed, rinsed, starched, and ironed; and when the week's routine of labor was over, alone she sat within her cabin door to rest.

For a long time old Nancy Price or Hester Ann Jennings,—the two superannuated old crones on the plantation,—moved by curiosity and an irresistible impulse to "talk erligion" to so

fitting a subject, had continued occasionally to drop in to see the silent woman; but they always came away shaking their heads, and declining to stake their reputations on any formulated prophecy as to just how, when, where, or in what direction Lize Ann would come out of her grief. That she was deliberately poising herself for a spring they felt sure; and yet their only prognostications were always prudently ambiguous.

When, however, the widow had consistently for five long months maintained her position as a broken-hearted recluse not to be approached or consoled, the people began to regard her with a degree of genuine respect; and when one Sunday morning the gathering congregation discovered her sitting in church, a solitary figure in black, on the very last of the Amen pews in the corner, they were moved to sympathy.

She had even avoided a sensational entrance by coming early. Her conduct seemed really genuine; and yet it must be confessed that even in view of the doleful figure she made, there were several women present who were a little less comfortable beside their lovers and husbands after they saw her.

If the wives had but known it, however, they need have had no fear. Jake's deserted wife and child had always weighed painfully upon Lize Ann's consciousness. Even after his death they had come in, diverting and intercepting sympathy that she felt should have been hers. When she married again she would have an unincumbered, free man, all her own.

As she was first at service to-day, she was last to depart; and so pointedly did she wait for the others to go, that not a sister in church had the temerity to approach her with a welcoming hand, or to join her as she walked home. And this was but the beginning. From this time forward the little mourning figure was at every meeting; and when the minister begged such as desired salvation to remain to be prayed for, she knelt and stayed. When, however, the elders or sisters sought her out, and kneeling beside her, questioned her as to the state of her soul, she only groaned and kept silence.

The brethren were really troubled. They had never encountered sorrow or conviction of sin quite so obstinate, so intangible, so speechless, as this. The minister, Brother Langford, had remembered her sorrowing spirit in an impersonal way, and had colored his sermons with tender appeals to such as mourned and were heavy-laden with grief.

But the truth was, the Reverend Mr. Langford, a tall, handsome bachelor of thirty years or thereabouts, was regarded as the best catch in the parish; and had he been half so magnetic in his personality or half so persuasive of speech, all the dusky maids in the country would have been setting their feathered caps for him.

When he conducted the meetings, there were always so many boisterous births into the Kingdom all around him,—when the regenerate called aloud, as they danced, swayed, or swooned, for "Brother Langford,"—that he had not found time to seek out the silent mourners, and so had not yet found himself face to face with the widow. Finally, however, one Sunday night, just as he passed before her, Lize Ann heaved one of her very best moans.

He was on his knees at her side in a moment. Bending his head very low, he asked, in a voice soft and tender, laying his hand the while gently upon her shoulder, "'Ain't you foun' peace yit, Sis' Johnsing?"

She groaned again.

"What is yo' mos' chiefes' sorrer, Sister Johnsing? Is yo' heart mo' grieveder f'om partin' wid yo' dear belovin' pardner, or is yo' soul weighted down wid a sense o' inhuman guilt? Speak out an' tell me, my sister, how yo' trouble seem ter shape itse'f."

But the widow, though she turned up to him her dry beseeching eyes, only groaned again.

"Can't you speak ter yo' preacher, Sis' Johnsing? He crave in 'is heart ter he'p you."

Again she looked into his face, and now, with quivering lip, began to speak: "I can't talk heah, Brer Langford; I ain't fittin'; my heart's clean broke. I ain't nothin' but des a miser'ble outcas'. Seem lak even Gord 'isse'f done cas' me orf. I des comes an' goes lak a hongry suck-aig dorg wha' nobody don't claim, a-skulkin' roun' heah in a back seat all by my lone se'f, tryin' ter pick up a little crumb wha' fall f'om de table. But seem lak de feas' is too good fur me. I goes back ter my little dark cabin mo' harder-hearted an' mo' sinfuler 'n I was befo'. Des de ve'y glimsh o' dat empty cabin seem lak hit turn my heart ter stone."

She dropped her eyes, and as she bent forward, a tear fell upon the young man's hand.

His voice was even tenderer than before when he spoke again. "It is a hard lot, my po' sister, but I am positive sho' dat de

sisters an' brers o' de chu'ch would come ter you an' try ter comfort yo' soul ef you would give 'em courage fur ter do so."

"You don't know me, Brer Langford, er you wouldn't name sech a word ter me. I's a *sinner*, an' a sinner what *love sin*. Look lak de wus a sin is, de mo' hit tas'es lak sugar in my mouf. I can't trus' myse'f ter set down an' talk wid dese heah brers an' sisters wha' *I* knows is one half sperityal an' fo' quarters playin' ketcher wid de devil. I can't *trus'* myse'f wid 'em tell Gord set my soul free f'om sin. I'd soon be howlin' happy on de Devil's side des lak I was befo', facin' two-forty on de shell road ter perditiom."

"I see, my po' sister — I see whar yo' trouble lay."

"Yas, an' dat's huccome I tooken *tol'* yer, 'caze I knowed you is got de sperityal eye *to* see it. You knows I's right when I say ter you dat I ain't gwine set down in my cabin an' hol' speech wid *nobody* less'n 'tis a thoo-an'-thoo sperityal pusson, lak a preacher o' de gorspil, tell my soul is safe. An' dey ain't no minister o' de sperit wha' got *time* ter come an' set down an' talk wid a po' ongordly widder pusson lak me. I don't *spect* 'em ter do it. De shepherds can't teck de time to run an' haid orf a ole frazzled-out black sheep lak I is, what 'd be a *dis*grace ter de fol', any way. Dey 'bleege ter spen' dey time a-coaxin' in de purty sleek yo'ng friskin' lambs, an' I don't blame 'em."

"Don't talk dat-a-way, Sis' Johnsing — don't talk dat-a-way. Sence you done specified yo' desire, I'll call an' see you, an' talk an' pray wid you in yo' cabin whensomever you say de word. I knows yo' home is kivered by a cloud o' darkness an' sorrer. When shill I come to you?"

"De mos' lonesomes' time, Brer Langford, an' de time what harden my heart de mos', is in de dark berwilderin' night-times when I fus' goes home. Seem lak ef I c'd des have some reel Gordly man ter come in wid me, an' maybe call out some little passenger o' Scripture to comfort me, tell I c'd des ter say git usen ter de lonesomeness, I c'd maybe feel mo' cancelized ter de Divine will. But, co'se, I don't *expec'* no yo'ng man lak you is ter teck de *trouble* ter turn out'n yo' path fur sech as me."

"I will do it, Sis' Johnsing, an' hit will be a act o' pleasurable Christianity. When de meet'n' is over, ef you will wait, er ef you will walk slow, I will overtaken you on de road quick as I shets up de church-house; an' I pray Gord to give me de seasonable word fur yo' comfort. Amen, an' Gord bless yer!"

Lize Ann had nearly reached her cabin when the reverend brother, stepping forward, gallantly placed his hand beneath her elbow, and aided her to mount the one low step which led to her door.

As they entered the room, he produced and struck a match; while she presented a candle, which he lit and placed upon the table. Neither had yet spoken. If he had his word ready, the season for its utterance seemed not to have arrived.

"'Scuse my manners, Brer Langford," she said finally, "but my heart is so full, seem lak I can't fine speech. Take a rock'n'-cheer an' set down tell I stirs de fire ter meck you welcome in my po' little shanty."

The split pine which she threw upon the coals brought an immediate illumination; and as the young man looked about the apartment he could hardly believe his eyes, so thorough was its transformation since he had seen it on the day of the funeral.

The hearth, newly reddened, fairly glowed with warm color, and the gleaming white-pine floor seemed fresh from the carpenter's plane. Dainty white-muslin curtains hung before the little square windows, and from the shelves a dazzling row of tins reflected the blazing fire a dozen times from their polished surfaces.

The widow leaned forward before him, stirring the fire; and when his eyes fell upon her, his astonishment confirmed his speechlessness. She had removed her black bonnet, and the heavy shawl which had enveloped her figure had fallen behind her into her chair. What he saw was a round, trig, neatly clad, youngish woman, whose face, illumined by the flickering fire, was positively charming in its piquant assertion of grief. Across her shapely bosom lay, neatly folded, a snowy kerchief, less white only than her pearly teeth, as smiling through her sadness, she exclaimed as she turned to her guest:—

"Lor' bless my soul, ef I 'ain't raked out a sweet 'tater out'n dese coals! I 'feared you'll be clair disgusted at sech onmannerly doin's, Brer Langford; but when dey ain't no company heah, I des kivers up my 'taters wid ashes an' piles on de live coals, an' let 'em cook. I don't reck'n you'd even ter say *look* at a roas' 'tater, would you, Brer Langford?"

The person addressed was rubbing his hands together and chuckling. "Ef yer tecks *my* jedgmint, Sis' Johnsing, on de pretater question, roas'in' is de onies way *to* cook 'em."

His hostess had already risen, and before he could remonstrate she had drawn up a little table, lifted the potato from its bed, and laid it on a plate before him.

"Ef yer will set down an' eat a roas' 'tater in my miser'ble little cabin, Brer Langford, I 'clar' fo' gracious hit 'll raise my sperits mightily. Gord knows I wushes I had some'h'n good *to* offer you, a-comin' in out'n de col'; but ef you'll please, sir, have de mannerliness ter hol' de candle, I'll empty my ole cupboard clean inside outen but I'll fin' you *some'h'n* 'nother to spressify yo' welcome."

Langford rose, and as he held the light to the open safe, his eyes fairly glared. He was hungry, and the snowy shelves were covered with open vessels of tempting food, all more or less broken, but savory as to odor, and most inviting.

"I 'clare, Sis' Johnsing — I 'clare!" were the only words that the man of eloquent speech found to express his appreciation and joy; and his entertainer continued: —

"Dis heah cupboard mecks me 'shame', Brer Langford. Dey ain't a thing fittin' fur sech as you *in* it. Heah's a pan o' col' 'tater pone an' some cabbage an' side meat, an' dis heah's a few ords an' eens o' fried chicken an' a little passel o' spare-ribs, piled in wid co'n-brade scraps. Hit don't look much, but hit's all clean. Heah, you gimme de candle, an' you retch 'em all down, please, sir; an' I ain't shore, but ef I don't disremember, dey's de bes' half a loaf o' reeson-cake 'way back in de fur corner. Dat's hit. Now, dat's some'h'n like. An' now pass down de butter; an' ef yer wants a tumbler o' sweet milk wid yo' 'tater, you'll haf ter hop an' go fetch it. Lis'n ter me, fur Gord sake, talkin' ter Brer Langford same as I'd talk ter a reg'lar plantation nigger!"

Langford hesitated. "Less'n you desires de sweet milk, Sis' Johnsing — "

"I does truly lak a swaller o' sweet milk wid my 'tater, Brer Langford, but seem lak 'fo' I'd git it fur myse'f I'd do widout it. Won't you, please, sir, teck de candle an' fetch it fur me? Go right thoo my room. Hit's in a bottle, a-settin' outside de right-han' winder des as you go in."

Langford could not help glancing about the widow's chamber as he passed through. If the other room was cozy and clean, this one was charming. The white bed, dazzling in its snowy fluted frills, reminded him of its owner, as she sat in all her

starched freshness to-night. The polished pine floor here was nearly covered with neatly fringed patches of carpet, suggestive of housewifely taste as well as luxurious comfort.

He had returned with the bottle, and was seating himself, when the disconsolate widow actually burst into a peal of laughter.

"Lord save my soul!" she exclaimed, "ef he 'ain't gone an' fetched a bottle o' beer! You is a caution, Brer Langford! I wouldn't 'a' had you know I had dat beer in my house fur nothin'. When I was feelin' so po'ly in my fus' grief, seem lak I craved sperityal comfort, an' I went an' bought a whole lot o' lager-beer. I 'lowed maybe I c'd drink my sorrer down, but 'twarn't no use. I c'd drink beer all night, an' hit wouldn't nuver bring nobody to set in dat rockin'-cheer by my side an' teck comfort wid me. Doos you think fur a perfesser ter teck a little beer ur wine when he feels a nachel faintiness is a fatal sin, Brer Langford?"

"Why, no, Sis' Johnsing. Succumstances alter cases, an' hit's de *succumstances* o' *drinkin'* what mecks de *altercations;* an' de way I looks at it, a Christian man is de onies pusson who oughter dare to *trus'* 'isse'f wid de wine cup, 'caze a sinner don' know when ter *stop.*"

"Dat soun' mighty reason'ble, Brer Langford. An' sence you fetched de beer, now you 'bleege ter drink it. But please, sir, go, lak a good man, an' bring my milk, on de tother side in de winder."

The milk was brought, and the Rev. Mr. Langford was soon smacking his lips over the best supper it had been his ministerial good fortune to enjoy for many a day.

As the widow raked a second potato from the fire, she remarked, in a tone of inimitable pathos:—

"Seem lak I can't git usen ter cookin' fur one. I cooks fur two ev'y day; an' somehow I fines a little spec o' comfort in lookin' at de odd po'tion, even ef I has ter eat it myse'f. De secon' 'tater on de hyearth seem lak hit stan's fur company. Seein' as you relishes de beer, Brer Langford, I's proud you made de mistake an' fetched it. Gord knows *some*body better drink it! I got a whole passel o' bottles in my trunk, an' I don't know what ter do wid 'em. A man what wuck an' talk an' preach hard as you does, he *need* a little some'h'n' 'nother ter keep his cour'ge up."

It was an hour past midnight when finally the widow let her guest out the back door; and as she directed him how to reach home by a short cut through her field, she said, while she held his hand in parting:—

"Gord will bless you fur dis night, Brer Langford, fur you is truly sakerficed yo'se'f fur a po' sinner; an' I b'lieve dey's mo' true 'ligion in comfortin' a po' lonely widderless 'oman lak I is, what 'ain't got nobody *to* stan' by 'er, dan in all de sermons a-goin': an' now I gwine turn my face back todes my lonely fireside wid a *better hope* an' a *firmer trus'*, 'caze I knows de love o' Gord done sont you ter me. My po' little brade an' meat warn't highfalutin' nur fine, but you is shared it wid me lak a Christian, an' I gi'n it ter you wid a free heart."

Langford returned the pressure of her hand, and even shook it heartily during his parting speech:—

"Good-night, my dear sister, an' Gord bless you! I feels mo' courageous an' strenk'n'd myse'f sence I have shared yo' lonely fireside; an' please Gord, I will make it my juty as well *as* my pleasure to he'p you in a similar manner whensomever you desires my presence. I rejoices to see that you is tryin' wid a brave heart to rise f'om yo' sorrer. Keep good cheer, my sister, an' remember dat the Gord o' Aberham an' Isaac an' Jacob — de patriots o' de Lord — is *also* de friend ter de fatherless *an'* widders, an' to them that are desolate an' oppressed."

With this beautiful admonition, and a last distinct pressure of the hand, the Rev. Mr. Langford disappeared in the darkness, carefully fastening the top button of his coat as he went, as if to cover securely the upper layer of raisin-cake which still lay, for want of lower space, just beneath it within.

He never felt better in his life.

The widow watched his retreating shadow until she dimly saw one dark leg rise over the rail as he scaled the garden fence; then coming in, she hooked the door, and throwing herself on the floor, rolled over and over, laughing until she cried, verily.

"Stan' back, gals, stan' back!" she exclaimed, rising. "Stan' back, I say! A widder done haided yer off wid a cook-pot!" With eyes fairly dancing, she resumed her seat before the fire. She was too much elated for sleep yet. "I 'clare 'fo' gracious, I is a devil!" she chuckled. "Po' Alick — an' po' Steve — an' po' Jake!" she continued, pausing after each name with something that their spiritual presences might have interpreted as a

sigh if they were affectionately hovering near her. "But," she added, her own thoughts supplying the connection, "Brer Langford gwine be de stylishes' one o' de lot." And then she really sighed. "I mus' go buy some mo' beer. Better git two bottles. He mought ax fur mo', bein' as I got a trunkful." And here alone in her cabin she roared aloud. "I does wonder huccome I come ter be sech a devil, anyhow? I 'lowed I was safe ter risk de beer. Better git a dozen bottles, I reck'n; give 'im plenty rope, po' boy! Well, Langford honey, good-night fur tonight! But perpare, yo'ng man, perpare!" And chuckling as she went, she passed into her own room and went to bed.

The young minister was as good as his promise, and during the next two months he never failed to stop after every evening meeting to look after the spiritual condition of the "widder Johnsing"; while she, with the consummate skill of a practiced hand, saw to it that without apparent forethought her little cupboard should always supply a material entertainment, full, savory, and varied. If on occasion she lamented a dearth of cold dishes, it was that she might insist on sharing her breakfast with her guest; when producing from her magic safe a ready-dressed spring chicken or squirrel, she would broil it upon the coals in his presence, and the young man would depart thoroughly saturated with the odor of her delightful hospitality.

Langford had heard things about this woman in days gone by, but now he was pleased to realize that they had all been malicious inventions prompted by jealousy. Had he commanded the adjectives, he would have described her as the most generous, hospitable, spontaneous, sympathetic, vivacious, and witty, as well as the most artless, of women. As it was, he thought of her a good deal between visits; and whether the thought moved backward or forward, whether it took shape as a memory or an anticipation, he somehow unconsciously smacked his lips and swallowed. And yet, when one of the elders questioned him as to the spiritual state of the still silent mourner, he knit his brow, and answered with a sigh:—

"It is hard ter say, my brothers — it is hard ter say. De ole lady do nourish an' cherish 'er grief mightily; but yit, ef we hol' off an' don't crowd 'er, I trus' she'll come thoo on de Lord's side yit."

If there had been the ghost of a twinkle in his interlocutor's eye, it died out, abashed at itself at this pious and carefully

framed reply. The widow was indeed fully ten years Langford's senior,—a discrepancy as much exaggerated by outward circumstances as it was minimized in their fireside relations.

So matters drifted on for a month longer. The dozen bottles of beer had been followed by a second, and these again by a half-dozen. This last reduced purchase of course had its meaning. Langford was reaching the end of his tether. At last there were but two bottles left. It was Sunday night again.

The little cupboard had been furnished with unusual elaboration, and the savory odors which emanated from its shelves would have filled the room but for the all-pervading essence of bergamot with which the widow had recklessly deluged her hair. Indeed, her entire toilet betrayed exceptional care to-night.

She had not gone to church, and as it was near the hour for dismissal, she was a trifle nervous; feeling confident that the minister would stop in, ostensibly to inquire the cause of her absence. She had tried this before, and he had not disappointed her.

Finally she detected his familiar announcement, a clearing of his throat, as he approached the door.

"Lif' up de latch an' walk in, Brer Wolf," she laughingly called to him; and as he entered she added, "Look lak you come in answer to my thoughts, Brer Langford."

"Is dat so, Sis' Johnsing?" he replied, chuckling with delight. "I knowed *some'h'n'* 'nother drawed me clean over f'om de chu'ch in de po'in'-down rain."

"Is it a-rainin'? I 'clare, I see yer brung yo' umber*el;* but sett'n heah by de fire, I nuver studies 'bout de ele*mints.* I been studyin' 'bout some'h'n' mo'n rain or shine, *I* tell yer."

"Is yer, Sis' Johnsing? What you been studyin' 'bout?"

"What I been studyin' 'bout? Nemmine what I been studyin' 'bout! I studyin' 'bout *Brer Langford* now. De po' man look so tired an' frazzled out, 'is eyes looks des lak dorg-wood blorsoms. You is des nachelly preached down, Brer Langford, an' you needs a morsel o' some'h'n' 'nother ter stiddy yo' cornstitution." She rose forthwith, and set about arranging the young man's supper.

"But you 'ain't tol' me yit huccome you 'ain't come ter chu'ch ter-night, Sis' Johnsing?"

"Nemmine 'bout dat now. I ain't studyin' 'bout gwine ter chu'ch now. I des studyin' 'bout how ter induce de size o' yo'

eyes down ter dey nachel porportiom. Heah, teck de shovel, an' rake out a han'ful o' coals, please, sir, an' I'll set dis pan o' rolls ter bake. Dat's hit. Now kiver de led good wid live coals an' ashes. Dat's a man! Now time you wrastle wid de j'ints o' dis roas' guinea-hen, an' teck de corkscrew an' perscribe fur dis beer bottle, and go fetch de fresh butter out'n de winder, de rolls 'll be a-singin' 'Now is de accepted time!'"

It was no wonder the young man thought her charming.

Needless to say, the feast, seasoned by a steady flow of humor, was perfect. But all things earthly have an end; and so, by-and-by, it was all over. A pattering rain without served to enhance the genial in-door charm, but it was time to go.

"Well, Sis' Johnsing, hit's a-gittin' on time fur me ter be a-movin'," said the poor fellow at length — for he hated to leave.

"Yas, I knows it is, Brer Langford," the hostess answered with a tinge of sadness, "an' dat ain't de wust of it."

"How does you mean, Sis' Johnsing?"

"'Ain't I tol' yer, Brer Langford, ter-night dat my thoughts was wid you? Don't look at me so quizzical, please, sir, 'caze I got a heavy sorrer in my heart."

"A sorrer 'bout me, Sis' Johnsing? How so?"

"Brer Langford — I — I been thinkin' 'bout you all day, an'— an'— ter come right down ter de p'int, I — I —" She bit her lip and hesitated. "I 'feerd I done put off what I ought ter said ter you tell look lak hit 'll 'mos' bre'k my heart *to* say it."

"Speak out, fur Gord sake, Sis' Johnsing, an' ease yo' min'! What is yo' trouble?"

She seemed almost crying. "You — you — you mustn't come heah no mo', Brer Langford."

"Who — me? Wh-wh-what is I done, Sis' Johnsing?"

"My Gord! how *kin* I say it? You 'ain't done nothin', my dear frien'. You has been Gord's blessin' ter me; but — but — I 'clare 'fo' Gord, how *kin* I say de word? But — don't you see yo'se'f how de succumstances stan'? You is a yo'ng man li'ble to fall in love wid any lakly yo'ng gal any day, an' ter git married — an' of co'se dat's right: but don't you see dat ef a po' lonesome 'oman lak me put *too* much 'pendence orn a yo'ng man lak you is, de time gwine come when he gwine git *tired* a-walkin' all de way f'om chu'ch in de po'in'-down rain des fur charity ter comfort a lonely sinner pusson lak I is; an'— an' settin' heah by myse'f ter-night, I done made up my min' dat I gwine 'scuse you

f'om dis task while I *kin* stand it. Of co'se I don't say but hit 'll be hard. You is tooken me by de han' an' he'ped me thoo a dark cloud; but you an' me mus' say far'well ter-night, an' you — you mustn't come back no mo'."

Her face was buried in her hands now, and so she could not see her guest's storm-swept visage as he essayed to answer her.

"You — you — you — you — talkin' 'bout *you* c'n stan' it, Sis' Johnsing, an'— an'— seem lak you 's forgitt'n' all *bout me.*" His voice was trembling. "I — I knows I ain't nothin' but a no-'count yo'ng striplin', so ter speak, an' you is a mannerly lady o' speunce: but hit do seem lak 'fo' you'd send me away, des lak ter say a yaller dorg, you'd — you'd ax me could *I* stan' it; an' — an', tell de trufe, I *can't* stan' it, an' I ain't *gwine* stan' it, 'less'n you des nachelly, p'int-blank, out an' out, shets de do' in my face."

"Brer Langford —"

"Don't you say Brer Langford ter me no mo', ef you please, ma'am; an'— an' I ain't gwine call you Sis' Johnsing no mo', nuther. You is des, so fur as you consents, hencefo'th an' fo'-ever mo', in season an' out'n season — des my Lize Ann. You knows yo'se'f dat we is come ter be each one-'n'ner's heart's delight." He drew his chair nearer, and leaning forward, seized her hand, as he continued: "Leastwise, dat's de way *my* heart language hitse'f. I done tooken you fur my sweetness 'fo' ter-night, Lize Ann, my honey."

But why follow them any further? Before he left her, the widow had consented, with becoming reluctance, that he should come to her on the following Sunday with the marriage license in his pocket; *on one condition*, and upon this condition she insisted with unyielding pertinacity. It was that Langford should feel entirely free to change his mind, and to love or to marry any other woman within the week ensuing.

Lize Ann arrived late at service on the following Sunday evening. Her name had just been announced as a happy convert who rejoiced in new-found grace; and when she stepped demurely up the aisle, arrayed in a plain white dress, her face beaming with what seemed a spiritual peace, the congregation were deeply touched, and, eager to welcome her into the fold, began to press forward to extend the right hand of fellowship to one who had come in through so much tribulation. It was a happy time all round; and no one was more jubilant than the

young pastor, who seemed indeed to rejoice more over this recovered lamb than over the ninety-and-nine within the fold who had not gone astray.

The young girl converts of recent date, never slow to respond to any invitation which led to the chancel, were specially demonstrative in their affectionate welcome; some even going so far as to embrace the new "sister," while others were moved to shout and sing as they made the tour of the aisles.

When, however, as soon as congratulations were over, it was formally announced that this identical convert, Mrs. Eliza Ann Johnsing, was then and there to be joined in the holy estate of matrimony to the Reverend Julius Cæsar Langford, the shock was so great that these same blessed damosels looked blankly one upon the other in mute dismay for the space of some minutes; and when presently, as a blushing bride, Lize Ann again turned to them for congratulations, it is a shame to have to write it, but they actually did turn their backs and refuse to speak to her.

The emotions of the company were certainly very much mixed; and the two old crones, Nancy Price and Hester Ann Jennings, sitting side by side in a front pew, were seen to nudge each other, as, their old sides shaking with laughter, they exclaimed:—

"What I tol' yer, Sis' Hest' Ann?"

"What I tol' yer, Sis' Nancy?"

"Dat's des what we tol' one-'n'ner Lize Ann gwine do!"

Though no guests were bidden to share it, the wedding supper in the little cabin that night was no mean affair; and when Langford, with a chuckling, half-embarrassed, new-proprietary air, drew the cork from the beer bottle beside his plate, Lize Ann said:—

"Hit do do me good ter see how you relishes dat beer."

But she did not mention that it was the last bottle, and maybe it was just as well.

WILLIAM STUBBS

(1825–1901)

BY E. S. NADAL

WILLIAM STUBBS, Bishop of Oxford, was born at Knaresborough June 21st, 1825, and was educated at the Grammar School, Ripon, and Christ Church, Oxford. He was graduated at Oxford in 1848, taking a first-class in classics and a third-class in mathematics; and was at once elected to a fellowship at Trinity College. In 1848 he was ordained, and later became vicar of a parish in Essex; he was appointed librarian to Archbishop Longley at Lambeth in 1862. He served as a school inspector from 1860 to 1866, when he was appointed Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. In 1867 he was elected Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford,—always a great distinction,—and later became an honorary fellow of that college. He received in succession a number of university and ecclesiastical dignities, and in 1884 was appointed Bishop of Chester, from which see he was translated to that of Oxford in 1889.

Bishop Stubbs printed in succession a number of learned editions of various chronicles relating to ecclesiastical and political history, such as 'Registrum Sacrum Anglicum,' 'Memorials of St. Dunstan,' etc. In 1870 he published a work which proved to be the beginning of a very important contribution to English history. This was 'Select Charters and Other Illustrations of English Constitutional History, from the Earliest Period to the Reign of Edward I.' In 1874 appeared the first volume of his great work, 'The Constitutional History of England in its Origin and Development.' The second and third volumes followed in 1875 and 1878 respectively. This book of Dr. Stubbs's is the ablest and most authoritative work upon the subject.

To Dr. Stubbs's view, English constitutional history is not an isolated matter confined to England. To him it is but part of the history of the development of Teutonic institutions throughout Europe. These institutions have spread to countries which are not Teutonic in blood or language. The four German countries are France, Spain, England, and Germany. Of these, France and Spain are German neither in blood nor language. We are given an

interesting comparison of the course of German civilization in these four countries.

In France, German civilization resulted in despotism; the reason for which fact is set forth by Dr. Stubbs very clearly. The system which for the last twelve centuries has formed French history was originally an adaptation of German polity to the government of a conquered race. The Franks, a German people, conquered Gaul, already a Romanized country. The form of feudalism they set up there was without any tendencies toward popular freedom. Feudal government in French history, therefore, runs its logical course. The central power, which is the cause of the conquest, grows weaker and weaker, until it is reduced to a shadow, and the parts get stronger. By-and-by the reverse process sets in: with the decay of the feudal system, the central power grows stronger and stronger, until it absorbs unto itself all the power which had once been in the feudatories. An absolute despotism is the result; which ultimately takes the form of an egotistical tyranny, leading in the end to revolution and disaster. Owing to the fact that the Germans conquered Gaul, the German system was imposed on France without the safeguards which it had on its original ground.

Spain is Germanic in the sense that the government is in the hands of Visigoths, who are kindred to the Germans; and that the common law and institutions are Germanic.

In Germany there is no alien race; for Germany is never conquered but by Germans. When one German tribe has conquered another, there is a feudal tenure of land. But where the race remains in its ancient seats, the free German polity continues. The imperial system, however,—what Dr. Stubbs calls the "Mezentian union with Italy,"—has modified German polity in Germany. It is for this reason that the German polity has had a freer development in England than in Germany itself.

Dr. Stubbs emphasizes the essentially German character of the British constitution; showing that the English are people of German descent in blood, character, and language, but more especially in the development of the primitive German civilization. The work, therefore, begins with the description of the Germans in their ancient homes, as given by Cæsar and Tacitus. The characteristics of the aboriginal society are described. In proceeding, the writer follows with great learning the course of constitutional development, from the days of the migration to those of Magna Charta. Volume i. closes with an account of the triumph of the barons over John. The second volume pursues the subject through the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; the third through the fifteenth century. The third volume is composed of four chapters, each of which is in itself a short history

of great value and authority. These chapters are 'Lancaster and York,' 'The King, the Clergy, and the Pope,' 'Parliamentary Antiquities,' and 'Social and Political Influences at the Close of the Middle Ages.'

The first volume concludes with that point in the history of England, when, as regards the rest of the world, it has become a self-reliant and self-sustained nation; and when, internally, it has been prepared for representative institutions. The picture which the author gives incidentally of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries would seem to represent a period of reaction and unmeaning violence. The political bloodshed of the fourteenth century preludes the internecine warfare of the fifteenth century. In the fourteenth century, public and private morality is at a low ebb, and the court is marked by a splendid extravagance and a coarse indulgence. The author does not find anything even in the stories of Chaucer to brighten the wretchedness of the period. If there has been a retrogression in morals, there has been one also in art. In architecture the Perpendicular Style is a decline from the grace and affluent variety of the Decorative. «The change in penmanship is analogous: the writing of the fourteenth century is coarse and blurred compared with the exquisite elegance of the thirteenth, and yet even preferable to the vulgar neatness and deceptive regularity of the fifteenth.» But weak as is the fourteenth century, Dr. Stubbs finds that the fifteenth century is weaker still: «more futile, more bloody, more immoral.» Yet out of it emerges, in spite of all, «the truer and brighter day.» He seems to consider this long period of violence and reaction in a sense the preparation for the constitutional development of the sixteenth century. Upon this point, however, another very able and exact writer, Mr. Gairdner, is at issue with him. Mr. Gairdner considers the events of the fifteenth century as tending not at all in the direction of liberty and constitutional government, but of pure absolutism. To the ordinary reader it will not be quite clear in what way the fifteenth century differs from any other period of reaction, except in degree and duration.

The question will naturally arise, as one reads the pages of Dr. Stubbs (and it is especially pertinent in this work, which is dedicated to literature), whether this very able writer is a literary historian. We are decidedly of the opinion that he is. One characteristic of literature he has to a very high degree,—truthfulness. With him the word or phrase must always be as nearly as possible the precise image of the thought. The expression is never allowed to vary a hair's-breadth to the right or left for the sake of effect. Perhaps he is at times too scrupulous in his preference for a dry or dull phrase which is clearly within the truth, to a brighter one which might go

beyond it. One would think that without the sacrifice of truth he might have made the story livelier; for the work is for the most part hard reading. Indeed the style might often be improved in ease and lucidity. But that literary truthfulness of which we have spoken we see everywhere. We see it in the conscientious description of the abstractions among which the reader is required to grope, and to which the greater part of his work is devoted. But there are, here and there, pages in which the writer forsakes the abstract for the concrete, and the dry description of ideas and principles for the delineation of manners and men; and here the literary power is marked. The powerful strokes express the results of a judgment cautious and deliberate in the extreme, and yet firm. The combination of a strong intellect and character with vast knowledge and intense truthfulness produces a deep impression on the mind of the reader. His confidence is won, and he recognizes the influence and guidance of a strong individuality. This again is an indication of the presence of literary power.

In conclusion, it seems to us that the point of view given in this great work is one which it is especially desirable should be impressed upon the people of this country. English history is regarded by Dr. Stubbs not as English only but as German, and as having its forming influences in still more ancient sources and within broader boundaries. If this general view is true of England, it is true also of ourselves; and it is one which we need especially to keep in mind. There is here a disposition to regard ourselves as separate from the rest of the world, and from the world's history. This is one of the temptations of that national pride, which, within its proper limits, is an honorable sentiment. But we are not separate from the rest of the world. As is the case with all countries, the foundations of what we possess we have received from other lands. It is not so important, therefore, that we should ask concerning any national institution or characteristic of our own, whether it is original (for complete originality is no more a possible thing to us than to any other country), as whether it is proper, right, and just.

Perhaps no English man of learning has left behind him so large a number of works of the highest excellence. In his editions of the great mediæval chronicles he set for English scholars an absolutely new standard of minute accuracy and breadth of survey. Dr. Stubbs was a great historian in the widest sense, and those associated with him as historian, or Bishop, remember most of all the generosity and sincerity and beauty of his character. Dr. Stubbs died in London, April 22, 1901.

E. S. Hodel

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

From the 'Constitutional History of England'

Of the social life and habits of the citizen and burgher, we have more distinct ideas than of his political action. Social habits no doubt tended to the formation of political habits then as now. Except for the purposes of trade, the townsman seldom went far away from his borough: there he found all his kinsmen, his company, and his customers; his ambition was gratified by election to municipal office; the local courts could settle most of his legal business; in the neighboring villages he could invest the money which he cared to invest in land; once a year, for a few years, he might bear a share in the armed contingent of his town to the shire force or militia; once in his life he might go up, if he lived in a parliamentary borough, to Parliament. There was not much in his life to widen his sympathies: there were no newspapers and few books; there was not enough local distress for charity to find interest in relieving it; there were many local festivities, and time and means for cultivating comfort at home. The burgher had pride in his house, and still more perhaps in his furniture: for although, in the splendid panorama of mediæval architecture, the great houses of the merchants contribute a distinct element of magnificence to the general picture, such houses as Crosby Hall and the Hall of John of Salisbury must always, in the walled towns, have been exceptions to the rule, and far beyond the aspirations of the ordinary tradesman; but the smallest house could be made comfortable and even elegant by the appliances which his trade connection brought within the reach of the master. Hence the riches of the inventories attached to the wills of mediæval townsmen, and many of the most prized relics of mediæval handicraft. Somewhat of the pains for which the private house afforded no scope was spent on the churches and public buildings of the town. The numerous churches of York and Norwich, poorly endowed, but nobly built and furnished, speak very clearly not only of the devotion, but of the artistic culture, of the burghers of those towns. The crafts vied with one another in the elaborate ornamentation of their churches, their chantries, and their halls of meeting; and of the later religious guilds, some seem to have been founded for the express purpose of combining splendid religious services and

processions with the work of charity. Such was one of the better results of a confined local sympathy. But the burgher did not, either in life or in death, forget his friends outside the walls. His will generally contained directions for small payments to the country churches where his ancestors lay buried. Strongly as his affections were localized, he was not a mere townsman. Nine-tenths of the cities of mediæval England would now be regarded as mere country towns; and they were country towns even then. They drew in all their new blood from the country; they were the centres for village trade; the neighboring villages were the play-ground and sporting-ground of the townsmen, who had in many cases rights of common pasture, and in some cases rights of hunting, far outside the walls. The great religious guilds just referred to, answered, like race meetings at a later period, the end of bringing even the higher class of the country population into close acquaintance with the townsmen, in ways more likely to be developed into social intercourse than the market or the muster in arms. Before the close of the Middle Ages the rich townsmen had begun to intermarry with the knights and gentry; and many of the noble families of the present day trace the foundation of their fortunes to a lord mayor of London or York, or a mayor of some provincial town. These intermarriages, it is true, became more common after the fall of the elder baronage, and the great expansion of trade under the Tudors; but the fashion was set two centuries earlier. If the adventurous and tragic history of the house of De la Pole shone as a warning light for rash ambition, it stood by no means alone. It is probable that there was no period in English history at which the barrier between the knightly and mercantile class was regarded as insuperable, since the days of Athelstan; when the merchant who had made his three voyages over the sea, and made his fortune, became worthy of thegn-right. Even the higher grades of chivalry were not beyond his reach; for in 1439 we find William Estfield, a mercer of London, made Knight of the Bath. As the merchant found acceptance in the circles of the gentry, civic offices became an object of competition with the knights of the county: their names were enrolled among the religious fraternities of the towns, the trade and craft guilds; and as the value of a seat in Parliament became better appreciated, it was seen that the readiest way to it lay through the office of mayor, recorder, or alderman of some city corporation.

Besides these influences, which without much affecting the local sympathies of the citizen class joined them on to the rank above them, must be considered the fact that two of the most exclusive and "professional" of modern professions were not in the Middle Ages professions at all. Every man was to some extent a soldier, and every man was to some extent a lawyer; for there was no distinctly military profession, and of lawyers only a very small and somewhat dignified number. Thus although the burgher might be a mere mercer, or a mere saddler, and have very indistinct notions of commerce beyond his own warehouse or workshop, he was trained in warlike exercises; and he could keep his own accounts, draw up his own briefs, and make his own will, with the aid of a scrivener or a chaplain who could supply an outline of form, with but little fear of transgressing the rules of the court of law or of probate. In this point he was like the baron,—liable to be called at very short notice to very different sorts of work. Finally, the townsman whose borough was not represented in Parliament, or did not enjoy such municipal organization as placed the whole administration in the hands of the inhabitants, was a fully qualified member of the county court of his shire, and shared, there and in the corresponding institutions, everything that gave a political coloring to the life of the country gentleman or the yeoman.

Many of the points here enumerated belong, it may be said, to the rich merchant or great burgher, rather than to the ordinary tradesman and craftsman. This is true; but it must be remembered always that there was no such gulf between the rich merchant and the ordinary craftsman in the town as existed between the country knight and the yeoman, or between the yeoman and the laborer. In the city it was merely the distinction of wealth; and the poorest apprentice might look forward to becoming a master of his craft, a member of the livery of his company, to a place in the council, an aldermanship, a mayoralty, the right of becoming an esquire for his life and leaving an honorable coat-of-arms for his children. The yeoman had no such straight road before him: he might improve his chances as they came; might lay field to field, might send his sons to war or to the universities: but for him also the shortest way to make one of them a gentleman was to send him to trade; and there even the villein might find liberty, and a new life that was not hopeless. But the yeoman, with fewer chances, had as a rule less

ambition; possibly also more of that loyal feeling towards his nearest superior, which formed so marked a feature of mediæval country life. The townsman knew no superior to whose place he might not aspire: the yeoman was attached by ties of hereditary attachment to a great neighbor, whose superiority never occurred to him as a thing to be coveted or grudged. The factions of the town were class factions, and political or dynastic factions: the factions of the country were the factions of the lords and gentry. Once perhaps in a century there was a rising in the country: in every great town there was, every few years, something of a struggle, something of a crisis,—if not between capital and labor in the modern sense, at least between trade and craft, or craft and craft, or magistracy and commons, between excess of control and excess of license.

In town and country alike there existed another class of men, who, although possessing most of the other benefits of freedom, lay altogether outside political life. In the towns there were the artificers, and in the country the laborers, who lived from hand to mouth, and were to all intents and purposes "the poor who never cease out of the land." There were the craftsmen who could or would never aspire to become masters, or to take up their freedom as citizens; and the cottagers who had no chance of acquiring a rood of ground to till and leave to their children: two classes alike keenly sensitive to all changes in the seasons and in the prices of the necessaries of life; very indifferently clad and housed; in good times well fed, but in bad times not fed at all. In some respects these classes differed from that which in the present day furnishes the bulk of the mass of pauperism. The evils which are commonly, however erroneously it may be, regarded as resulting from redundant population, had not in the Middle Ages the shape which they have taken in modern times. Except in the walled towns, and then only in exceptional times, there could have been no necessary overcrowding of houses. The very roughness and uncleanliness of the country laborer's life was to some extent a safeguard: if he lived, as foreigners reported, like a hog, he did not fare or lodge worse than the beasts that he tended. In the towns, the restraints on building, which were absolutely necessary to keep the limited area of the streets open for traffic, prevented any great variation in the number of inhabited houses: for although in some great towns, like Oxford, there were considerable vacant spaces which were apt to become

a sort of gipsy camping-ground for the waifs and strays of a mixed population, most of them were closely packed; the rich men would not dispense with their courts and gardens, and the very poor had to lodge outside the walls. In the country townships, again, there was no such liberty as has in more modern times been somewhat imprudently used, of building or not building cottage dwellings without due consideration of place or proportion to the demand for useful labor. Every manor had its constitution, and its recognized classes and number of holdings on the demesne and the freehold, the village and the waste; the common arable and the common pasture were a village property that warned off all interlopers and all superfluous competition. So strict were the barriers, that it seems impossible to suppose that any great increase of population ever presented itself as a fact to the mediæval economist; or if he thought of it at all, he must have regarded the recurrence of wars and pestilences as a providential arrangement for the readjustment of the conditions of his problem. As a fact, whatever the cause may have been, the population of England during the Middle Ages did not vary in anything like the proportion in which it has increased since the beginning of the last century; and there is no reason to think that any vast difference existed between the supply and demand of homes for the poor. Still there were many poor; if only the old, the diseased, the widows, and the orphans are to be counted in the number. There were too in England, as everywhere else, besides the absolutely helpless, whole classes of laborers and artisans whose earnings never furnished more than the mere requisites of life; and besides these, idle and worthless beggars, who preferred the freedom of vagrancy to the restrictions of ill-remunerated labor. All these classes were to be found in town and country alike.

TRANSITION FROM THE AGE OF CHIVALRY

From the 'Constitutional History of England'

And here our survey, too general and too discursive perhaps to have been wisely attempted, must draw to its close. The historian turns his back on the Middle Ages with a brighter hope for the future, but not without regrets for what he is leaving. He recognizes the law of the progress of this world; in

which the evil and debased elements are so closely intermingled with the noble and the beautiful, that in the assured march of good, much that is noble and beautiful must needs share the fate of the evil and debased. If it were not for the conviction that however prolific and progressive the evil may have been, the power of good is more progressive and more prolific, the chronicler of a system that seems to be vanishing might lay down his pen with a heavy heart. The most enthusiastic admirer of mediæval life must grant that all that was good and great in it was languishing even to death; and the firmest believer in progress must admit that as yet there were few signs of returning health. The sun of the Plantagenets went down in clouds and thick darkness; the coming of the Tudors gave as yet no promise of light: it was "as the morning spread upon the mountains,"—darkest before the dawn.

The natural inquiry, how the fifteenth century affected the development of national character, deserves an attempt at an answer; but it can be little more than an attempt, for very little light is thrown upon it by the life and genius of great men. With the exception of Henry V., English history can show throughout the age no man who even aspires to greatness; and the greatness of Henry V. is not of a sort that is peculiar to the age or distinctive of a stage of national life. His personal idiosyncrasy was that of a hero in no heroic age. Of the best of the minor workers, none rises beyond mediocrity of character or achievement. Bedford was a wise and noble statesman, but his whole career was a hopeless failure. Gloucester's character had no element of greatness at all. Beaufort, by his long life, high rank, wealth, experience, and ability, held a position almost unrivaled in Europe, but he was neither successful nor disinterested: fair and honest and enlightened as his policy may have been, neither at the time nor ever since has the world looked upon him as a benefactor; he appears in history as a lesser Wolsey,—a hard sentence perhaps, but one which is justified by the general condition of the world in which the two cardinals had to play their part; Beaufort was the great minister of an expiring system, Wolsey of an age of great transitions. Among the other clerical administrators of the age, Kemp and Waynflete were faithful, honest, enlightened, but quite unequal to the difficulties of their position; and besides them there are absolutely none that come within even the second class of greatness as useful men. It is the same with the barons: such greatness as there is

amongst them — and the greatness of Warwick is the climax and type of it — is more conspicuous in evil than in good. In the classes beneath the baronage, as we have them portrayed in the Paston Letters, we see more of violence, chicanery, and greed, than of anything else. Faithful attachment to the faction which from hereditary or personal liking they have determined to maintain, is the one redeeming feature; and it is one which by itself may produce as much evil as good, — that nation is in an evil plight in which the sole redeeming quality is one that owes its existence to a deadly disease. All else is languishing: literature has reached the lowest depths of dullness; religion, so far as its chief results are traceable, has sunk, on the one hand into a dogma fenced about with walls which its defenders cannot pass either inward or outward, on the other hand into a mere war-cry of the cause of destruction. Between the two lies a narrow borderland of pious and cultivated mysticism, far too fastidious to do much for the world around. Yet here as everywhere else, the dawn is approaching. Here as everywhere else, the evil is destroying itself; and the remaining good, lying deep down and having yet to wait long before it reaches the surface, is already striving toward the sunlight that is to come. The good is to come out of the evil: the evil is to compel its own remedy; the good does not spring from it, but is drawn up through it. In the history of nations, as of men, every good and perfect gift is from above: the new life strikes down in the old root; there is no generation from corruption.

So we turn our back on the age of chivalry, of ideal heroism, of picturesque castles and glorious churches and pageants, camps and tournaments, lovely charity and gallant self-sacrifice; with their dark shadows of dynastic faction, bloody conquest, grievous misgovernance, local tyrannies, plagues and famines unhelped and unaverted, hollowness of pomp, disease and dissolution. The charm which the relics of mediæval art have woven around the later Middle Ages must be resolutely, ruthlessly broken. The attenuated life of the later Middle Ages is in thorough discrepancy with the grand conceptions of the earlier times. The thread of national life is not to be broken; but the earlier strands are to be sought out and bound together, and strengthened with threefold union for the new work. But it will be a work of time: the forces newly liberated by the shock of the Reformation will not at once cast off the foulness of the strata

through which they have passed before they reached the higher air; much will be destroyed that might well have been conserved, and some new growths will be encouraged that ought to have been checked. In the new world, as in the old, the tares are mingled with the wheat. In the destruction and in the growth alike, will be seen the great features of difference between the old and the new.

The printing-press is an apt emblem or embodiment of the change. Hitherto men have spent their labor on a few books, written by the few for the few, with elaborately chosen material, in consummately beautiful penmanship, painted and emblazoned as if each one were a distinct labor of love, each manuscript unique, precious,—the result of most careful individual training, and destined for the complete enjoyment of a reader educated up to the point at which he can appreciate its beauty. Henceforth books are to be common things. For a time the sanctity of the older forms will hang about the printing-press; the magnificent volumes of Fust and Colard Mansion will still recall the beauty of the manuscript, and art will lavish its treasures on the embellishment of the libraries of the great. Before long, printing will be cheap, and the unique or special beauty of the early presses will have departed; but light will have come into every house, and that which was the luxury of the few will have become the indispensable requisite of every family.

With the multiplication of books comes the rapid extension and awakening of mental activity. As it is with the form, so with the matter. The men of the decadence, not less than the men of the renaissance, were giants of learning; they read and assimilated the contents of every known book; down to the very close of the era, the able theologian would press into the service of his commentary or his summa every preceding commentary or summa, with gigantic labor, and with an acuteness which, notwithstanding that it was ill-trained and misdirected, is in the eyes of the desultory reader of modern times little less than miraculous: the books were rare, but the accomplished scholar had worked through them all. Outside his little world all was comparatively dark. Here too the change was coming. Scholarship was to take a new form: intensity of critical power, devoted to that which was worth criticizing, was to be substituted as the characteristic of a learned man for the indiscriminating voracity of the earlier learning. The multiplication of books would make

such scholarship as that of Vincent of Beauvais, or Thomas Aquinas, or Gerson, or Torquemada, an impossibility. Still there would be giants like Scaliger and Casaubon,—men who culled the fair flower of all learning; critical as the new scholars, comprehensive as the old; reserved for the patronage of sovereigns and nations, and perishing when they were neglected, like the beautiful books of the early printers. But they are a minor feature in the new picture. The real change is that by which every man comes to be a reader and a thinker; the Bible comes to every family, and each man is priest in his own household. The light is not so brilliant, but it is everywhere; and it shines more and more unto the perfect day. It is a false sentiment that leads men in their admiration of the unquestionable glory of the old culture, to undervalue the abundant wealth and growing glory of the new.

The parallel holds good in other matters besides books. He is a rash man who would, with one word of apology, compare the noble architecture of the Middle Ages with the mean and commonplace type of building into which, by a steady decline, our churches, palaces, and streets had sunk at the beginning of the present century. Here too the splendor of the few has been exchanged for the comfort of the many; and although perhaps in no description of culture has the break between the old and the new been more conspicuous than in this, it may be said that the many are now far more capable of appreciating the beauty which they will try to rival, than ever the few were to comprehend the value of that which they were losing. But it is needless to multiply illustrations of a truth which is exemplified by every new invention: the steam plow and the sewing-machine are less picturesque, and call for a less educated eye than that of the plowman and the seamstress: but they produce more work with less waste of energy; they give more leisure and greater comfort; they call out, in the production and improvement of their mechanism, a higher and more widely spread culture. And all these things are growing instead of decaying.

To conclude with a few of the commonplaces which must be familiar to all who have approached the study of history with a real desire to understand it, but which are apt to strike the writer more forcibly at the end than the beginning of his work. However much we may be inclined to set aside the utilitarian plan of studying our subject, it cannot be denied that we must read

the origin and development of our Constitutional History chiefly with the hope of educating ourselves into the true reading of its later fortunes, and so train ourselves for a judicial examination of its evidences,— a fair and equitable estimate of the rights and wrongs of policy, dynasty, and party. Whether we intend to take the position of a judge or the position of an advocate, it is most necessary that both the critical insight should be cultivated, and the true circumstances of the questions that arise at later stages should be adequately explored. The man who would rightly learn the lesson that the seventeenth century has to teach, must not only know what Charles thought of Cromwell and what Cromwell thought of Charles, but must try to understand the real questions at issue, not by reference to an ideal standard only, but by tracing the historical growth of the circumstances in which those questions arose; he must try to look at them as it might be supposed that the great actors would have looked at them if Cromwell had succeeded to the burden which Charles inherited, or if Charles had taken up the part of the hero of reform. In such an attitude it is quite unnecessary to exclude party feeling or personal sympathy. Whichever way the sentiment may incline, the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, is what history would extract from her witnesses; the truth which leaves no pitfalls for unwary advocates, and which is in the end the fairest measure of equity to all. In the reading of that history we have to deal with high-minded men, with zealous enthusiastic parties, of whom it cannot be fairly said that one was less sincere in his belief in his own cause than was the other. They called each other hypocrites and deceivers, for each held his own views so strongly that he could not conceive of the other as sincere; but to us they are both of them true and sincere, whichever way our sympathies or our sentiments incline. We bring to the reading of their acts a judgment which has been trained through the Reformation history to see rights and wrongs on both sides; sometimes see the balance of wrong on that side which we believe, which we know, to be the right. We come to the Reformation history from the reading of the gloomy period to which the present volume has been devoted; a worn-out helpless age, that calls for pity without sympathy, and yet balances weariness with something like regrets. Modern thought is a little prone to eclecticism in history: it can sympathize with Puritanism as an effort after freedom, and put out of sight the fact that

Puritanism was itself a grinding social tyranny, that wrought out its ends by unscrupulous detraction, and by the profane handling of things which should have been sacred even to the fanatic, if he really believed in the cause for which he raged. There is little real sympathy with the great object, the peculiar creed that was oppressed: as a struggle for liberty, the Quarrel of Puritanism takes its stand beside the Quarrel on the Investitures. Yet like every other struggle for liberty, it ended in being a struggle for supremacy. On the other hand, the system of Laud and of Charles seems to many minds to contain so much that is good and sacred, that the means by which it was maintained fall into the background. We would not judge between the two theories which have been nursed by the prejudices of ten generations. To one side liberty, to the other law, will continue to outweigh all other considerations of disputed and detailed right or wrong: it is enough for each to look at them as the actors themselves looked at them, or as men look at party questions of their own day, when much of private conviction and personal feeling must be sacrificed to save those broader principles for which only great parties can be made to strive.

The historian looks with actual pain upon many of these things. Especially in quarrels where religion is concerned, the hollowness of the pretension to political honesty becomes a stumbling-block in the way of fair judgment. We know that no other causes have ever created so great and bitter struggles; have brought into the field, whether of war or controversy, greater and more united armies. Yet no truth is more certain than this, that the real motives of religious action do not work on men in masses; and that the enthusiasm which creates Crusaders, Inquisitors, Hussites, Puritans, is not the result of conviction, but of passion provoked by oppression or resistance, maintained by self-will, or stimulated by the mere desire of victory. And this is a lesson for all time; and for practical life as well as historical judgment. And on the other hand, it is impossible to regard this as an adequate solution of the problem: there must be something, even if it be not religion or liberty, for which men will make so great sacrifices.

The best aspect of an age of controversy must be sought in the lives of the best men; whose honesty carries conviction to the understanding, whilst their zeal kindles the zeal, of the many. A study of the lives of such men will lead to the conclusion, that

in spite of internecine hostility in act, the real and true leaders had far more in common than they knew of: they struggled, in the dark or in the twilight, against the evil which was there, and which they hated with equal sincerity; they fought for the good which was there, and which really was strengthened by the issue of the strife. Their blows fell at random: men perished in arms against one another whose hearts were set on the same end and aim; and that good end and aim which neither of them had seen clearly was the inheritance they left to their children, made possible and realized not so much by the victory of one as by the truth and self-sacrifice of both.

At the close of so long a book, the author may be suffered to moralize. His end will have been gained if he has succeeded in helping to train the judgment of his readers to discern the balance of truth and reality; and whether they go on to further reading with the aspirations of the advocate or the calmness of the critic, to rest content with nothing less than the attainable maximum of truth, to base their arguments on nothing less sacred than that highest justice which is found in the deepest sympathy with erring and straying men.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

(1608–1642)

SIR JOHN SUCKLING is an interesting product of an interesting age. His portrait by Vandyke — that of a fair-haired gallant, his long curls hanging over his shoulders, his eyes a steely blue, firm red lips, and a stalwart yet graceful figure arrayed in the richest silks and velvets — tells much of his story. But there are other characteristics less easily discovered. With the nonchalant manner, half bravado, half indifference, of the cavalier, he took good care of himself on at least two occasions when the spirit of the age and his training would have led him to display less caution. The King himself (Charles I.) did not excel him in the gorgeousness of his entertainments, nor was there so prodigal a gamester in the kingdom; yet he was capable of giving the soundest and the most virtuous advice, and of expressing the most edifying and Christian sentiments. Had his brother-in-law Sir George Southcott but lived to read Sir John's remarkable epistle on Southcott's death by his own hand, he would have refrained from such a proceeding for very shame of becoming an object of ridicule. Yet when Suckling, an exile and in distress, came to a dangerous pass in his fortunes, he committed suicide, regardless of his own satire. His splendid, erratic, melancholy career left no trace either of sadness or sentiment in his poems. There is nothing of the troubadour, nothing of the minor strain of melancholy cheerfulness which touches the heart in Lovelace's gay lyrics. The poem beginning

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

> «Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
> Prythee why so pale?»

is completely Suckling, and shows that his wreaths were not twined from the cypress-tree. Debt and love were both troublesome, with perhaps a slight difference in favor of debt. He never, according to the scanty facts known of his life, had a serious love affair, and certainly he sported with the *grande passion.* Yet he treated it with a

curious, contradictory respect. He required of his imaginary "soul's mistress" neither beauty, nor wit, nor charm,—making all these qualities subjective, and bidding her teach him only to be true, that love might last forever. In an age of license he degraded literature with no coarse or impure line; and now and then he who had written with such pious zeal the paper 'Religious Thoughts on the State of the Nation,' composed a poem which chills the blood, though he who gave it birth has slept for more than two centuries among those "who in fine garments and chests of cedar are laid up for immortality."

Suckling, whose "pretty touch savors more of the grape than the lamp," little as he heeded it often saw the death's-head at the feast. He saw it in the lovely lines 'Farewell to Love,' after taking leave of the "dear nothings" with which he had floated in the shadowed landscape of life. The poem 'Against Absence'—chiefly acute raillery, though there is a Comus-like touch in its simple force—cannot be read without producing a feeling of solitude. And in the rich, luxuriant 'Dream,' cold fingers seem to press the brow.

Suckling's poems, all collected, are comprised in one thin volume. He set out to be a dramatist, fancying that what genius for letters he possessed was dramatic; and although he had written a satire entitled 'The Session of the Poets,'—which Byron imitated in 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' and which in its day had as great a vogue,—and two prose essays, the 'Thoughts on Religion' and 'A Tract on Socinianism,' he made his first serious dramatic attempt in 1638, when he published 'Aglaura,'—a play studded with beautiful passages but without reality or development. The poets who had themselves been ridiculed all laughed at it, and called it "a rivulet of text and a meadow of margin." Its interest to us is in its having been the first play acted with regular scenery, which had hitherto been used only in the masques. His next play, 'Brennoralt' (1639), has finer qualities, but might have been written by any of the "mob of gentlemen" whom Pope described as writing as well as they did anything else. Steele greatly admired a description of the loves of the hero and heroine, Brennoralt and Franclia; comparing it to a passage in 'Paradise Lost.' 'The Goblins,' modeled after 'Macbeth,' need not detain us but that it contains the oft-quoted line, original with Sir John, "The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman" (Act iii., Scene 2).

As a lyric poet alone then, Suckling will be remembered; and probably as the author of the single lyric, 'Ballad on a Wedding,' composed on the marriage of Roger Boyle (first Earl of Orrery) with Lady Mary Howard. The nimble grace, the happy turn, the elegance and sparkle of fancy in this poem, the light and delicate touch, and the ingenious conception, have placed it among the masterpieces of

English lyrics. He has written other poems that will not be readily forgotten, though they may not secure immortality:—

«I prythee send me back my heart,»

with recurring lines like a fugue—

«No, no, fair Mistress, it must be;»

the stanzas headed 'The Invocation,' with their difficult construction and recurring rhymes; the love song with its reverent gallantry,—

«I touch her as my beads, with devout care,
And go in to my courtship as my prayer;»

and the ideally lovely poem beginning «If you refuse me once,» and, after the first three stanzas that breathe the very soul of manliness, the beautiful and passionate outburst «Would that I were all soul,» and the «Why so pale and wan, fond lover?» already referred to.

Hallam, chary of praise, says, «Suckling is acknowledged to have left behind him all former writers of song, in gayety and ease. It is not equally clear that he has ever been surpassed.»

Few facts are known of his brief, brilliant career. His father, John Suckling, was a knight and a Secretary of State; the son was born at Winton in Middlesex, and baptized February 10th, 1608–9. He was early attached to the court, and, says Sir William Davenant, «for his accomplishments and ready sparkling witt was the bull that was most bayted; his repartee being most sparkling when set on and provoked.» He went abroad, and served under Gustavus Adolphus. To aid Charles on his Scottish campaign, he raised a troop of horse; but though they cost him twelve thousand pounds, and were clad in white and red, when they came in sight of the army at Dunse they fled without the loss of a feather. Hence the lampoon Percy preserves:—

«Sir John got him an ambling nag
To Scotland for to ride-a!»

He gave good advice to both King and Queen in their subsequent troubles; but at the fall of Strafford, fled to France, where his faint heart and gay philosophy failed him. He died in Paris in 1642. His memoir and poems were published by his relative, Rev. Alfred Suckling (London, 1832).

SONG

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move:
This cannot take her.
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The Devil take her!

A BRIDE

From the 'Ballad Upon a Wedding'

The maid—and thereby hangs a tale,
For such a maid no Whitsun-ale
Could ever yet produce;
No grape that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring,—
It was too wide a peck;
And to say truth (for out it must),
It looked like the great collar (just)
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light:
But oh, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison;
Who sees them is undone:
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Catherine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly;
But Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

THE HONEST LOVER

HONEST lover whosoever,
If in all thy love there ever
Was one wavering thought, if thy flame
Were not still even, still the same,—
Know this:
Thou lov'st amiss,
And, to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If, when she appears i' th' room,
Thou dost not quake, and art struck dumb,
And in striving this to cover,
Dost not speak thy words twice over,—
Know this:
Thou lov'st amiss,
And, to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If fondly thou dost not mistake,
And all defects for graces take,
Persuad'st thyself that jests are broken
When she hath little or nothing spoken,—

Know this:
Thou lov'st amiss,
And, to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when thou appear'st to be within,
Thou lett'st not men ask and ask again;
And when thou answer'st, if it be
To what was asked thee properly,—
Know this:
Thou lov'st amiss,
And, to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when thy stomach calls to eat,
Thou cutt'st not fingers 'stead of meat,
And, with much gazing on her face
Dost not rise hungry from the place,—
Know this:
Thou lov'st amiss,
And, to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If by this thou dost discover
That thou art no perfect lover,
And, desiring to love true,
Thou dost begin to love anew,—
Know this:
Thou lov'st amiss,
And, to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

THE CONSTANT LOVER

Out upon it! I have loved
Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
Is due at all to me:
Love with me had made no stays,
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen dozen in her place.

VERSES

I AM confirmed a woman can
Love this, or that, or any man:
This day she's melting hot,
To-morrow swears she knows you not;
If she but a new object find,
Then straight she's of another mind.
Then hang me, ladies, at your door,
If e'er I doat upon you more.

Yet still I love the fairsome — why?
For nothing but to please my eye:
And so the fat and soft-skinned dame
I'll flatter to appease my flame;
For she that's musical I'll long,
When I am sad, to sing a song.
Then hang me, ladies, at your door,
If e'er I doat upon you more.

I'll give my fancy leave to range
Through everywhere to find out change:
The black, the brown, the fair shall be
But objects of variety;
I'll court you all to serve my turn,
But with such flames as shall not burn.
Then hang me, ladies, at your door,
If e'er I doat upon you more.

THE METAMORPHOSIS

THE little boy, to show his might and power,
Turned Io to a cow, Narcissus to a flower;
Transformed Apollo to a homely swain,
And Jove himself into a golden rain.
These shapes were tolerable, but by the mass
He's metamorphosed me into an ass.

SONG

I PRITHEE send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine;
For if from thine thou wilt not part,
Why then shouldst thou have mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie:
To find it were in vain,
For thou'st a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together?
O love, where is thy sympathy,
If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out;
For when I think I'm best resolved
I then am most in doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
I will no longer pine;
For I'll believe I have her heart,
As much as she hath mine.

HERMANN SUDERMANN

(1857–)

FROM every new literary mode, however madcap and ephemeral, something of value may be won. In the back-and-forward swing between the fancies of an overheated idealism and the facts of a frigid realism, the pendulum returns to its vertical with something brought from each of the extremes. From the crass realism into which, for a time, the once so fantastic literature of Germany threatened to petrify, emerges Hermann Sudermann, equipped with all the trenchant power of the realistic workman, but bringing to his work the sympathetic insight of the idealist. He deals with social problems, with the struggles of impulsive human nature at war with social conditions; but he does not repel by sordid details, nor delight in depicting mere wretchedness and woe. His characters are swayed by the passions, sorrows, and mental twists, of which all of us in our own experience have had glimpses at least that render them intelligible. His unswerving belief in the uplifting forces of man's nature gives to his gloomiest conceptions a saving buoyancy; he finds a way to reconcilement with life, even though the way lie through death. Wide gray plains and moorlands, like those of East Prussia where the poet was born, stretch far away; but behind waving reed and withering sedge is the white sky-line of the dawn. Sudermann cannot be classed with any school or cult. In him the swaying pendulum of fads and fashions has come to rest. He is the sane artist; painting the world as he sees it, and seeing it with the intuitions of a poet.

HERMANN SUDERMANN

Sudermann has, within a decade, taken his place among the foremost German novelists and dramatists that mark the end of the nineteenth century. He is now one of the chief literary figures in the eye of modern Europe. He was born at Matzicken, in the great Baltic plain near the boundaries of Russia, on September 30th, 1857; and the wide outreach of this level country is the scene upon which

most of his tales and novels run their course. His parents were poor; and it was a matter of pecuniary necessity when, at the age of fourteen, he was apprenticed to a chemist. Subsequently, however, he was enabled to study at Tilsit, Königsberg, and Berlin, and became tutor in the household of the genial story-teller Hans Hopfen. In 1881, after devoting the leisure hours of six years to history, philology, and modern languages, he turned to journalism, and assumed the editorial management of a political weekly in Berlin. In 1885 a collection of his stories from the newspapers was published under the title of 'Im Zwielicht' (In the Twilight). Though not without a melancholy touch, they possess the wit and sprightliness of French stories; but they struck a more serious note, which gave promise of greater work to follow. In 1886, with the publication of 'Frau Sorge' (Dame Care), Sudermann stepped at once into the front rank of German novelists. Three years later, again at a single bound, he took the first place among the dramatists with his admirably constructed play of 'Ehre' (Honor). It began its triumphant career on the Berlin stage in November 1889, and rapidly conquered the theatres of all Germany. Meanwhile in 1887, three volumes of his tales had appeared, under the general title of 'Geschwister' (Brothers and Sisters); and two years afterward came 'Der Katzensteg' (The Cat Bridge), which some critics have not hesitated to pronounce the most powerful novel of contemporary German literature. In 1890 a new drama, 'Sodoms Ende' (Destruction of Sodom), displayed the author's increasing command of stage technique, which in 'Heimath' (Home) becomes complete mastery. The more recent 'Schmetterlingsschlacht' (Battle of the Butterflies) is less satisfactory. In 1892 appeared the story of 'Iolanthe's Hochzeit' (Iolanthe's Wedding), full of delightful humor and merry-making, and without a shade of melancholy. In the following year 'Es War' (It Was) made a genuine sensation, running through fifteen editions in twelve months. Sudermann's fame seems now secure, whatever the future may hold.

The tendency of German novelists to subordinate narrative and dramatic development to sentiment and psychological comment, has rendered the average German novel dull and distasteful to foreign readers. Sudermann appeals to a cosmopolitan taste: in him is no trace either of sentimentality or moral reflection. He is strong, brilliant, concise, effective; the impression he makes is indelible; the mood into which he throws the reader, though sombre, is sympathetic; and if melancholy, never morbid. Of the longer novels, 'Dame Care' best exhibits the perfection of his workmanship. It is the story of a lad whose life is a constant struggle with adversity; upon him devolve all the cares of a large family, until he has become so completely enslaved by the Lady of Sorrows that he never

even thinks of making a claim for personal happiness. To save his aged father from committing a crime, he sets fire to his own property, and is sentenced as an incendiary. Over all his weary life hovers the love that Elsbeth bears him, but he never permits himself to love her; through her he is finally set free from the thraldom of Dame Care. The tale is infinitely sad; but told with tenderness and a sympathetic fidelity to nature. That out of his troubles Paul is led by a woman's hand into ultimate peace and serenity, shows that here is a realist who does not mix his colors with misery only. In the saving power of woman, Sudermann has firm faith. In 'Der Wunsch' the heroine and her conscience are the protagonists: it is a psychological study. Olga falls in love with her sister's husband; and while she is nursing her sister through a severe illness, the thought comes unbidden: "If only she were to die!" She does die, and the widower offers himself to Olga; but she, conscience-stricken lest it was her wish that killed her sister, and almost convinced of her guilt, wins back her moral tranquillity by committing suicide. In 'Der Katzensteg,' it is again the heroine who is the centre of interest. Regine exhibits the character-building of a girl, who, with the barbarous elements of her untamed nature, combines a primitive nobility of soul rising even to the sublime heights of complete self-renunciation. 'Es War,' the most successful of Sudermann's novels, draws the picture of an innocent young girl, Hertha, in love with a man much older than herself; he in turn is in love with a married woman. This to Hertha's unworldliness seems, in spite of her suspicions, impossible; and conviction dawns upon her slowly. The study is perfectly natural: the author has not shrunk from great frankness of speech; but with it all he proclaims his faith in the essential goodness of the human heart.

As a dramatist, Sudermann has won international fame. 'Ehre' roused the German public from its apathy, and the new genius was all-hailed as the re-creator of the German stage. Ruthlessly the play points out the falsity of current ideas about honor, of social forms, of conventional distinctions. Its success was phenomenal, and the highest hopes were cherished of a national dramatic revival. 'Sodoms Ende' nourished these hopes, for it showed an advance both in power and technique; but it had to be altered by the censor before it could be produced in Berlin, and it is still impossible in English. The title of the play is that given by the hero to a picture he is painting. On his way to success and fame he falls into the toils of a soulless, pleasure-loving woman, who ruins him body and soul. It was in 'Heimath,' however, which was produced in January 1893, that Sudermann reached the height of his achievement thus far, and secured international success. The strong character of Magda, the heroine, by whose name the play is known in English, has inspired

the genius of three great actresses of our time,—Modjeska, Duse, and Bernhardt,—who have spread the fame of the German dramatist through America, Italy, France, and England. Its theme is the relative duty of parent and child, and the contrast between the self-reliant broad-mindedness of a free child of the great world and the dull petty conventions of a respectable bourgeois home. Magda marks the highest point of characterization that Sudermann's creative genius has reached. The 'Schmetterlingsschlacht' lacks, not the fineness of observation, but the dramatic power, of the other plays. It is a series of debates between three girls who have supported themselves by painting butterflies on fans; two of them, grown weary of this dull life of hard-working virtue, have fallen, and with the third, who has remained virtuous and industrious, they discuss the comparative merits of their modes of living. In 1896 three of Sudermann's one-act plays were grouped together under the general title of 'Morituri.' They are entirely distinct, united only by having each the central idea of death as a liberator. In each the chief character is freed and ennobled by death; rises above himself by the will to die. Sudermann in 1897 finished his 'Johannes,'—a play which turns upon the Biblical incident of John the Baptist, Herodias, and Salome. Although it is entirely reverent in tone, it was forbidden by the Berlin censor.

An English critic has insisted that Sudermann failed to keep the promise of 'Ehre,' in that he has not continued the battle there begun against the «Spiessbürgerliches» element, the Philistinism so dear to the average German heart, against which Goethe and Schiller waged a lifelong war. It may be that he has found it easier to follow than to form the public taste; but his latest works reveal a determination to go his independent way: and it is to Sudermann that we unhesitatingly turn if asked to point out the chief international representative of the German drama at the end of the nineteenth century.

RETURNING FROM THE CONFIRMATION LESSON

From 'Dame Care.' Copyright 1891, by Harper & Brothers

WHEN he arrived home his mother kissed him on both cheeks, and asked, «Well, was it nice?»

«Quite nice,» he answered; «and mamma, Elsbeth from the White House was there too.»

Then she blushed with joy, and asked all sorts of things: how she looked, whether she had grown pretty, and what she had said to him.

«Nothing at all,» he answered, ashamed; and as his mother looked at him surprised, he added eagerly, «but you know she is not proud.»

Next Monday when he entered the church, he found her already sitting in her place. She had the Bible lying on her knee, and was learning the verses they had been given as their task.

There were not many children there: and when he sat down opposite to her she made a half movement as if she meant to get up and come over to him; but she sat down again immediately and went on learning.

His mother had told him before he left just how to address Elsbeth. She had charged him with many greetings for her mother, and he was also to ask how she was. On his way he had studied a long speech, only he was not quite decided yet whether to address her with «Du» or «Sie.» «Du» would have been the simplest; his mother took it for granted. But the «Sie» sounded decidedly more distinguished,—so nice and grown-up. And as he could come to no decision, he avoided addressing her at all. He also took out his Bible, and both put their elbows on their knees and studied as if for a wager.

It was not of much use to him, because when the vicar questioned him afterwards he had forgotten every word of it.

A painful silence ensued; the Erdmanns laughed viciously, and he had to sit down again, his face burning with shame. He dared not look up any more; and when, on leaving the church, he saw Elsbeth standing at the porch as if she was waiting for something, he lowered his eyes and tried to pass her quickly. However, she stepped forward and spoke to him.

«My mother has charged me—I am to ask you—how your mother is?»

He answered that she was well.

«And she sends her many kind regards,» continued Elsbeth.

«And my mother also sends many kind regards to yours,» he answered, turning the Bible and hymn-book between his fingers; «and I also was to ask you how she is?»

«Mamma told me to say,» she replied, like something learned by heart, «that she is often ill, and has to keep in-doors very much; but now that spring is here she is better: and would you not like to drive in our carriage as far as your house? I was to ask you, she said.»

«Just look: Meyerhofer is sweethearting!» cried the elder Erdmann, who had hidden behind the church door, through the crack of which he wanted to tickle his companions with a little straw.

Elsbeth and Paul looked at each other in surprise, for they did not know the meaning of this phrase; but as they felt that it must signify something very bad, they blushed and separated.

Paul looked after her as she got into the carriage and drove away. This time the old lady was not waiting for her. It was her governess, he had heard. Yes: she was of such high rank that she even had a governess of her own.

«The Erdmanns will get a good licking yet:» with that he ended his reflections.

The next week passed without his speaking to Elsbeth. When he entered the church, she was generally already in her seat. Then she would nod to him kindly, but that was all.

And then came a Monday when her carriage was not waiting for her. He noticed it at once: and as he walked towards the church-yard he breathed more freely; for the proud coachman with his fur cap, which he wore even in summer, always caused him a feeling of oppression. He had only to think of this coachman when he sat opposite to her, and she appeared to him like a being from another world.

To-day he ventured to nod to her almost familiarly; and it seemed to him as if she answered more kindly than usual.

And when the lesson was ended, she came towards him of her own accord, and said, «I must walk home to-day, for our horses are all in the fields. Mamma thought you might walk with me part of the way, as we go the same road.»

He felt very happy, but did not dare to walk by her side as long as they were in the village. He also looked back anxiously from time to time, to see whether the two Erdmanns were lurking anywhere with their mocking remarks. But when they went through the open fields, it was quite natural that they should walk side by side.

It was a sunny forenoon in June. The white sand on the road glittered; round about, golden hawkweed was blooming, and meadow-sweet waved in the warm wind; the midday bell sounded from the village: no human creature was to be seen far and wide; the heath seemed quite deserted.

Elsbeth wore a wide-brimmed straw hat on her head as a protection against the sun's rays. She took it off now, and swung it to and fro by the elastic.

"You will be too hot," he said; but as she laughed at him a little he took his off also, and threw it high in the air.

"You are quite a merry fellow," she said, nodding approvingly.

He shook his head; and the lines of care which always made him look old appeared again upon his brow.

"Oh no," he said: "merry I am certainly not."

"Why not?" she asked.

"I have always so many things to think of," he answered; "and if ever I want to be really happy, something always goes wrong."

"But what do you always have to think about?" she asked.

He reflected for a while, but nothing occurred to him. "Oh, it is all nonsense," he said: "clever thoughts never come to me by any means."

And then he told her about his brothers; of the thick books, which were quite filled with figures (the name he had forgotten), and which they had already known by heart when they were only as old as he was now.

"Why don't you learn that as well, if it gives you pleasure?" she asked.

"But it gives me no pleasure," he answered: "I have such a dull head."

"But *something* you know, surely?" she went on.

"I know absolutely nothing at all," he replied sadly: "father says that I am too stupid."

"Oh, you must not heed that," she replied consolingly. "My Fräulein Rothmaier also finds fault with many things I do. But I — pah, I —" she was silent, and pulled up a sorrel-plant which she began to chew.

"Has your father still such sparkling eyes?" he asked.

She nodded, and her face brightened.

"You love him very much — your father?"

She looked at him wonderingly, as if she had not understood his question; then answered, "Oh yes: I love him very much."

"And he loves you too?"

"Well, I should think so."

Now he also rooted up a sorrel-plant and sighed.

«Why do you sigh?» she asked.

Something was just crossing his mind, he said; and then asked laughingly if her father still took her on his knee sometimes, as on the day when he had been in the White House.

She laughed and said she was a big girl now, and he should not ask such silly questions; but afterwards it came out that all the same she still sat on her father's knee,—«Of course, not astride any more!» she added laughing.

«Yes, that was a nice day,» he said; «and I sat on his other knee. How small we must have been then.»

«And we were so pitifully stupid,» she answered: «when I think now how you wanted to whistle, and could not!»

«Do you remember that?» he asked; and his eyes sparkled in the consciousness of his present attainments in the art.

«Of course,» she replied; «and when you went away you came running back and—do you still remember?»

He remembered very well.

«Now you can whistle, of course,» she laughed: «at our age that is no longer an accomplishment,—even I can do it;» and she pointed her lips in a very funny manner.

He was sad that she spoke so slightingly of his art, and reflected whether it would not be better to give up whistling altogether.

«Why are you so silent?» she asked. «Are you tired too?»

«Oh no; but you—eh?»

Yes: the walk through the sand and the noontide heat had tired her.

«Then come into our house and rest,» he cried with sparkling eyes; for he thought what joy his mother would feel at seeing her.

But she refused. «Your father is not kindly disposed towards us, mamma said; and that's why you may not come for a visit to Helenenthal. Your father would perhaps send me away.»

He replied with a deep blush, «My father would not do that;» and felt much ashamed.

She cast a glance towards the Haidehof, which lay scarcely a hundred yards from the road. The red fence shone in the sunshine, and even the gray half-ruined barns looked more cheerful than usual.

«Your house looks very nice,» she said, shading her eyes with her hand.

"Oh yes," he answered, his heart swelling with pride; "and there is an owl nailed to the door of one of the sheds. But it shall become much nicer still," he added after a little while, seriously, "only let me begin to rule." And then he set to work to explain to her all his plans for the future. She listened attentively, but when he had finished she said again:—

"I am tired—I must rest;" and she wanted to sit down on the edge of the ditch.

"Not here in the blazing sun," he cautioned her: "we'll look out for the first juniper-bush we can find."

She gave him her hand, and let him drag her wearily over the heath, which undulated with mole-hills like the waves on a lake; and near the edge of the wood there were some solitary juniper-bushes, which stood out like a group of black dwarfs above the level plain.

Under the first of these bushes she cowered down, so that its shadow almost entirely shrouded her slight, delicate figure.

"Here is just room enough for your head," she said, pointing to a mole-hill which was just within range of the shade.

He stretched himself out on the grass, his head resting on the mole-hill, his forehead covered by the hem of her dress.

She leaned back on the bush in order to find support in its branches.

"The needles don't prick at all," she said: "they mean well by us. I believe we could pass through the Sleeping Beauty's hedge of thorns."

"You—not I," he answered, lifting his eyes to her from his recumbent position: "every thorn has pricked me. I am no fairy prince; not even a simple Hans in luck, am I?"

"That will all come in time," she replied consolingly: "you must not always have sad thoughts."

He wanted to reply, but he lacked the right words; and as he looked up meditatively, a swallow flitted through the blue sky. Then involuntarily he uttered a whistle, as if he wanted to call it; and as it did not come, he whistled again, and for a second and third time.

Elsbeth laughed, but he went on whistling—first without knowing how, and without reflecting why; but when one tone after the other flowed from his lips, he felt as if he had become very eloquent all of a sudden, and as if in this manner he could say all that weighed on his heart, and for which in words he never could have found courage. All that which made him sad,

all that which he cared about, came pouring forth. He shut his eyes and listened, so to speak, to what the tones were saying for him. He thought that the good God in heaven spoke for him, and was relating all that concerned him, even that which he had never been clear about himself.

When he looked up, he did not know how long he had been lying there whistling; but he saw that Elsbeth was crying.

"Why do you cry?" he asked.

She did not answer him; but dried her eyes with her handkerchief, and rose.

Silently they walked side by side for a while. When they reached the wood, which lay thick and dark before them, she stopped and asked:—

"Who has taught you that?"

"Nobody," he said: "it came to me quite naturally."

"Can you also play the flute?" she went on.

No, he could not: he had never even heard it; he only knew that it was the favorite pastime of "Old Fritz."

"You must learn it," she said.

He thought it would probably be too difficult for him.

"You shall try all the same," she counseled him; "you must be an artist—a great artist."

He was startled when she said that; he scarcely dared to follow out her thoughts.

When they reached the other side of the wood they separated. She went towards the White House, and he went back. When he passed the juniper-bush where they had both been sitting, all seemed to him like a dream; and henceforth it always remained so to him. Two or three days elapsed before he dared to say anything of his adventure to his mother, but then he could contain himself no longer: he confessed everything to her.

His mother looked at him for a long time, and then went out; but from that time she used to listen secretly, to catch if possible some notes of his whistling.

The two children often walked home together; but such an hour as the one beneath the juniper-bush never came to them again.

[Upon Paul, Dame Care lays more and heavier burdens with each advancing year. Out of unquestioning devotion to his responsibilities, he renounces all claims to personal happiness; and he and Elsbeth drift apart. Only when he is brought to trial for a noble but punishable act, does she reappear as his good angel.]

THE TRIAL

From 'Dame Care.' Copyright 1891, by Harper & Brothers

THE lawyer for the defense had ended. A murmur went through the wide court of the assizes, the galleries of which were crammed with spectators.

If the accused did not spoil the effect of the brilliant speech by an imprudent word, he was saved.

The president's answer resounded unheard.

And now the eye-glasses and opera-glasses began to click. All eyes were directed to the pale, simply clad man who was sitting in the same dock where, eight years ago, the vicious servant had sat.

The president asked whether the accused had anything more to add, to strengthen the proof of his innocence.

"Silence! silence!" was murmured through the court.

But Paul rose and spoke,—first low and hesitatingly, then every moment with greater firmness.

"I am heartily sorry that the trouble my defender has taken to save me should have been useless; but I am not as innocent of the deed as he represents."

The judges looked at each other. "What is he about? He is going to speak against himself!"

He said: "Anxiety made me nearly unconscious. I then acted in a kind of madness which at that moment rendered me incapable of calculation."

"He is cutting his own throat!" said the audience.

"I have all my life been shy and oppressed, and have felt as if I could look nobody in the face, though I had nothing to conceal; but if this time I behave in a cowardly manner, I believe I should be less able to do so than ever,—and this time I should have good reason enough for it. My defender has also represented my former life as a pattern of all virtues. But this was not so, either. I lacked dignity and self-possession; I passed over too much as regards both other people and myself: and that has always rankled in my mind, though I was never clear about it. Too much has weighed upon me to enable me ever to breathe freely as a man should, if he does not want to grow dull and care-laden. This deed has made me free, and has given me that which I lacked so long; it has been a great happiness to

me: and should I be so ungrateful as to deny it to-day? No; I will not do that. Let them imprison me as long as they like. I shall abide my time and begin a new life.

"And so I must say I have set fire to my belongings in full consciousness; I was never more in my senses than at the moment when I poured the petroleum over my sheaves; and if to-day I were to be in the same position, God knows I should do the same again. Why should I not? What I destroyed was the work of my own hands; I had created it after long years of hard toil, and could do with it what I liked. I well know that the law is of a different opinion, and therefore I shall quietly go to prison for my time. But who else suffered by the injury except myself? My sisters were well provided for, and my father"—he stopped a moment, and his voice shook as he continued—"yes, would it not have been better if my old father had passed the last years of his life in peace and tranquillity with one of his daughters than where I am now going?

"Fate would not have it so. A stroke killed him; and my brothers say that I was his murderer. But my brothers have no right at all to judge about that: they know neither me nor my father. All their lives they have been concerned with themselves only, and have let *me* alone care for my father, mother, and sisters, house and farm; and I was only good enough when they wanted something. They turn away from me to-day; but they can never be more estranged from me in the future than they have always been in the past.

"My sisters"—he turned towards the witness-box, where Greta and Kate sat crying with covered faces, and his voice grew softer as if from suppressed tears—"my sisters won't have anything to do with me any more, but I gladly forgive them: they are women, and made of more delicate metal; also, there are two men standing behind them who find it very easy to be indignant at my monstrous deed. They have all abandoned me now;—no, not all,"—a bright look crossed his face,—"but that need not be mentioned here. But one thing I will say, even though I be considered a murderer: I do not repent that my father died through my deed; I loved him more when I killed him than if I had let him live. He was old and weak, and what awaited him was shame and dishonor; he lived such a quiet life, and would have miserably dwindled away here: surely it was better death should come to him like lightning, that kills people

in the middle of their happiness. That is my opinion. I have settled it with my conscience, and have no need to render account to any one but to God and to myself. Now you may condemn me."

"Bravo!" cried a thundering voice in the court from the witness-box.

It was Douglas.

His gigantic figure stood erect, his eyes sparkled beneath his bushy brows; and when the president called him to order, he sat down defiantly and said to his neighbor, "I can be proud of him — eh?"

FREED FROM DAME CARE

From 'Dame Care.' Copyright 1891, by Harper & Brothers

Two years later, on a bright morning in June, the red-painted gate of the prison opened and let out a prisoner, who with a laugh on his face was blinking his eyes in the bright sun, as if trying to learn to bear the light again. He swung the bundle which he carried to and fro, and looked carelessly to the right and the left, like one who was not decided which direction to follow, but for whom, on the whole, it was unimportant whither he strayed.

When he passed the front of the prison building, he saw a carriage standing there which appeared known to him; for he stopped and seemed to be reflecting. Then he turned to the coachman, who in his tasseled fur cap nodded haughtily from the box.

"Is anybody from Helenenthal here?" he asked.

"Yes: master and the young lady. They have come to fetch Mr. Meyerhofer."

And directly after was heard from the steps:—

"Hey, holloa! there he is already — Elsbeth, see! there he is already."

Paul jumped up the steps, and the two men lay in each other's arms.

Then the heavy folding-doors were opened softly and timidly, and let out a slender female figure clad in black, who, with a melancholy smile, leaned against the wall and quietly waited until the men unclasped each other.

"There, you have him, Elsbeth!" shouted the old man.

Hand in hand they stood opposite each other, and looked in one another's eyes; then she leaned her head on his breast and whispered, "Thank God that I am with you again!"

"And in order that you may have each other all to yourself, children," said the old man, "you two shall drive home; and I will meanwhile drink a bottle of claret to the health of my successor. I am well off, for I retire from business this day."

"Mr. Douglas!" exclaimed Paul, terrified.

"*Father*, I am called—do you understand? Let me be fetched towards evening. You are now master at home. Good-by."

With that he strode down the steps.

"Come," said Paul gently, with downcast eyes. Elsbeth went after him with a shy smile; for now when they were alone, neither dared to approach the other.

And then they drove silently out on to the sunny, flowery heath. Wild pinks, bluebells, and ground-ivy wove themselves into a many-colored carpet; and the white meadow-sweet lifted its waving blossoms, as if snowflakes had been strewn on the flowers. The leaves of the weeping willow rustled softly, and like a net of sparkling ribbons the little streams flowed along beneath their branches. The warm air trembled, and yellow butterflies fluttered up and down in couples.

Paul leaned back in the cushions, and gazed with half-shut eyes at this profusion of charming sights.

"Are you happy?" asked Elsbeth, leaning towards him.

"I don't know," he answered: "it is too much for me."

She smiled: she well understood him.

"See there, our home!" she said, pointing to the White House, which stood out clear in the distance. He pressed her hand, but his voice failed him.

At the edge of the wood the carriage had to stop. Both got out and proceeded on foot.

Then he saw that she carried a little white parcel under her arm, which he had not seen before.

"What is that?" he asked.

"You will soon see," she answered, while a serious smile crossed her face.

"A surprise?"

"A remembrance." . . .

When they approached the opposite edge of the wood, he said, pointing to two trees which stood twenty steps away from the road:—

"Here is the place where I found you lying in your hammock."

"Yes," she said: "it was there also that I found out for the first time that I should never be able to do without you."

"And there is the juniper-tree," he continued, when they stepped out into the fields, "where we—" and then he suddenly cried aloud, and stretched out both his hands into space.

"What is the matter?" she exclaimed anxiously, looking up at him. He had turned deathly pale, and his lips quivered.

"It is gone," he stammered.

"What?"

"It—it—my own."

Where once the buildings of the Haidehof rose, there now stretched a level plain; only a few trees spread out their miserable branches.

He could not accustom himself to this sight, and covered his face with his hands, while he shivered feverishly.

"Do not be sad," she pleaded. "Papa would not have it rebuilt before you could make your own arrangements."

"Let us go there," he said.

"Please, please not," she replied: "there is nothing to be seen except a few heaps of ruins—at another time when you are not so excited."

"But where shall I sleep?"

"In the same room in which you were born—I have had it arranged for you, and your mother's furniture put in. Can you still say now that you have lost your home?"

He pressed her hand gratefully; but she pointed to the juniper-bush, which had struck them before.

"Let us go there," she said; "lay your head on the mole-hill and whistle something. Do you remember?"

"I should think so!"

"How long is it since then?"

"Seventeen years."

"O heavens, I have loved you so long already, and in the mean time have become an old maid! And I have waited for you from year to year, but you would not see it. 'He must come at last,' I thought; but you did not come. And then I was discouraged, and thought, 'You cannot force yourself upon him;

in reality he does not want you at all. You must come to some resolution.' And to put an end to all my longings, I accepted my cousin, who for the last ten years had been dangling after me. He had made me laugh so often, and I thought he would —but enough of this—" and she shuddered. "Come, lie down—whistle."

He shook his head, and pointed with his hand silently across the heath, where, on the horizon, three lonely fir-trees stretched their rough arms towards the sky.

"Thither," he said. "I cannot rest ere I have been there."

"You are right," she replied; and hand in hand they walked through the blooming heather, over which the wild bees were swarming, sleepily humming.

When they entered the cemetery the clock at the White House was striking noon. Twelve times it sounded in short strokes; a soft echo quivered in the air, and then all was quiet again: only the humming and singing continued.

His mother's grave was overgrown with ivy and wild myrtle, and at its head rose the radiant blossom of a golden-rod. Between the leaves rust-colored ants were creeping, and a lizard rustled down into the green depths.

Silently they both stood there, and Paul trembled. Neither dared to interrupt the solemn stillness.

"Where have they buried my father?" Paul asked at last.

"Your sisters took the body over to Lotkeim," answered Elsbeth.

"That is as well," he replied. "She has been lonely all her life: let her be so in death too. But to-morrow we will also go over to him."

"Will you go and see your sisters?"

He shook his head sadly. Then they relapsed into silence.

He leaned his head on his hands and cried.

"Do not cry," she said: "each one of you has now a home." And then she took the little parcel that she held under her arm, unfastened the white paper of the cover, and there appeared an old manuscript book with torn cover and faded leaves.

"See," she cried, "she sends you this,—her greeting."

"Where did you get it from?" he asked surprised, for he had recognized his mother's handwriting.

"It lay in an old chest of drawers which was saved from the fire, squeezed between the drawers and the back. It seems to have been lying there ever since her death."

Then they sat down together on the grave, laid the book between them on their knees, and began to study it. Now he remembered that Katie, at the time when he surprised her with her lover, had spoken of a song-book which had belonged to their mother; but he had never made up his mind to ask after it, because he did not want to bring to life again the painful remembrance of that hour.

All sorts of old songs were in it, copied out neatly; near them others half scratched out and corrected. The latter she seemed to have reproduced from memory, or perhaps composed herself. . . .

And directly after stood written, in big letters, this title:—

THE FAIRY TALE OF DAME CARE

THERE was once a mother, to whom the good God had given a son; but she was so poor and lonely that she had nobody who could stand godmother to him. And she sighed, and said, «Where shall I get a godmother from?»

Then one evening at dusk there came a woman to her house who was dressed in gray and had a gray veil over her head. She said, «I will be your son's godmother, and I will take care that he grows up a good man, and does not let you starve; but you must give me his soul.»

Then his mother trembled, and said, «Who are you?»

«I am Dame Care,» answered the gray woman; and the mother wept; but as she suffered much from hunger, she gave the woman her son's soul, and she was his godmother.

And her son grew up and worked hard to procure her bread. But as he had no soul, he had no joy and no youth; and often he looked at his mother with reproachful eyes, as if he would ask:—

«Mother, where is my soul?»

Then the mother grew sad, and went out to find him a soul.

She asked the stars in the sky, «Will you give me a soul?» But they said, «He is too low for that.»

And she asked the flowers on the heath: they said, «He is too ugly.»

And she asked the birds in the trees: they said, «He is too sad.»

And she asked the high trees: they said, «He is too humble.»

And she asked the clever serpents; but they said, «He is too stupid.»

Then she went away weeping. And in the wood she met a young and beautiful princess surrounded by her court.

And because she saw the mother weeping, she descended from her horse, and took her to the castle, which was all built of gold and precious stones.

There she asked, «Tell me why you weep?» And the mother told the princess of her grief, that she could not procure her son a soul, nor joy and youth.

Then said the princess, «I cannot see anybody weep: I will tell you something — I will give him my soul.»

Then the mother fell down before her and kissed her hands.

«But,» said the princess, «I will not do it for nothing: he must ask me for it.» Then the mother went to her son; but Dame Care had laid her gray veil over his head, so that he was blind and could not see the princess.

And the mother pleaded, «Dear Dame Care, set him free.»

But Care smiled,—and whoever saw her smile was forced to weep,—and she said, «He must free himself.»

«How can he do that?» asked the mother.

«He must sacrifice to me all that he loves,» said Dame Care.

Then the mother grieved very much, and lay down and died. But the princess waits for her suitor to this very day.

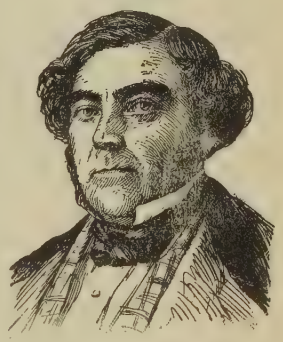
«Mother, mother!» he cried; and sank down on the grave.

«Come,» said Elsbeth, struggling with her tears, as she laid her hand on his shoulder; «let mother be,—she is at peace. And she shall not harm us any more — your wicked Dame Care!»

EUGÈNE SUE

(1804–1857)

THE fame of Eugène Sue as the author of two works, 'The Wandering Jew' and 'The Mysteries of Paris,' has spread far beyond his own country. He wrote upwards of forty other novels; he was very much of a personage in the social and intellectual life of his day, when romanticism was popular in the literature of several lands. But those two fictions are now his passport to consideration. They were extravagantly lauded in their time; their vogue was great. Judged critically they have faults enough; but their conspicuous merits can be detected almost as easily now as when they were written, half a century ago. Detached from their time, they have permanent qualities for success. Sue was a man of cultivation and social position, of much and close observation: he had seen many men and many things. Moreover he was a born story-teller, who had the knack of vivid presentation, the feeling for drama. Again, in his middle life he became interested in socialistic ideas, and gave attention to the state of the Parisian working-folk,— of the poor and outcast. He put them into his fiction with lavish detail, with sympathy and picturesque power. It was a novel thing in fiction. It gave Sue's stories what would now be called a "purpose" flavor. It lent fascination and *raison d'être* to his work. Sue was, like Dumas, an improviser, and possessed remarkable fecundity and invention. To these qualities add the instinct for portraying the weird and tho terrible, and it is not hard to understand why he was popular in his day, and retains a good share of that popularity still.



EUGÈNE SUE

Both his father and grandfather were distinguished surgeons in the navy. Eugène — Marie Joseph was his baptismal name, but he took that of Eugène because Prince Eugène Beauharnais and the Empress Joséphine were his sponsors — was born in Paris on December 10th, 1804, and was sent to a city school. As a lad he was full of pranks and of a lively wit. He was educated to his father's

profession, and when twenty-three went aboard ship as a surgeon. Six years he spent in the navy, storing up impressions and experiences. He retired upon the death of his father in 1830, which made him heir to a large fortune. At this juncture Sue was a fashionable young fellow, with every temptation to become an idle man-about-town; but there was good stuff in him, and he had a desire to exercise his talents.

His turning to literature seemed accidental. At the opera one evening, a friend who edited a dramatic paper suggested to Sue a plot for a nautical tale. The latter went home and wrote it out, and the editor and his readers liked it. This furnished the necessary impulse for a series of novels, in which Sue made use of his naval life, introducing a good deal of exotic color — as Pierre Loti was to do later. 'Plick and Plock' (1831) was the first; and 'Kernock the Pirate,' 'Attar Gull,' and 'La Coucaratcha,' are other representative works of the class. They have the negligences and extravagances of the hasty writer of talent; and situations and heroes have a tendency to be Byronic. Their reception was flattering. Sue became a literary idol; not only read by the multitude, but praised by the best critics. Sainte-Beuve declared of these earlier stories that Sue had been the first French writer to venture on the sea story, and to discover the Mediterranean for literature. He was hailed as the French Cooper.

A tone of worldliness and skepticism characterized Sue at this stage of his career,— a mood to be thrown off in subsequent and more earnest fiction. A period was put to his use of the sea by a five-volume 'History of the French Navy,' which appeared in 1837, and would perhaps have been taken more seriously had the author's reputation as a romancer been less firmly established. After trying his hand at historical romances like 'Latréaumont' and 'Jean Cavalier,' Sue became imbued gradually with socialistic doctrine, and under this influence wrote 'The Mysteries of Paris' (1842) and 'The Wandering Jew' (1844–5). There is no question about the boldness and brilliancy of conception in these books, nor of their earnestness of intention and varied attraction. The former is not so much a close-knit novel as a great number of loosely connected episodes and pictures. Sue is eminently episodical; his canvas is a vast one, and he crowds it with figures. Yet such is his gift that this social kaleidoscope leaves distinct impressions; his moving scenes enthrall the beholder. He is facile rather than deep; but his representation of social misery and depravity in France did good in arousing people's minds to the facts, as did Dickens's representation of similar evils in England. In 'The Wandering Jew,' the central idea of the wretch doomed to wander for centuries from land to land, leaving woe in his

tracks, is handled allegorically to suggest the release of this symbolic personage as typical of the future release of humanity from all its social bondage. In this romance again Sue is rambling and diffuse, and lacks unity of construction. But there is genuine grandeur at times, and much that is strong and striking. Such a work must always command a wide audience,— witness the many editions and translations. When these two romances were given to the public, the romanticism of Dumas the elder on the one hand, and of Hugo on the other,— the body and soul of the romantic,— was in the air. Sue in both manner and matter contributed to this school of writers. He had something of the narrative gift of Dumas, and of the ethical earnestness of Hugo.

Eugène Sue's sympathy with radicalism was illustrated in practical life when he sat for Paris in the Assembly of 1850,— being elected by a very large majority. The child whose sponsors were royalty, and whose early works savored strongly of court life and intrigue, had come a long journey. The Coup d'État of 1852 drove him into exile at Annecy in Switzerland, where he spent the remaining years to his death on July 3d, 1857. This final period was active so far as the making of novels is concerned: some eight or ten stories were published, one posthumously; but they added nothing to his reputation, though showing that the increase of years had little effect upon his fertility. But it is Eugène Sue's production during his middle period — the manner and motive of 'The Mysteries of Paris' and 'The Wandering Jew' — that make him an attractive figure, a favorite writer of romance.

THE LAND'S END OF TWO WORLDS

From 'The Wandering Jew'

The Arctic Ocean encircles with a belt of eternal ice the desert confines of Siberia and North America — the uttermost limits of the Old and New Worlds, separated by the narrow channel known as Bering's Straits.

The last days of September have arrived.

The equinox has brought with it darkness and northern storms, and night will quickly close the short and dismal polar day. The sky, of a dull and leaden blue, is faintly lighted by a sun without warmth, whose white disk, scarcely seen above the horizon, pales before the dazzling brilliancy of the snow that covers, as far as the eyes can reach, the boundless steppes.

To the north, this desert is bounded by a ragged coast, bristling with huge black rocks.

At the base of this Titanic mass lies enchained the petrified ocean, whose spell-bound waves appear fixed as vast ranges of ice mountains; their blue peaks fading away in the far-off frost smoke, or snow vapor.

Between the twin peaks of Cape East, the termination of Siberia, the sullen sea is seen to drive tall icebergs across a streak of dead green. There lies Bering's Straits.

Opposite, and towering over the channel, rise the granite masses of Cape Prince of Wales, the headland of North America.

These lonely latitudes do not belong to the habitable world: for the piercing cold shivers the stones, splits the trees, and causes the earth to burst asunder; which, throwing forth showers of icy spangles, seems capable of enduring this solitude of frost and tempest, of famine and death.

And yet, strange to say, footprints may be traced on the snow covering these headlands on either side of Bering's Straits.

On the American shore the footprints are small and light, thus betraying the passage of a woman.

She has been hastening up the rocky peak, whence the drifts of Siberia are visible.

On the latter ground, footprints larger and deeper betoken the passing of a man. He also was on his way to the Straits.

It would seem that this man and woman had arrived here from opposite directions, in hope of catching a glimpse of one another across the arm of the sea dividing the two worlds — the Old and the New.

More strange still! the man and the woman have crossed the solitudes during a terrific storm. Black pines, the growth of centuries, pointing their bent heads in different parts of the solitude like crosses in a church-yard, have been uprooted, rent, and hurled aside by the blasts!

Yet the two travelers face this furious tempest, which has plucked up trees, and pounded the frozen masses into splinters, with the roar of thunder.

They face it, without for one single instant deviating from the straight line hitherto followed by them.

Who then are these two beings, who advance thus calmly amidst the storms and convulsions of nature?

Is it by chance, or design, or destiny, that the seven nails in the sole of the man's shoe form a cross — thus:

Everywhere he leaves this impress behind him.

On the smooth and polished snow, these footmarks seem imprinted by a foot of brass on a marble floor.

Night without twilight has soon succeeded day — a night of foreboding gloom.

The brilliant reflection of the snow renders the white steppes still visible beneath the azure darkness of the sky; and the pale stars glimmer on the obscure and frozen dome.

Solemn silence reigns.

But towards the Straits a faint light appears.

At first, a gentle, bluish light, such as precedes moonrise; it increases in brightness, and assumes a ruddy hue.

Darkness thickens in every other direction: the white wilds of the desert are now scarcely visible under the black vault of the firmament.

Strange and confused noises are heard amidst this obscurity.

They sound like the flight of large night birds: now flapping — now heavily skimming over the steppes — now descending.

But no cry is heard.

The silent terror heralds the approach of one of those imposing phenomena that awe alike the most ferocious and the most harmless of animated beings. An Aurora Borealis, (magnificent sight!) common in the polar regions, suddenly beams forth.

A half-circle of dazzling whiteness becomes visible in the horizon. Immense columns of light stream forth from this dazzling centre, rising to a great height, illuminating earth, sea, and sky. Then a brilliant reflection, like the blaze of a conflagration, steals over the snow of the desert, purples the summits of the mountains of ice, and imparts a dark-red hue to the black rocks of both continents.

After attaining this magnificent brilliancy, the Aurora faded away gradually, and its vivid glow was lost in a luminous fog.

Just then, by a wondrous mirage,—an effect very common in high latitudes,—the American coast, though separated from Siberia by a broad arm of the sea, loomed so close that a bridge might seemingly be thrown from one world to the other.

Then human forms appeared in the transparent azure haze overspreading both forelands.

On the Siberian cape, a man on his knees stretched his arms towards America, with an expression of inconceivable despair.

On the American promontory, a young and handsome woman replied to the man's despairing gesture by pointing to heaven.

For some seconds, these two tall figures stood out, pale and shadowy, in the farewell gleams of the Aurora.

But the fog thickens, and all is lost in darkness.

Whence came the two beings, who met thus amidst polar glaciers at the extremities of the Old and New Worlds?

Who were the two creatures, brought near for a moment by a deceitful mirage, but who seemed eternally separated?

THE PANTHER FIGHT

From 'The Wandering Jew'

The pantomime opening, by which was introduced the combat of Morok with the black panther, was so unmeaning that the majority of the audience paid no attention to it, reserving all their interest for the scene in which the lion-tamer was to make his appearance.

This indifference of the public explains the curiosity excited in the theatre by the arrival of Faringhea and Djalma; a curiosity which expressed itself (as at this day, when uncommon foreigners appear in public) by a slight murmur and general movement amongst the crowd. The sprightly, pretty face of Rose-Pompon —always charming, in spite of her singularly staring dress, in style so ridiculous for such a theatre, and her light and familiar manner towards the handsome Indian who accompanied her—increased and animated the general surprise; for at this moment Rose-Pompon, yielding without reserve to a movement of teasing coquetry, had held up, as we have already stated, her large

bunch of roses to Djalma. But the prince, at sight of the landscape which reminded him of his country, instead of appearing sensible to this pretty provocation, remained for some minutes as in a dream, with his eyes fixed upon the stage. Then Rose-Pompon began to beat time on the front of the box with her bouquet, whilst the somewhat too visible movement of her pretty shoulders showed that this devoted dancer was thinking of fast-life dances, as the orchestra struck up a more lively strain.

Placed directly opposite the box in which Faringhea, Djalma, and Rose-Pompon had just taken their seats, Lady Morinval soon perceived the arrival of these two personages, and particularly the eccentric coquetries of Rose-Pompon. Immediately the young marchioness, leaning over towards Mademoiselle de Cardoville, who was still absorbed in memories ineffable, said to her, laughing, "My dear, the most amusing part of the performance is not upon the stage. Look just opposite."

"Just opposite?" repeated Adrienne mechanically; and turning towards Lady Morinval with an air of surprise, she glanced in the direction pointed out.

She looked — what did she see? — Djalma seated by the side of a young woman, who was familiarly offering to his sense of smell the perfume of her bouquet. Amazed — struck almost literally to the heart, as by an electric shock, swift, sharp, and painful — Adrienne became deadly pale. From instinct, she shut her eyes for a second in order *not to see* — as men try to ward off the dagger, which, having once dealt the blow, threatens to strike again. Then suddenly, to this feeling of grief succeeded a reflection terrible both to her love and to her wounded pride.

"Djalma is present with this woman, though he must have received my letter," she said to herself, "wherein he was informed of the happiness that awaited him."

At the idea of so cruel an insult, a blush of shame and indignation displaced the paleness of Adrienne; who, overwhelmed by this sad reality, said to herself, "Rodin did not deceive me."

We abandon all idea of picturing the lightning-like rapidity of certain emotions, which in a moment may torture — may kill you in the space of a minute. Thus Adrienne was precipitated from the most radiant happiness to the lowest depths of an abyss of the most heart-rending grief, in less than a second; for a second had hardly elapsed before she replied to Lady Morinval: "What is there then so curious, opposite to us, my dear Julia?"

This evasive question gave Adrienne time to recover her self-possession. Fortunately, thanks to the thick folds of hair which almost entirely concealed her cheeks, the rapid and sudden changes from pallor to blush escaped the notice of Lady Morinval, who gayly replied, "What, my dear, do you not perceive those East-Indians who have just entered the box immediately opposite to ours? There, just before us!"

"Yes, I see them; but what then?" replied Adrienne in a firm tone.

"And don't you observe anything remarkable?" said the marchioness.

"Don't be too hard, ladies," laughingly interposed the marquis: "we ought to allow the poor foreigners some little indulgence. They are ignorant of our manners and customs: were it not for that, they would never appear in the face of all Paris in such dubious company."

"Indeed," said Adrienne, with a bitter smile: "their simplicity is touching; we must pity them."

"And unfortunately the girl is charming, spite of her low dress and bare arms," said the marchioness; "she cannot be more than sixteen or seventeen at most. Look at her, my dear Adrienne; what a pity!"

"It is one of your charitable days, my dear Julia," answered Adrienne: "we are to pity the Indians, to pity this creature, and — pray, whom else are we to pity?"

"We will not pity that handsome Indian in his red-and-gold turban," said the marquis laughing; "for if this goes on, the girl with the cherry-colored ribbons will be giving him a kiss. See how she leans towards her sultan."

"They are very amusing," said the marchioness, sharing the hilarity of her husband, and looking at Rose-Pompon through her glass; then she resumed in about a minute, addressing herself to Adrienne, "I am quite certain of one thing. Notwithstanding her giddy airs, that girl is very fond of her Indian. I just saw a look that expresses a great deal."

"Why so much penetration, my dear Julia?" said Adrienne mildly: "what interest have we in reading the heart of that girl?"

"Why, if she loves her sultan, she is quite in the right," said the marquis, looking through his opera-glass in turn; "for in my whole life I never saw a more handsome fellow than that Indian.

I can only catch his side-face, but the profile is pure and fine as an antique cameo. Do you not think so?" added the marquis, leaning towards Adrienne. "Of course it is only as a matter of art that I permit myself to ask you the question."

"As a work of *art*," answered Adrienne, "it is certainly very fine."

"But see!" said the marchioness: "how impertinent the little creature is! She is actually staring at us."

"Well!" said the marquis; "and she is actually laying her hand quite unceremoniously on her sultan's shoulder — to make him share, no doubt, in her admiration of you ladies."

In fact, Djalma, until now occupied with the contemplation of the scene which reminded him of his country, had remained insensible to the enticements of Rose-Pompon, and had not yet perceived Adrienne.

"Well now!" said Rose-Pompon, bustling herself about in front of the box, and continuing to stare at Mademoiselle de Cardoville, — for it was she and not the marchioness who now drew her attention: "that is something quite out of the common way, — a pretty woman with red hair; but such a sweet red, it must be owned. Look, Prince Charming!"

And so saying, she tapped Djalma lightly on the shoulder: he started at these words, turned round, and for the first time perceived Mademoiselle de Cardoville.

Though he had been almost prepared for this meeting, the prince was so violently affected by it that he was about involuntarily to rise, in a state of the utmost confusion; but he felt the iron hand of Faringhea laid heavily on his shoulder, and heard him whisper in Hindostanee, "Courage! and by to-morrow she will be at your feet."

As Djalma still struggled to rise, the half-caste added, to restrain him, "Just now she grew pale and red with jealousy. No weakness, or all is lost!"

"So! there you are again, talking your dreadful gibberish," said Rose-Pompon, turning round toward Faringhea. "First of all, it is not polite; and then the language is so odd, that one might suppose you were cracking nuts."

"I spoke of you to my master," said the half-caste: "he is preparing a surprise for you."

"A surprise? oh! that is different. Only make haste — do you hear, Prince Charming!" added she, looking tenderly at Djalma.

« My heart is breaking," said Djalma, in a hollow voice to Faringhea, still using the language of India.

« But to-morrow it will bound with joy and love," answered the half-caste. « It is only by disdain that you can conquer a proud woman. To-morrow, I tell you, she will be trembling, confused, supplicating, at your feet! »

« To-morrow she will hate me like death!" replied the prince mournfully.

« Yes, were she now to see you weak and cowardly. It is now too late to draw back: look full at her, take the nosegay from this girl, and raise it to your lips. Instantly you will see yonder woman, proud as she is, grow pale and red, as just now. Then will you believe me? »

Reduced by despair to make almost any attempt, and fascinated in spite of himself by the diabolical hints of Faringhea, Djalma looked for a second full at Mademoiselle de Cardoville; then with a trembling hand he took the bouquet from Rose-Pompon, and again looking at Adrienne, pressed it to his lips.

Upon this insolent bravado, Mademoiselle de Cardoville could not restrain so sudden and visible a pang that the prince was struck by it.

« She is yours," said the half-caste to him. « Did you see, my lord, how she trembled with jealousy? Only have courage, and she is yours. She would soon prefer you to that handsome young man behind her — for *it is he* whom she has hitherto fancied herself in love with."

As if the half-caste had guessed the movement of rage and hatred which this revelation would excite in the heart of the prince, he hastily added, « Calmness and disdain! Is it not his turn now to hate you? »

The prince restrained himself, and drew his hand across his forehead, which glowed with anger.

« There now! what are you telling him that vexes him so? » said Rose-Pompon to Faringhea, with pouting lip. Then addressing Djalma, she continued, « Come, Prince Charming, as they say in the fairy tale,— give me back my flowers."

As she took the bouquet again, she added, « You have kissed it, and I could almost eat it." Then with a sigh, and a passionate glance at Djalma, she said softly to herself, « That monster Ninny Moulin did not deceive me. All this is *quite proper;* I have not even *that* to reproach myself with." And with her little

white teeth she bit at a rosy nail of her right hand, from which she had just drawn the glove.

It is hardly necessary to say that Adrienne's letter had not been delivered to the prince, and that he had not gone to pass the day in the country with Marshal Simon. During the three days in which Montbron had not seen Djalma, Faringhea had persuaded him that by affecting another passion, he would bring Mademoiselle de Cardoville to terms. With regard to Djalma's presence at the theatre, Rodin had learned from her maid Florine that her mistress was to go in the evening to the Porte-Saint Martin. Before Djalma had recognized her, Adrienne, who felt her strength failing her, was on the point of quitting the theatre: the man whom she had hitherto placed so high, whom she had regarded as a hero and a demigod, and whom she had imagined plunged in such dreadful despair that, led by the most tender pity, she had written to him with simple frankness, that a sweet hope might calm his grief,—replied to a generous mark of sincerity and love by making himself a ridiculous spectacle with a creature unworthy of him.

What incurable wounds for Adrienne's pride! It mattered little whether Djalma knew or not that she would be a spectator of the indignity. But when she saw herself recognized by the prince, when he carried the insult so far as to look full at her, and at the same time raise to his lips the bouquet of the creature who accompanied him, Adrienne was seized with noble indignation, and felt sufficient courage to remain; instead of closing her eyes to evidence, she found a sort of barbarous pleasure in assisting at the agony and death of her pure and divine love. With head erect, proud and flashing eye, flushed cheek, and curling lip, she looked in her turn at the prince with disdainful steadiness. It was with a sardonic smile that she said to the marchioness, who, like many others of the spectators, was occupied with what was passing in the stage-box, "This revolting exhibition of savage manners is at least in accordance with the rest of the performance."

"Certainly," said the marchioness; "and my dear uncle will have lost, perhaps, the most amusing part."

"Montbron?" said Adrienne hastily, with hardly repressed bitterness: "yes, he will regret not having *seen all.* I am impatient for his arrival. Is it not to him that I am indebted for this charming evening?"

Perhaps Madame de Morinval would have remarked the expression of bitter irony that Adrienne could not altogether dissemble, if suddenly a hoarse and prolonged roar had not attracted her attention, as well as that of the rest of the audience, who had hitherto been quite indifferent to the scenes intended for an introduction to the appearance of Morok. Every eye was now turned instinctively towards the cavern, situated to the left of the stage, just below Mademoiselle de Cardoville's box; a thrill of curiosity ran through the house.

A second roar, deeper and more sonorous, and apparently expressive of more irritation, than the first, now rose from the cave; the mouth of which was half hidden by artificial brambles, made so as to be easily put on one side. At this sound the Englishman stood up in his little box, leaned half over the front, and began to rub his hands with great energy; then remaining perfectly motionless, he fixed his large, green, glittering eyes on the mouth of the cavern.

At these ferocious howlings, Djalma also had started, notwithstanding the frenzy of love, hate, and jealousy to which he was a prey. The sight of this forest, and the roarings of the panther, filled him with deep emotion; for they recalled the remembrance of his country, and of those great hunts which, like war, have their own terrible excitement. Had he suddenly heard the horns and gongs of his father's army sounding to the charge, he could not have been transported with more savage ardor. And now deep growls, like distant thunder, almost drowned the roar of the panther. The lion and tiger, Judas and Cain, answered her from their dens at the back of the stage. On this frightful concert, with which his ears had been familiar in the midst of the solitudes of India, when he lay encamped for the purposes of the chase or of war, Djalma's blood boiled in his veins. His eyes sparkled with a wild ardor. Leaning a little forward, with both hands pressed on the front of the box, his whole body trembled with a convulsive shudder. The audience, the theatre, Adrienne herself, no longer existed for him: he was in a forest of his own lands, tracking the tiger.

Then there mingled with his beauty so intrepid and ferocious an expression, that Rose-Pompon looked at him with a sort of terror and passionate admiration. For the first time in her life, perhaps, her pretty blue eyes, generally so gay and mischievous, expressed a serious emotion. She could not explain what

she felt; but her heart seemed tightened, and beat violently, as though some calamity were at hand.

Yielding to a movement of involuntary fear, she seized Djalma by the arm, and said to him, "Do not stare so into that cavern; you frighten me."

Djalma did not hear what she said.

"Here he is! here he is!" murmured the crowd, almost with one voice, as Morok appeared at the back of the stage.

Dressed as we have described, Morok now carried in addition a bow and a long quiver full of arrows. He slowly descended the line of painted rocks, which came sloping down towards the centre of the stage. From time to time, he stopped as if to listen, and appeared to advance with caution. Looking from one side to the other, his eyes involuntarily encountered the large green eyes of the Englishman, whose box was close to the cavern. Instantly the lion-tamer's countenance was contracted in so frightful a manner that Lady Morinval, who was examining him closely with the aid of an excellent glass, said hastily to Adrienne, "My dear, the man is afraid. Some misfortune will happen."

"How can accidents happen," said Adrienne with a sardonic smile, "in the midst of this brilliant crowd, so well dressed and full of animation! Misfortunes here this evening! why, dear Julia, you do not think it. It is in darkness and solitude that misfortunes come,—never in the midst of a joyous crowd, and in all this blaze of light."

"Good gracious, Adrienne! take care!" cried the marchioness, unable to repress an exclamation of alarm, and seizing her arm as if to draw her closer: "do you not see it?" And with a trembling hand she pointed to the cavern's mouth. Adrienne hastily bent forward, and looked in that direction. "Take care, do not lean forward so!" exclaimed Lady Morinval.

"Your terrors are nonsensical, my dear," said the marquis to his wife. "The panther is securely chained; and even were it to break its chain, which is impossible, we are beyond its reach."

A long murmur of trembling curiosity here ran through the house, and every eye was intently fixed on the cavern. From amongst the artificial brambles, which she abruptly pushed aside with her broad chest, the black panther suddenly appeared. Twice she stretched forth her flat head, illumined by yellow, flaming eyes; then, half opening her blood-red jaws, she uttered

another roar, and exhibited two rows of formidable fangs. A double iron chain, and a collar also of iron, painted black, blended with the ebon shades of her hide, and with the darkness of the cavern. The illusion was complete, and the terrible animal seemed to be at liberty in her den.

"Ladies," said the marquis suddenly, "look at those Indians. Their emotion makes them superb!"

In fact, the sight of the panther had raised the wild ardor of Djalma to its utmost pitch. His eyes sparkled in their pearly orbits like two black diamonds; his upper lip was curled convulsively with an expression of animal ferocity, as if he were in a violent paroxysm of rage.

Faringhea, now leaning on the front of the box, was also greatly excited; by reason of a strange coincidence. "That black panther of so rare a breed," thought he, "which I see here at Paris upon a stage, must be the very one that the Malay" (the Thug who had tattooed Djalma at Java during his sleep) "took quite young from his den, and sold to a European captain. Bowanee's power is everywhere!" added the Thug, in his sanguinary superstition.

"Do you not think," resumed the marquis, addressing Adrienne, "that those Indians are really splendid in their present attitude?"

"Perhaps they may have seen such a hunt in their own country," said Adrienne, as if she would recall and brave the most cruel remembrances.

"Adrienne," said the marchioness suddenly, in an agitated voice, "the lion-tamer has now come nearer — is not his countenance fearful to look at? I tell you he is afraid."

"In truth," observed the marquis, this time very seriously, "he is dreadfully pale, and seems to grow worse every minute, the nearer he approaches this side. It is said that were he to lose his presence of mind for a single moment, he would run the greatest danger."

"Oh! it would be horrible," cried the marchioness, addressing Adrienne, "if he were wounded — there — under our eyes!"

"Every wound does not kill," replied her friend, with an accent of such cold indifference that the marchioness looked at her with surprise, and said to her, "My dear girl, what you say is cruel!"

« It is the air of the place that acts on me," answered Adrienne with an icy smile.

« Look! look! the lion-tamer is about to shoot his arrow at the panther," said the marquis suddenly. « No doubt he will next perform the hand-to-hand grapple."

Morok was at this moment in front of the stage, but he had yet to traverse its entire breadth to reach the cavern's mouth. He stopped an instant, adjusted an arrow to the string, knelt down behind a mass of rock, took deliberate aim — and then the arrow hissed across the stage, and was lost in the depths of the cavern, into which the panther had retired, after showing for a moment her threatening head to the audience. Hardly had the arrow disappeared, than Death, purposely irritated by Goliath (who was invisible), sent forth a howl of rage, as if she had been really wounded. Morok's actions became so expressive, he evinced so naturally his joy at having hit the wild beast, that a tempest of applause burst from every quarter of the house. Then throwing away his bow, he drew a dagger from his girdle, took it between his teeth, and began to crawl forward on hands and knees, as though he meant to surprise the wounded panther in his den. To render the illusion perfect, Death, again excited by Goliath, who struck him with an iron bar, sent forth frightful howlings from the depths of the cavern.

The gloomy aspect of the forest, only half lighted with a reddish glare, was so effective, the howlings of the panther were so furious, the gestures, attitude, and countenance of Morok were so expressive of terror, that the audience, attentive and trembling, now maintained a profound silence. Every one held his breath; and a kind of shudder came over the spectators, as though they expected some horrible event. What gave such a fearful air of truth to the pantomime of Morok was that, as he approached the cavern step by step, he approached also the Englishman's box. In spite of himself, the lion-tamer, fascinated by terror, could not take his eyes from the large green eyes of this man; and it seemed as if every one of the abrupt movements which he made in crawling along was produced by a species of magnetic attraction, caused by the fixed gaze of the fatal wagerer. Therefore the nearer Morok approached, the more ghastly and livid he became. At sight of this pantomime, which was no longer acting, but the real expression of intense fear, the deep

and trembling silence which had reigned in the theatre was once more interrupted by cheers, with which were mingled the roarings of the panther, and the distant growls of the lion and tiger.

The Englishman leaned almost out of his box, with a frightful sardonic smile on his lip; and with his large eyes still fixed, panted for breath. The perspiration ran down his bald red forehead, as if he had really expended an incredible amount of magnetic power in attracting Morok, whom he now saw close to the cavern entrance. The moment was decisive. Crouching down with his dagger in his hand, following with eye and gesture every movement of Death,—who, roaring furiously, and opening wide her enormous jaws, seemed determined to guard the entrance of her den,—Morok waited for the moment to rush upon her. There is such fascination in danger, that Adrienne shared in spite of herself the feeling of painful curiosity, mixed with terror, that thrilled through all the spectators. Leaning forward like the marchioness, and gazing upon this scene of fearful interest, the lady still held mechanically in her hand the Indian bouquet preserved since the morning. Suddenly Morok raised a wild shout, as he rushed towards Death; who answered this exclamation by a dreadful roar, and threw herself upon her master with so much fury that Adrienne, in alarm, believing the man lost, drew herself back, and covered her face with her hands. Her flowers slipped from her grasp, and falling upon the stage, rolled into the cavern in which Morok was struggling with the panther.

Quick as lightning, supple and agile as a tiger, yielding to the intoxication of his love, and to the wild ardor excited in him by the roaring of the panther, Djalma sprang at one bound upon the stage, drew his dagger, and rushed into the cavern to recover Adrienne's nosegay. At that instant Morok, being wounded, uttered a dreadful cry for help; the panther, rendered still more furious at sight of Djalma, made the most desperate efforts to break her chain. Unable to succeed in doing so, she rose upon her hind legs, in order to seize Djalma, then within reach of her sharp claws. It was only by bending down his head, throwing himself on his knees, and twice plunging his dagger into her belly with the rapidity of lightning, that Djalma escaped certain death. The panther gave a howl, and fell with her whole weight upon the prince. For a second, during which

lasted her terrible agony, nothing was seen but a confused and convulsive mass of black limbs, and white garments stained with blood: and then Djalma rose, pale, bleeding — for he was wounded; and standing erect, his eye flashing with savage pride, his foot on the body of the panther, he held in his hand Adrienne's bouquet, and cast towards her a glance which told the intensity of his love. Then only did Adrienne feel her strength fail her; for only superhuman courage had enabled her to watch all the terrible incidents of the struggle.

THE CHASTISEMENT

From 'The Wandering Jew'

It is night. The moon shines and the stars glimmer in the midst of a serene but cheerless sky; the sharp whistlings of the north wind — that fatal dry and icy breeze — ever and anon burst forth in violent gusts. With its harsh and cutting breath it sweeps the Heights of Montmartre. On the highest point of the hills a man is standing. His long shadow is cast upon the stony, moonlit ground. He gazes on the immense city which lies outspread beneath his feet, — Paris, — with the dark outline of its towers, cupolas, domes, and steeples, standing out from the limpid blue of the horizon, while from the midst of the ocean of masonry rises a luminous vapor, that reddens the starry azure of the sky. It is the distant reflection of the thousand fires which at night, the hour of pleasures, light up so joyously the noisy capital.

"No," said the wayfarer: "it is not to be. The Lord will not exact it. Is not *twice* enough?

"Five centuries ago, the avenging hand of the Almighty drove me hither from the uttermost confines of Asia. A solitary traveler, I had left behind me more grief, despair, disaster, and death, than the innumerable armies of a hundred devastating conquerors. I entered this town, and it too was decimated.

"Again, two centuries ago, the inexorable hand which leads me through the world brought me once more hither; and then, as the time before, the plague, which the Almighty attaches to my steps, again ravaged this city, and fell first on my brethren, already worn out with labor and misery.

"My brethren — mine! — the cobbler of Jerusalem, the artisan accursed by the Lord, who in my person condemned the whole race of workmen, ever suffering, ever disinherited, ever in slavery, toiling on like me, without rest or pause, without recompense or hope, till men, women, and children, young and old, all die beneath the same iron yoke,— that murderous yoke, which others take in their turn, thus to be borne from age to age on the submissive and bruised shoulders of the masses.

"And now, for the third time in five centuries, I reach the summit of one of the hills that overlook the city. And perhaps I again bring with me fear, desolation, and death.

"Yet this city, intoxicated with the sounds of its joys and its nocturnal revelries, does not know — oh! does not know that *I* am at its gates.

"But no, no! my presence will not be a new calamity. The Lord, in his impenetrable views, has hitherto led me through France so as to avoid the humblest hamlet; and the sound of the funeral knell has not accompanied my passage.

"And moreover, the spectre has left me — the green, livid spectre, with its hollow bloodshot eyes. When I touched the soil of France, its damp and icy hand was no longer clasped in mine — and it disappeared.

"And yet I feel that the atmosphere of death is around me.

"The sharp whistlings of that fatal wind cease not, which, catching me in their whirl, seem to propagate blasting and mildew as they blow.

"But perhaps the wrath of the Lord is appeased, and my presence here is only a threat — to be communicated in some way to those whom it should intimidate.

"Yes; for otherwise he would smite with a fearful blow, by first scattering terror and death here in the heart of the country, in the bosom of this immense city!

"Oh! no, no! the Lord will be merciful. No! he will not condemn me to this new torture.

"Alas! in this city, my brethren are more numerous and miserable than elsewhere. And should I be their messenger of death?

"No! the Lord will have pity. For, alas! the seven descendants of my sister have at length met in this town. And to them likewise should I be the messenger of death, instead of the help they so much need?

"For that woman, who like me wanders from one border of the earth to the other, after having once more rent asunder the nets of their enemies, has gone forth upon her endless journey.

"In vain she foresaw that new misfortunes threatened my sister's family. The invisible hand that drives me on, drives *her* on also.

"Carried away, as of old, by the irresistible whirlwind, at the moment of leaving my kindred to their fate, she in vain cried with supplicating tone: 'Let me at least, O Lord, complete my task!'—'Go on!'—'A few days, in mercy, only a few poor days!'—'Go on!'—'I leave those I love on the brink of the abyss!'—'Go on! Go on!'

"And the wandering star again started on its eternal round. And her voice, passing through space, called me to the assistance of my own.

"When that voice reached me, I knew that the descendants of my sister were still exposed to frightful perils. Those perils are even now on the increase.

"Tell me, O Lord! will they escape the scourge which for so many centuries has weighed down our race?

"Wilt thou pardon me in them? wilt thou punish me in them? Oh that they might obey the last will of their ancestor!

"Oh that they might join together their charitable hearts, their valor and their strength, their noble intelligence, and their great riches!

"They would then labor for the future happiness of humanity —they would thus, perhaps, redeem me from my eternal punishment!

"The words of the Son of Man, 'Love ye one another,' will be their only end, their only means.

"By the help of those all-powerful words they will fight and conquer the false priests who have renounced the precepts of love, peace, and hope, for lessons of hatred, violence, and despair; those false priests who, kept in pay by the powerful and happy of this world, their accomplices in every age, instead of asking here below for some slight share of well-being for my unfortunate brethren, dare in thy name, O Lord God, to assert that the poor are condemned to endless suffering in this world, and that the desire or the hope to suffer less is a crime in thine eyes,—

because the happiness of the few, and the misery of nearly the whole human race, is (oh, blasphemy!) according to thy will. Is not the very contrary of those murderous words alone worthy of Divinity!

"In mercy, hear me, Lord! Rescue from their enemies the descendants of my sister — the artisan as the king's son. Do not let them destroy the germ of so mighty and fruitful an association, which, with thy blessing, would make an epoch in the annals of human happiness!

"Let me unite them, O Lord, since others would divide them; defend them, since others attack: let me give hope to those who have ceased to hope, courage to those who are brought low with fear; let me raise up the falling, and sustain those who persevere in the way of the righteous!

"And peradventure their struggles, devotion, virtue, and grief may expiate my fault — that of a man whom misfortune alone rendered unjust and wicked.

"Oh! since thy Almighty hand hath led me hither,— to what end I know not,— lay aside thy wrath, I beseech thee; let me be no longer the instrument of thy vengeance!

"Enough of woe upon the earth! for the last two years, thy creatures have fallen by thousands upon my track. The world is decimated. A veil of mourning extends over all the globe.

"From Asia to the icy Pole, they died upon the path of the wanderer. Dost thou not hear the long-drawn sigh that rises from the earth unto thee, O Lord?

"Mercy for all! mercy for me! Let me but unite the descendants of my sister for a single day, and they will be saved!"

As he pronounced these words, the wayfarer sank upon his knees, and raised to heaven his supplicating hands. Suddenly the wind blew with redoubled violence; its sharp whistlings were changed into the roar of a tempest.

The traveler shuddered; in a voice of terror he exclaimed:—

"The blast of death rises in its fury — the whirlwind carries me on. Lord! thou art then deaf to my prayer?

"The spectre! oh, the spectre! it is again here! its green face twitching with convulsive spasms — its red eyes rolling in their orbits. Begone! begone! — its hand, oh! its icy hand has again laid hold of mine. Have mercy, heaven!" — "Go on!"

"O Lord! the pestilence — the terrible plague — must I carry it into this city? And my brethren will perish the first — they, who are so sorely smitten even now! Mercy!" — "Go on!"

"And the descendants of my sister. Mercy! Mercy!" — "Go on!"

"O Lord, have pity! — I can no longer keep my ground; the spectre drags me to the slope of the hill; my walk is rapid as the deadly blast that rages behind me; already do I behold the city gates. Have mercy, Lord, on the descendants of my sister! Spare them; do not make me their executioner; let them triumph over their enemies!" — "Go on! Go on!"

"The ground flies beneath my feet; there is the city gate. Lord, it is yet time! Oh, mercy for that sleeping town! Let it not waken to cries of terror, despair, and death! Lord, I am on the threshold. Must it be? — Yes, it is done. Paris, the plague is in thy bosom. The curse — oh, the eternal curse!" — "Go on! Go on! Go on!"

SUETONIUS

(Early Part of Second Century A. D.)

Caius Suetonius Tranquillus passed his manhood under Trajan and Hadrian, and so was contemporary with the younger Pliny and with Tacitus. As private secretary to the Emperor Hadrian, he probably had access to State archives if he chose to consult them; and heard the traditional stories of court life, which, though mostly inaccurate, indicated vividly the character and life of the early Cæsars. Where Tacitus is lost, Suetonius becomes our chief authority for the 'Lives of the Cæsars,' from Julius to Domitian. The first six are much the more fully treated; whether because as he approached his own time he wearied of his task, found less alien material ready to be appropriated, or felt the ground less secure beneath him.

Suetonius

Suetonius is a writer quite devoid of earnest purpose, dignity, or literary charm. He is usually clear and straightforward enough in style. His warmest interest is excited by a scandalous bit of gossip. He makes little effort at chronological treatment of public events. Altogether, he is an author whom historians must know and use, and whom even the general reader will find sufficiently interesting; but we can take no pride in our enjoyment of his ignoble recitals, and must hope that the rather vivid general picture he draws is essentially untrue. Modern recorders of life in royal palaces would at least feel impelled to use the darker tints less constantly.

In meagre and fragmentary form we have also from Suetonius several lives of literary men, notably those of Horace and Terence. The biography of Pliny the Younger is pronounced spurious: a pity, because our pleasantest glimpses of the man Suetonius are obtained from the courtly letter-writer. In particular, Pliny writes Trajan that his friend is "an upright and learned gentleman, whom folk often desire to remember in their wills." As a childless married man, Suetonius cannot legally receive such legacies, unless a special dispensation shall accord him the rights properly reserved for the fathers of three children. This favor the Emperor, it appears, readily granted.

The best literary edition of Suetonius is that with Latin notes in the Lemaire collection (Paris, 1828). The lives of Julius and Augustus are edited with full commentary by Professor H. T. Peck (New York, 2d ed., 1893). The most recent translation is by Thomson and Forester (London, 1881).

CALIGULA'S MADNESS

He used also to complain aloud of the state of the times, because it was not rendered remarkable by any public calamities; for while the reign of Augustus had been made memorable to posterity by the disaster of Varus, and that of Tiberius by the fall of the theatre at Fidenæ, his was likely to pass into oblivion, from an uninterrupted series of prosperity. And at times he wished for some terrible slaughter of his troops, a famine, a pestilence, conflagrations, or an earthquake.

Even in the midst of his diversions, while gaming or feasting, this savage ferocity, both in his language and actions, never forsook him. Persons were often put to the torture in his presence, whilst he was dining or carousing. A soldier who was an adept in the art of beheading used at such times to take off the heads of prisoners, who were brought in for that purpose. At Puteoli, at the dedication of the bridge which he planned, as already mentioned, he invited a number of people to come to him from the shore, and then suddenly threw them headlong into the sea; thrusting down with poles and oars those who, to save themselves, had got hold of the rudders of the ships. At Rome, in a public feast, a slave having stolen some thin plates of silver with which the couches were inlaid, he delivered him immediately to an executioner, with orders to cut off his hands, and lead him round the guests with them hanging from his neck before his breast, and a label, signifying the cause of his punishment. A gladiator who was practicing with him, and voluntarily threw himself at his feet, he stabbed with a poniard, and then ran about with a palm branch in his hand, after the manner of those who are victorious in the games. When a victim was to be offered upon an altar, he, clad in the habit of the Popæ, and holding the axe aloft for a while, at last slaughtered, instead of the animal, an officer who attended to cut up the sacrifice. And at a sumptuous entertainment he fell suddenly into a violent fit of laughter; and upon the consuls who reclined next to him

respectfully asking him the occasion,—"Nothing," replied he, "but that upon a single nod of mine you might both have your throats cut."

Among many other jests, this was one: As he stood by the statue of Jupiter, he asked Apelles the tragedian which of them he thought was biggest? Upon his demurring about it, he lashed him most severely; now and then commending his voice, whilst he entreated for mercy, as being well modulated even when he was venting his grief. As often as he kissed the neck of his wife or mistress, he would say, "So beautiful a throat must be cut whenever I please;" and now and then he would threaten to put his dear Cæsonia to the torture, that he might discover why he loved her so passionately.

In his behavior towards men of almost all ages, he discovered a degree of jealousy and malignity equal to that of his cruelty and pride. He so demolished and dispersed the statues of several illustrious persons,—which had been removed by Augustus, for want of room, from the court of the Capitol into the Campus Martius,—that it was impossible to set them up again with their inscriptions entire. And for the future, he forbade any statue whatever to be erected without his knowledge and leave. He had thoughts too of suppressing Homer's poems; for "Why," said he, "may not I do what Plato has done before me, who excluded him from his commonwealth?" He was likewise very near banishing the writings and the busts of Virgil and Livy from all libraries: censuring one of them as "a man of no genius and very little learning," and the other as "a verbose and careless historian." He often talked of the lawyers as if he intended to abolish their profession. "By Hercules!" he would say, "I shall put it out of their power to answer any legal questions otherwise than by referring to me!"

He took from the noblest persons in the city the ancient marks of distinction used by their families: as the collar from Torquatus; from Cincinnatus the curl of hair; and from Cneius Pompey the surname of *Great*, belonging to that ancient family. Ptolemy, mentioned before, whom he invited from his kingdom, and received with great honors, he suddenly put to death; for no other reason but because he observed that upon entering the theatre, at a public exhibition, he attracted the eyes of all the spectators by the splendor of his purple robe. As often as he met with handsome men who had fine heads of hair, he would order the

back of their heads to be shaved, to make them appear ridiculous. There was one Esius Proculus, the son of a centurion of the first rank, who, for his great stature and fine proportions, was called the Colossal. Him he ordered to be dragged from his seat in the arena, and matched with a gladiator in light armor, and afterwards with another completely armed; and upon his worsting them both, commanded him forthwith to be bound, to be led clothed in rags up and down the streets of the city, and after being exhibited in that plight to the women, to be then butchered. There was no man of so abject or mean condition, whose excellency in any kind he did not envy.

COWARDICE AND DEATH OF NERO

On the arrival of the news that the rest of the armies had declared against him, he tore to pieces the letters which were delivered to him at dinner, overthrew the table, and dashed with violence against the ground two favorite cups, which he called Homer's because some of that poet's verses were cut upon them. Then taking from Locusta a dose of poison, which he put up in a golden box, he went into the Servilian gardens: and thence dispatching a trusty freedman to Ostia, with orders to make ready a fleet, he endeavored to prevail with some tribunes and centurions of the prætorian guards to attend him in his flight; but part of them showing no great inclination to comply, others absolutely refusing, and one of them crying out aloud,—

«Usque adeone mori miserum est?»
[Say, is it then so sad a thing to die?]

he was in great perplexity whether he should submit himself to Galba, or apply to the Parthians for protection, or else appear before the people dressed in mourning, and upon the rostra, in the most piteous manner, beg pardon for his past misdemeanors, and if he could not prevail, request of them to grant him at least the government of Egypt. A speech to this purpose was afterwards found in his writing-case. But it is conjectured that he durst not venture upon this project, for fear of being torn to pieces before he could get to the forum. Deferring therefore his resolution until the next day, he awoke about midnight, and finding the guards withdrawn, he leaped out of bed, and sent

round for his friends. But none of them vouchsafing any message in reply, he went with a few attendants to their houses. The doors being everywhere shut, and no one giving him any answer, he returned to his bed-chamber, whence those who had the charge of it had all now eloped; some having gone one way and some another, carrying off with them his bedding and box of poison. He then endeavored to find Spicillus the gladiator, or some one, to kill him; but not being able to procure any one, "What!" said he, "have I then neither friend nor foe?" and immediately ran out, as if he would throw himself into the Tiber.

But this furious impulse subsiding, he wished for some place of privacy, where he might collect his thoughts; and his freedman Phaon offering him his country-house, between the Salarian and Nomentan roads, about four miles from the city, he mounted a horse, barefoot as he was and in his tunic, only slipping over it an old soiled cloak; with his head muffled up, and a handkerchief before his face, and four persons only to attend him, of whom Sporus was one. He was suddenly struck with horror by an earthquake, and by a flash of lightning which darted full in his face; and heard from the neighboring camp the shouts of the soldiers, wishing his destruction, and prosperity to Galba. He also heard a traveler they met on the road say, "They are in pursuit of Nero;" and another ask, "Is there any news in the city about Nero?" Uncovering his face when his horse was started by the scent of a carcass which lay in the road, he was recognized and saluted by an old soldier who had been discharged from the guards. When they came to the lane which turned up to the house, they quitted their horses, and with much difficulty he wound among bushes and briers, and along a track through a bed of rushes, over which they spread their cloaks for him to walk on. Having reached a wall at the back of the villa, Phaon advised him to hide himself awhile in a sand-pit; when he replied, "I will not go underground alive." Staying there some little time, while preparations were made for bringing him privately into the villa, he took up in his hand some water out of a neighboring tank, to drink, saying, "This is Nero's distilled water." Then, his cloak having been torn by the brambles, he pulled out the thorns which stuck in it. At last, being admitted, creeping upon his hands and knees through a hole made for him in the wall, he lay down in the first closet he came to, upon a miserable pallet, with an old coverlet thrown over it; and being

both hungry and thirsty, though he refused some coarse bread that was brought him, he drank a little warm water.

All who surrounded him now pressing him to save himself from the indignities which were ready to befall him, he ordered a pit to be sunk before his eyes, of the size of his body, and the bottom to be covered with pieces of marble put together, if any could be found about the house; and water and wood to be got ready for immediate use about his corpse: weeping at everything that was done, and frequently saying, "What an artist is now about to perish!" Meanwhile, letters being brought in by a servant belonging to Phaon, he snatched them out of his hand and there read, "That he had been declared an enemy by the Senate; and that search was making for him, that he might be punished according to the ancient custom of the Romans." He then inquired what kind of punishment that was; and being told that the practice was to strip the criminal naked and scourge him to death, while his neck was fastened within a forked stake, he was so terrified that he took up two daggers which he had brought with him, and after feeling the points of both, put them up again, saying, "The fatal hour has not yet come." One while, he begged of Sporus to begin to wail and lament; another while, he entreated that one of them would set him an example by killing himself; and then again, he condemned his own want of resolution in these words: "I yet live, to my shame and disgrace: this is not becoming for Nero; it is not becoming. Thou oughtest in such circumstances to have a good heart. Come then; courage, man!" The horsemen who had received orders to bring him away alive, were now approaching the house. As soon as he heard them coming, he uttered with a trembling voice the following verse:—

Ἵππων μ' ὠκυπόδων ἀμφὶ κτύπος οὐατα βάλλει·

(The noise of swift-heeled steeds assails my ears;)

he then drove a dagger into his throat, being assisted in the act by his secretary Epaphroditus. A centurion bursting in just as he was dying, and applying his cloak to the wound, pretending that he was come to his assistance, he made no other reply but this: "'Tis too late," and "Is this your loyalty?" Immediately after pronouncing these words he expired, with his eyes fixed and starting out of his head, to the terror of all who beheld him.

VITELLIUS

He was chiefly addicted to the vices of luxury and cruelty. He always made three meals a day, sometimes four; breakfast, dinner, and supper, and a drunken revel after all. . . . For these several meals he would make different appointments at the houses of his friends on the same day. None ever entertained him at less expense than 400,000 sesterces [over $20,000]. The most famous was a set entertainment given him by his brother, at which, it is said, there were served up no less than two thousand choice fishes and seven thousand birds. Yet even this supper he himself outdid, at a feast he gave on the first use of a dish which had been made for him, and which for its extraordinary size he called "The Shield of Minerva." In this dish were tossed up together the livers of char-fish, the brains of pheasants and peacocks, the tongues of flamingoes, and the entrails of lampreys, which had been brought in ships of war as far as from the Carpathian Sea and the Spanish Straits. He was not only a man of insatiable appetite, but would gratify it at the most unseasonable times, and with any garbage that came in his way. . . .

He delighted in the infliction of punishments, even capital ones, without any distinction of persons or occasions. Several noblemen, his schoolfellows and companions, invited by him to court, he treated with such flattering caresses as seemed to indicate an affection short only of admitting them to share the honors of the imperial dignity; yet he put them all to death by some base means or other. To one he gave poison with his own hand, in a cup of cold water which he called for in a fever. He scarcely spared one of all the usurers, notaries, and publicans who had ever demanded a debt of him at Rome, or any toll or custom on the road. One of these, while in the very act of saluting him, he ordered for execution, but immediately sent for him back; upon which all about him applauding his clemency, he commanded him to be slain in his own presence, saying, "I have a mind to feed my eyes." Two sons who interceded for their father, he ordered to be executed with him. A Roman knight, upon his being dragged away for execution, and crying out to him, "You are my heir," he desired to produce his will; and finding that he had made his freedman joint heir with him, he commanded that both he and the freedman should have their throats cut.

SULLY-PRUDHOMME

(RENÉ FRANÇOIS ARMAND PRUDHOMME)

(1839–)

BY FIRMIN ROZ

SULLY-PRUDHOMME, born in Paris, May 16th, 1839, is the poet who best represents the last third of the century. But he represents it as a poet; that is, in beauty and in nobleness, in its most intimate aspirations, in its purest sorrows, in its most beautiful impulses.

The spirit so freely poured out in romantic lyricism seemed, after an enchanted rest in the picturesque poetry of Théophile Gautier and the fancy of Théodore de Banville, to reawaken and come to itself again. After the period during which it found the fullest expression, and that during which it had seemed to forget its own existence, behold it meditating in the midst of tumult, and seeking illumination to guide its way henceforth more prudently. Leconte de Lisle examines the history of the beliefs of humanity, and sets forth the different forms of the Divine dream and of the conception of life, in the 'Poèmes Antiques' (1853) and the 'Poèmes Barbares' (1859); which made him, in the absence of Victor Hugo, then in exile, the acknowledged master of French poetry. Around him are grouped the poets who were soon to take the name of "Parnassians," after the publication of their verses by the publisher Lemerre in the collection 'Parnasse Contemporain' (1866). Sully-Prudhomme, younger by twenty years, came by another way. A very tender sensibility was united in him to very serious reflection. His education had favored these natural tendencies. Reared by a mother in mourning, who was never consoled for the death of an adored husband,—for whom she had waited ten years, and whom she lost after four years of marriage,—the child had been placed in school very young, and had already suffered from "the first loneliness." Later, preparation for the École Polytechnique had developed in him a taste

SULLY-PRUDHOMME

for the sciences, and had revealed to him the secrets of their exact methods. A malady of the eyes obliged him to abandon his studies just as they were about to be crowned with success. But his mind retained their impress. The deepest feeling and the most scrupulous thinking henceforth shared his inspiration; or to express it better, mingled in and imbued an original poetry which is both analytic and living, scholarly and emotional. Now sentiment dominates, illuminated by a ray of careful thought (see 'L'Agonie,' which we cite); now it is the idea developed, but colored, warmed, penetrated, by feeling. Such are the delightful collections of the first fifteen years: 'Stances et Poèmes' (1865), 'Les Épreuves' (The Tests: 1866), 'Les Solitudes' (1869), 'Les Vrais Tendresses' (The True Affections: 1875).

But the philosophical thinking of Sully-Prudhomme did not find satisfaction in the close analyses or penetrating intuitions which these poems translated. The conflict of reason and the heart, which is the drama of our time, tortured the poet. He resolved to consecrate to it his dearest vigils. From this noble effort two grand philosophical poems resulted: 'La Justice' and 'Le Bonheur' (1888). Doubtless philosophic poetry already existed in our literature: 'Jocelyn' and the 'Chute d'un Ange,' some parts of the 'Contemplation,' 'Eloa,' 'Moïse,' and 'Les Destinées,' are masterpieces. But Sully-Prudhomme has done something different. For imaginative dreams of philosophy he has substituted methodical investigation; slow, prudent, but always anxious, and hence worthy of poetry. And his ambition has been precisely to reconcile poetry with scientific research. In order to adapt himself to the difficulties of this task,—"to demand from the strongest and most exact of poets the secret of subjecting the verse to the idea,"—he began by translating verse by verse, with rigorous exactness and without altering its strong beauty, the first book of Lucretius. Then he began upon his great poem, 'La Justice.' This poem, very symmetrical in composition, comprises eleven "vigils," preceded by a prologue and followed by an epilogue. After seeking justice in the universe without finding it, the poet discovers it at last in the heart of man, which is its inviolable and sacred temple. The first six vigils form the first part of the volume 'Silence au Cœur' (Heart, Be Silent); the last five are grouped in a second part entitled 'Appel au Cœur' (Appeal to the Heart). Each vigil is a dialogue between "The Seeker," who pitilessly analyzes every idea or every fact in a sonnet, and "A Voice," which consoles and reassures him by revealing the divine aspect of all things.

'Le Bonheur' (Happiness) is a symbolic epic. Faustus and Stella, set free from earth, seek the happiness which they had vainly pursued here below. Neither emotional "Intoxication" nor "Thought" can realize this ideal so imperiously claimed by all hearts. The third

part, 'Le Suprême Essor' (The Supreme Flight), shows us that sacrifice alone can elevate us to a true felicity.

Doubtless there are laborious verses in these two long-winded works, in which Sully-Prudhomme has attempted the difficult reconciliation of pure thought with poetry. But there are incomparable beauties, truly new. Never has philosophic poetry been more rigorous, while retaining more of beauty; never has the fusion been so close between the thought, the sentiment, and the image.

Sully-Prudhomme has published in prose a remarkable study in æsthetics, 'L'Expression dans les Beaux-Arts' (Expression in the Fine Arts: 1884); 'Réflexions sur l'Art des Vers' (Reflections on the Art of Versification: 1892); and a philosophical volume (1895) on the nature, the limitations, and the extent of our learning, 'Que Sais-je?' (What Do I Know?) His translation of the first book of Lucretius contains a long preface "Upon the state and the future of philosophy."

Firmin Roz

TO THE READER

THESE flowers I gathered by the highway side,
Where good and evil fate has cast my days:
I dare not give them to you loosely tied;
I'll twine them in a wreath—to win more praise.

Still fresh, the rose is weeping tear on tear;
The pansy lifts her eye of purple hue;
Then the calm lilies, dreamers of the mere,
And budding corn;—and there my life lies too.

And thine too, reader,—is't not even so?
One fate is always ours in joy or woe,—
To weep love's tears, and think, but never know,

How we have lost in dreaming spring's best day.
Then comes the hour when we would rise from play,
And plant some seed before we pass away.

UNKNOWN FRIENDS

One line may, like a friend who knows us well,
Re-ope the wound whose smart is not forgot;
The word that doth another's sufferings tell
May drop like tears on our own anguished spot,
Where heart misjudged awaits its soothing spell.

My verse, perchance, may reach you and restore,
With lightning flash, the sleeping grief of old;
Or by that one true word—long waited for—
The sudden name of all you feel unfold,
Nor tell the eyes from whom I learnt my lore.

THE MISSAL

A missal of the first King Francis's reign,
Rusted by years, with many a yellow stain,
And blazons worn, by pious fingers prest,—
Within whose leaves, enshrined in silver rare
By some old goldsmith's art in glory drest,
Speaking his boldness and his loving care,
This faded flower found rest.

How very old it is! you plainly mark
Upon the page its sap in tracery dark.
"Perhaps three hundred years?" What need be said?
It has but lost one shade of crimson dye;
Before its death it might have seen *that* flown:
Needs naught save wing of wandering butterfly
To touch the bloom—'tis gone.

It has not lost one fibre from its heart,
Nor seen one jewel from its crown depart;
The page still wrinkles where the dew once dried,
When that last morn was sad with other weeping;
Death would not kill,—only to kiss it tried,
In loving guise above its brightness creeping,
Nor blighted as it died.

A sweet but mournful scent is o'er me stealing,
As when with memory wakes long-buried feeling;
That scent from the closed casket slow ascending
Tells of long years o'er that strange herbal sped.

Our bygone things have still some perfume blending,
And our lost loves are paths, where roses' bloom,
Sweet e'en in death, is shed.

At eve, when faint and sombre grows the air,
Perchance a lambent heart may flicker there,
Seeking an entrance to the book to find;
And when the Angelus strikes on the sky,
Praying some hand may that one page unbind,
Where all his love and homage lie,—
The flower that told his mind.

Take comfort, knight, who rode to Pavia's plain
But ne'er returned to woo your love again;
Or you, young page, whose heart rose up on high
To Mary and thy dame in mingled prayer!
This flower which died beneath some unknown eye
Three hundred years ago,—you placed it there,
And there it still shall lie.

LA CHARPIE

A SOMBRE night, a starless sky!
Jeanne sits, her heart with weeping sore,
The cloth unwinding patiently
For soldiers wounded in the war.

Her lover to the war is gone;
His kiss yet fresh — 'twas but to-day:
Her brothers too! She sits alone:
They marched with him this morn away.

Now booms more closely on her ears
The cannon's summons, stern and loud,
"Surrender! Famine!" Then she hears
Her City's "No" in answer proud.

Her holy task at last is o'er;
Has it not brought her spirit rest?
When suddenly her humble door
By timid hand is softly pressed.

A stranger girl is standing there
Within the door, her eyes as blue

As heaven, her features pale, her hair
Of gold, her dress of sombre hue.

And these her words:—"Jeanne, have no fear,
The red cross on my arm I show;
My name and all that brings me here—
Oh, let me in!—you soon shall know.

"At home they call me Margaret;
I've wandered from the banks of Rhine
For him on whom my heart is set:
Oh, let me in! Your grief is mine;

"By the same fears our hearts are torn;
Oh, by our youth, our love, our pain,
We're sisters now! leave hate and scorn
For deadly fight on yonder plain.

"Together we'll our charpie weave:
For blood knows naught of colors two;
Those grow alike who love and grieve:
We'll weep together, I and you!"

She, ere the words had left her lips,
The charpie threads asunder tore,
Working with trembling finger-tips
For soldiers wounded in the war.

ENFANTILLAGE

MY LADY! you were little then:
Twelve years were mine;
Soon forgotten were your lovers,
All left to pine.

When we played among the others,
You still I sought;
When small hands were intertwining,
'Twas yours I caught.

As in gold and purple glory,
Poised o'er the rose,
Tells the butterfly his story,
All his heart glows;

Leaf by leaf, still nearer drawing,
Is yet too shy
All the honey-dew to gather
She holds so nigh:

So my heart was yearning wildly
Your lips to press;
'Twas your slender fingers only
I dared caress.

Through me thrilled a sudden rapture,
Then keen as woe:
What gave joy and pain such meeting?
Love — long ago.

Twelve years only — and a lover!
'Tis not common.
You too, Lady — were you feeling
Like a woman?

Did there come some thought bewildering
As, half afraid,
With your frock and with your dolly
You stood and played?

If *I* praised — too soon a poet —
Your tiny feet,
Too soon fair, *you* leant and touched me
With magic sweet.

I at least have ne'er forgotten
That even-tide
When we set up house together,—
Bridegroom and bride.

Gems *you* dreamed of;—I dreamed over
My vow to you!
Both were older than our years were,
Both different too!

We played at the dance and dinner:
You wished it so,—
Said that proper weddings must have
Some pomp and show.

You enjoyed it as a pastime,—
I thought it true,

Told my love aloud, and whispered
"Dearest" to you.

On your cheek I ventured, dreaming,
One kiss to leave.
Play for me has all been over
Since that spring eve.

AU BORD DE L'EAU

To sit and watch the wavelets as they flow,
Two,—side by side;
To see the gliding clouds that come and go,
And mark them glide;

If from low roofs the smoke is wreathing pale,
To watch it wreathe;
If flowers around breathe perfume on the gale,
To feel them breathe;

If the bee sips the honeyed fruit that glistens,
To sip the dew;
If the bird warbles while the forest listens,
To listen too;

Beneath the willow where the brook is singing,
To hear its song;
Nor feel, while round us that sweet dream is clinging,
The hours too long;

To know one only deep o'ermastering passion,—
The love we share;
To let the world go worrying in its fashion
Without one care—

We only, while around all weary grow,
Unwearied stand,
And midst the fickle changes others know,
Love—hand in hand.

CE QUI DURE

How cold and wan the present lowers,
O my true Love! around us twain;
How little of the Past is ours!
How changed the friends who yet remain.

We cannot without envying view
The eyes with twenty summers gay;
For eyes 'neath which our childhood grew
Have long since passed from earth away.

Each hour still steals our youth; alas!
No hour will e'er the theft restore:
There's but one thing that will not pass,—
The heart I loved thee with of yore.

That heart which plays in life its part,
With love elate, with loss forlorn,
Is still — through all — the child's pure heart
My mother gave when I was born.

That heart, where nothing new can light,
Where old thoughts draw their cherished breath,—
It loves thee, dear, with all the might
That Life can wield in strife with Death.

If it of Death the conqueror be,
If there's in Man some nobler part
That wins him immortality,—
Then thou hast, Love! that deathless heart.

IF YOU BUT KNEW

If you but knew the tears that fall
For life unloved and fireside drear,
Perhaps, before my lonely hall,
You would pass near.

If you but knew your power to thrill
My drooping soul by one pure glance,
One look across my window-sill
You'd cast perchance.

If you but knew what soothing balm
One heart can on another pour,
Would you not sit — a sister calm —
Beside my door?

And if you knew I loved you well,
And loved you too with all my heart,
You'd come to me, with me to dwell,
And ne'er depart.

SEPARATION

We wandered down, at dawn of day,
A narrow path — heart close to heart;
At noon, upon the world's highway,
I walk to right, you left — apart.

No more we have our heaven together.
How bright is yours! How black is mine!
Your choice is still the sunniest weather,
I keep the side where naught will shine.

Where'er you walk, gleams round you play —
The very sand has diamond beads;
No beams e'er light with gladdening ray
The cold gray soil my footstep treads.

Bird-songs and whispers full of sweets,
Caressing, woo your eye and ear;
Your hair the breeze, adoring, greets;
Your lip the bee, entranced, draws near.

And I — I can but sing and sigh;
My heart's deep wound is ill at ease;
From leaf-hid nests the fondling cry
Disturbs me more than it can please.

But Love! a sky forever bright
May make too keen our mortal joy;
The air's embrace has too much might;
The incense e'en of flowers may cloy.

Then yearns the soul for that calm rest
That closes round at closing day,
With half-shut eye, on some true breast
To watch Life's fever ebb away.

Will you not come and take your seat
By that highway at evening-fall?
I'll wait you there. We two shall meet
Where one deep shadow wraps it all.

THE DEATH AGONY

YE WHO are watching when my end draws near,
Speak not, I pray!
'Twill help me most some music faint to hear,
And pass away.

For song can loosen, link by link, each care
From life's hard chain.
So gently rock my griefs; but oh, beware!
To speak were pain.

I'm weary of all words: their wisest speech
Can naught reveal;
Give me the spirit-sounds minds cannot reach,
But hearts can feel.

Some melody which all my soul shall steep,
As tranced I lie,
Passing from visions wild to dreamy sleep,—
From sleep to die.

Ye who are watching when my end draws near,
Speak not, I pray!
Some sounds of music murmuring in my ear
Will smooth my way.

My nurse, poor shepherdess! I'd bid you seek;
Tell her my whim:
I want her near me, when I'm faint and weak
On the grave's brim.

I want to hear her sing, ere I depart,
Just once again,
In simple monotone to touch the heart
That Old World strain.

You'll find her still,—the rustic hovel gives
Calm hopes and fears;
But in this world of mine one rarely lives
Thrice twenty years.

Be sure you leave us with our hearts alone,
Only us two!
She'll sing to me in her old trembling tone,
Stroking my brow.

She only to the end will love through all
My good and ill;
So will the air of those old songs recall
My first years still.

And dreaming thus, I shall not feel at last
My heart-strings torn,
But all unknowing, the great barriers past,
Die—as we're born.

Ye who are watching when my end draws near,
Speak not, I pray!
'Twill help me most some music faint to hear,
And pass away.

The above translations were all made by E. and R. E. Prothero.

CHARLES SUMNER

(1811–1874)

HARLES SUMNER was born in Boston, January 6th, 1811. His name is inscribed on the roll of men of letters; but it is indeed writ larger, and more familiarly known, upon a somewhat different page. There can be no doubt, however, that the effective orator has an honored place among literary artists. In fact some men, weary of fictitious pathos and useless tears, might be tempted to give the highest honors, even in the art of expression, not to epic poet or romancer, but to him who in a vital crisis sways a doubting Senate or a reluctant mob to heroic decision and action. And this learned jurist, this many-sided indefatigable scholar, this puritanic reformer and persistent doctrinaire, was an inspiring orator, a powerful preacher of political ethics and civic righteousness.

Perhaps there has been no more typical example of that earlier Bostonian culture, with its high standards, than Charles Sumner. He knew nothing of such early hardships, such a struggle for intellectual life, as Lincoln's. He followed his grandfather and his father from the best classical schools to Harvard College, where he graduated in 1830. When he came of age he was already Judge Story's favorite pupil. At twenty-five he was widely known, even to European scholars, through his learned essays in the Jurist, and had published several volumes of legal 'Reports' which are still standard works of reference. His interest was deepest in the large problems of international law. In England, thanks to Judge Story's enthusiastic letters and his own modest worth, he had such popularity and social success as no young American of private station had ever enjoyed. He was repeatedly invited to a seat beside the judges in the highest English courts.

From his three happy years in England, France, Italy, and Germany (1837–1840), he returned to the rather uncongenial and unremunerative practice of law in his native Boston. He was not only learned in history and kindred fields, but a trained connoisseur in music and art as well. Naturally he was one of the favorites in the brilliant circle centring about the Ticknors. His lifelong friendships with Longfellow, and others of the group, were already firmly knit. A casual remark of his at this period indicates an ambition to become some day president of Harvard College. Judge Story's dying

desire was that Charles Sumner should fill his chair in the Harvard Law School.

But in that very year, this industrious many-sided scholar had suddenly discovered the sterner purpose for which his life had thus far been the preparation. He was invited to deliver the Fourth of July oration, in the presence of the citizen militia, on the eve of the war of conquest against Mexico. His speech, on 'The True Grandeur of Nations,' was a fervent protest against all war as a survival of barbarism.

In the next autumn — eight years later than his old schoolmate Phillips — he plunged into the Abolition agitation. His speech in November 1845 at once gave him a leading place in the political wing of the movement. The social ostracism and ridicule he had to face cannot have disturbed his lofty soul. The partial abandonment of his cherished studies no doubt cost him an inward struggle. But there was no hesitation, when the call grew clear to him.

> "'Forego thy dreams of lettered ease;
> Lay thou the scholar's promise by:
> The rights of man are more than these.'
> He heard, and answered: 'Here am I.'"

It was in 1851 that a fusion of Free-Soilers and Democrats made Sumner United States Senator from Massachusetts. He succeeded Webster, and Clay left the Senate on the day Sumner entered it. Mr. Carl Schurz makes effective use of this dramatic coincidence in his noble Eulogy.

Sumner held his seat in the Senate until his death; his chair being kept vacant by his State for three years during his slow recovery from the famous assault on him in his seat in the Senate chamber, by Preston Smith Brooks of South Carolina. His assailant rained blows upon his head with a bludgeon, while his victim was trying to extricate himself from his seat until he fell senseless and bloody upon the floor.

Through all changing conditions, almost single-handed at first, then as leader of a triumphant party, again alienated from nearly all his old associates, Sumner advocated always the ideal rights of man, the cause of the weak against the strong. He had no conception of politic delay, of concealment, of compromise. He was not a practical legislator even. Very few measures were enacted into law in the form in which he presented them. He had in large measure the scornful intolerance of the devoted reformer. Even as a preacher, his lack of humor or wit would have seemed a heavy handicap. Yet he was on the one hand the most welcome guest of gentle, scholarly Longfellow; and on the other the favorite counselor of shrewd,

humorous, self-taught Abraham Lincoln, who, with all his sure-footed caution, never chafed under Mr. Sumner's impetuous advocacy of the most advanced ideal measures. Perhaps no civilian, save Lincoln himself, molded in so large measure the issues of that most vital crisis in our national history.

From the fifteen stately volumes that record Charles Sumner's life work, it would hardly be possible to select a page without some allusion to the cause to which that life was so freely given. It has seemed desirable for a literary work to select chiefly from some of his other utterances, like the early Phi Beta Kappa oration at Harvard, commemorating four friends then recently departed.

There is an important biography of Sumner by his friend and literary executor, Edward L. Pierce. The best brief summary of his career is the Eulogy delivered at Boston by Senator Schurz. Besides the exquisite dirge written for his friend's funeral, the poet Longfellow includes Sumner in the little group of 'Three Friends' to whom a sheaf of sonnets is devoted. Whittier also greeted repeatedly in generous verse his fellow-warrior and beloved comrade.

IN TIME OF PEACE PREPARE FOR WAR

THE sentiment that "In time of peace we must prepare for war," has been transmitted from distant ages when brute force prevailed. It is the terrible inheritance, *damnosa hæreditas*, which painfully reminds the people of our day of their relations with the past. It belongs to the rejected dogmas of barbarism. It is the companion of those harsh rules of tyranny by which the happiness of the many has been offered up to the propensities of the few. It is the child of suspicion and the forerunner of violence. Having in its favor the almost uninterrupted usage of the world, it possesses a hold on popular opinion which is not easily unloosed. And yet the conscientious soul cannot fail, on careful observation, to detect its mischievous fallacy,—at least among Christian States in the present age: a fallacy the most costly the world has witnessed; which dooms nations to annual tributes, in comparison with which all that have been extorted by conquests are as the widow's mite by the side of Pharisaical contributions. So true is what Rousseau said, and Guizot has since repeated, that "A bad principle is far worse than a bad fact:" for the operations of the one are finite, while those of the other are infinite.

I speak of this principle with earnestness; for I believe it to be erroneous and false, founded in ignorance and barbarism, unworthy of an age of light, and disgraceful to Christians. I have called it a principle; but it is a mere *prejudice*,— sustained by vulgar example only, and not by lofty truth,— in obeying which we imitate the early mariners, who steered from headland to headland and hugged the shore, unwilling to venture upon the broad ocean, where their guide was the luminaries of heaven.

Dismissing from our minds the actual usage of nations on the one side and the considerations of economy on the other, let us regard these preparations for war in the unclouded light of reason, in a just appreciation of the nature of man, and in the injunctions of the highest truth; and we cannot hesitate to brand them as pernicious. They are pernicious on two grounds; and whoso would vindicate them must satisfactorily answer these objections: first, because they inflame the people who make them, exciting them to deeds of violence, otherwise alien to their minds; and secondly, because, having their origin in the low motive of distrust and hate, they inevitably, by a sure law of the human mind, excite a corresponding feeling in other nations. Thus they are, in fact, not the preservers of peace, but the provokers of war.

In illustration of the first of these objections, it will occur to every inquirer, that the possession of power is always in itself dangerous, that it tempts the purest and highest natures to self-indulgence, that it can rarely be enjoyed without abuse; nor is the power to employ force in war, an exception to this law. History teaches that the nations possessing the greatest armaments have always been the most belligerent; while the feebler powers have enjoyed for a longer period the blessings of peace. The din of war resounds throughout more than seven hundred years of Roman history, with only two short lulls of repose; while smaller States, less potent in arms, and without the excitement to quarrels on this account, have enjoyed long eras of peace. It is not in the history of nations only that we find proofs of this law. Like every moral principle, it applies equally to individuals. The experience of private life in all ages confirms it. The wearing of arms has always been a provocative to combat. It has excited the spirit and furnished the implements of strife. Reverting to the progress of society in modern Europe, we find that the odious system of private quarrels, of hostile meetings

even in the street, continued so long as men persevered in the habit of wearing arms. Innumerable families were thinned by death received in these hasty and unpremeditated encounters; and the lives of scholars and poets were often exposed to their rude chances. Marlowe, "with all his rare learning and wit," perished ignominiously under the weapon of an unknown adversary; and Savage, whose genius and misfortune inspired the friendship and the eulogies of Johnson, was tried for murder committed in a sudden broil. "The expert swordsman," says Mr. Jay, "the practiced marksman, is ever more ready to engage in personal combats than the man who is unaccustomed to the use of deadly weapons. In those portions of our country where it is supposed essential to personal safety to go armed with pistols and bowie knives, mortal affrays are so frequent as to excite but little attention, and to secure, with rare exceptions, impunity to the murderer; whereas at the North and East, where we are unprovided with such facilities for taking life, comparatively few murders of the kind are perpetrated. We might, indeed, safely submit the decision of the principle we are discussing to the calculations of pecuniary interest. Let two men, equal in age and health, apply for an insurance on their lives,—one known to be ever armed to defend his honor and his life against every assailant, and the other a meek, unresisting Quaker: can we doubt for a moment which of these men would be deemed by the insurance company most likely to reach a good old age?"

The second objection is founded on that law of the human mind in obedience to which the sentiment of distrust or hate — of which these preparations are the representatives — must excite a corresponding sentiment in others. This law is a part of the unalterable nature of man, recognized in early ages, though unhappily too rarely made the guide to peaceful intercourse among nations. It is an expansion of the old Horatian adage, "Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum ipsi tibi" (If you wish me to weep, you must yourself first weep). Nobody can question its force or its applicability; nor is it too much to say that it distinctly declares that military preparations by one nation, in time of professed peace, must naturally prompt similar preparations by other nations, and quicken everywhere within the circle of their influence the spirit of war. So are we all knit together, that the feelings in our own bosoms awaken corresponding feelings in the bosoms of others; as harp answers to harp in its softest vibrations; as deep responds to deep in the might of its passions.

What within us is good invites the good in our brother,—generosity begets generosity; love wins love; peace secures peace: while all within us that is bad challenges the bad in our brother,—distrust engenders distrust; hate provokes hate; war arouses war.

Life is full of illustrations of this beautiful law. Even the miserable maniac, in whose mind the common rules of conduct are overthrown, confesses its overruling power; and the vacant stare of madness may be illumined by a word of love. The wild beasts confess it; and what is the story of Orpheus, whose music drew in listening rapture the lions and panthers of the forest, but an expression of its prevailing influence? It speaks also in the examples of literature. And here, at the risk of protracting this discussion, I am tempted to glance at some of these instructive instances,—hoping, however, not to seem to attach undue meaning to them, and especially disclaiming any conclusions from them beyond the simple law which they illustrate.

Looking back to the early dawn of the world, one of the most touching scenes which we behold, illumined by that auroral light, is the peaceful visit of the aged Priam to the tent of Achilles to entreat the body of his son. The fierce combat has ended in the death of Hector, whose unhonored corse the bloody Greek has already trailed behind his chariot. The venerable father, after twelve days of grief, is moved to efforts to regain the remains of the Hector he had so dearly loved. He leaves his lofty cedarn chamber, and with a single aged attendant, unarmed, repairs to the Grecian camp by the side of the distant sounding sea. Entering alone, he finds Achilles within his tent, in the company of two of his chiefs. Grasping his knees, he kisses those terrible homicidal hands which had taken the life of his son. The heart of the inflexible, the angry, the inflamed Achilles, touched by the sight which he beholds, responds to the feelings of Priam. He takes the suppliant by the hand, seats him by his side, consoles his grief, refreshes his weary body, and concedes to the prayers of a weak, unarmed old man, what all Troy in arms could not win. In this scene, which fills a large part of the book of the Iliad, the poet with unconscious power has presented a picture of the omnipotence of that law of our nature making all mankind of kin, in obedience to which no word of kindness, no act of confidence, falls idly to the earth.

Among the legendary passages of Roman history, perhaps none makes a deeper impression than that scene after the Roman

youth had been consumed at Allia, and the invading Gauls under Brennus had entered the city; where we behold the venerable senators of the republic — too old to flee, and careless of surviving the Roman name — seated each on his curule chair in a temple, unarmed, looking, as Livy says, more august than mortal, and with the majesty of the gods. The Gauls gaze on them as upon sacred images; and the hand of slaughter, which had raged through the streets of Rome, is stayed by the sight of an assembly of unarmed men. At length a Gaul approaches, and with his hands gently strokes the silver beard of a senator, who, indignant at the license, smites the barbarian with his ivory staff; which was the signal for general vengeance. Think you that a band of savages could have slain these senators, if the *appeal to force* had not first been made by one of their own number? This story, though recounted by Livy, and also by Plutarch, is properly repudiated by Niebuhr as a legend; but it is none the less interesting, as showing the law by which hostile feelings are necessarily aroused or subdued. The heart of man confesses that the Roman senator provoked death for himself and his associates.

Other instances present themselves. An admired picture by Virgil, in his melodious epic, represents a person venerable for piety and deserts, assuaging by words alone a furious populace which had just broken into sedition and outrage. Guizot, in his 'History of French Civilization,' has preserved a similar instructive example of the effect produced by an unarmed man, in an illiterate epoch, who, employing the word instead of the sword, subdued an angry multitude. And surely no reader of that noble historical romance the 'Promessi Sposi' can forget that finest scene, where Fra Cristoforo, in an age of violence, after slaying a comrade in a broil, in unarmed penitence seeks the presence of the family and retainers of his victim, and by his dignified gentleness awakens the admiration of those already mad with the desire of vengeance. Another example, made familiar by recent translations of 'Frithiof's Saga,' the Swedish epic, is more emphatic. The scene is a battle. Frithiof is in deadly combat with Atlé, when the falchion of the latter breaks. Throwing away his own weapon, he says: —

"Swordless foeman's life
Ne'er dyed this gallant blade."

The two champions now close in mutual clutch; they hug like bears, says the poet: —

> «'Tis o'er: for Frithiof's matchless strength
> Has felled his ponderous size;
> And 'neath that knee, at giant length,
> Supine the Viking lies.
> 'But fails my sword, thou Berserk swart!'
> The voice rang far and wide,
> 'Its point should pierce thy inmost heart,
> Its hilt should drink the tide.'
> 'Be free to lift the weaponed hand,'
> Undaunted Atlé spoke:
> 'Hence, fearless quest thy distant brand!
> Thus I abide the stroke.'»

Frithiof regains his sword, intent to close the dread debate, while his adversary awaits the stroke; but his heart responds to the generous courage of his foe, — he cannot injure one who has shown such confidence in him: —

> «This quelled his ire, this checked his arm,
> Outstretched the hand of peace.»

SOME CHANGES IN MODERN LIFE

Auspicious omens from the past and the present cheer us for the future. The terrible wars of the French Revolution were the violent rending of the body which preceded the exorcism of the fiend. Since the morning stars first sang together, the world has not witnessed a peace so harmonious and enduring as that which now blesses the Christian nations. Great questions between them, fraught with strife, and in another age sure heralds of war, are now determined by mediation or arbitration. Great political movements, which only a few short years ago must have led to forcible rebellion, are now conducted by peaceful discussion. Literature, the press, and various societies, all join in the holy work of inculcating good-will to man. The spirit of humanity now pervades the best writings, whether the elevated philosophical inquiries of the 'Vestiges of Creation,' the ingenious but melancholy moralizings of the 'Story of a Feather,' or the overflowing raillery of Punch. Nor can the

breathing thought and burning word of poet or orator have a higher inspiration. Genius is never so Promethean as when it bears the heavenly fire of love to the hearths of men.

In the last age, Dr. Johnson uttered the detestable sentiment that he liked "a good hater." The man of this age must say that he likes "a good lover." Thus reversing the objects of regard, he follows a higher wisdom and a purer religion than the renowned moralist knew. He recognizes that peculiar Christian sentiment, the brotherhood of mankind, destined soon to become the decisive touchstone of all human institutions. He confesses the power of love, destined to enter more and more into all the concerns of life. And as love is more heavenly than hate, so must its influence redound more to the true glory of man, and to his acceptance with God. A Christian poet — whose few verses bear him with unflagging wing on his immortal flight — has joined this sentiment with prayer. Thus he speaks in words of uncommon pathos and power: —

"He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

Surely the ancient law of hate is yielding to the law of love. It is seen in the manifold labors of philanthropy, and in the voyages of charity. It is seen in the institutions for the insane, for the blind, for the deaf and dumb, for the poor, for the outcast, — in the generous efforts to relieve those who are in prison, — in the public schools, opening the gates of knowledge to all the children of the land. It is seen in the diffusive amenities of social life, and in the increasing fellowship of nations. It is seen in the rising opposition to slavery and to war.

There are yet other special auguries of this great change, auspicating, in the natural progress of man, the abandonment of all international preparations for war. To these I allude briefly, but with a deep conviction of their significance.

Look at the past, and observe the change in dress. Down to a period quite recent, the sword was the indispensable companion of the gentleman, wherever he appeared, whether in the street or in society; but he would be thought a madman or a

bully who should wear it now. At an earlier period the armor of complete steel was the habiliment of the knight. From the picturesque sketch by Sir Walter Scott in the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' we may learn the barbarous constraint of this costume:

"Ten of them were sheathed in steel,
With belted sword, and spur on heel;
They quitted not the harness bright,
Neither by day, nor yet by night;
They lay down to rest
With corslet laced,
Pillowed on buckler cold and hard;
They carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And they drunk the red wine through the helmet barred."

But this is all changed now.

Observe also the change in architecture and in domestic life. The places once chosen for castles or houses were in savage, inaccessible retreats, where the massive structure was reared, destined to repel attacks and to inclose its inhabitants. Even monasteries and churches were fortified, and girdled by towers, ramparts, and ditches; while a child was often stationed as a watchman, to observe what passed at a distance, and announce the approach of an enemy. The homes of peaceful citizens in towns were castellated, often without so much as an aperture for light near the ground, but with loop-holes through which the shafts of the crossbow might be aimed. From a letter of Margaret Paston, in the time of Henry VII. of England, I draw a curious and authentic illustration of the armed life of that period. Addressing in dutiful phrase her "right worshipful husband," she asks him to procure for her "some crossbows and wyndnacs" (grappling irons) "to bind them with, and quarrels" (arrows with a square head), also "two or three short pole-axes to keep within doors"; and she tells her absent lord of the preparations made apparently by a neighbor,—"great ordnance within the house; bars to bar the door crosswise, and wickets in every quarter of the house to shoot out at, both with bows and hand-guns." Savages could hardly live in greater distrust of each other. Let now the poet of chivalry describe another scene:—

"Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail-clad men,
Waited the beck of the warders ten;

Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,
Stood saddled in stable day and night,
Barbed with frontlet of steel, I trow,
And with Jedwood axe at saddle-bow;
A hundred more fed free in stall:
Such was the custom at Branksome Hall."

This also is all changed now.

Peroration of the Oration on
THE TRUE GRANDEUR OF NATIONS
Delivered in Boston July 4th, 1845

That future which filled the lofty visions of the sages and bards of Greece and Rome, which was foretold by the prophets and heralded by the evangelists,— when man, in happy isles or in a new Paradise, shall confess the loveliness of peace,— may be secured by your care; if not for yourselves, at least for your children. Believe that you can do it, and you can do it. The true golden age is before you, not behind you. If man has been driven once from paradise, while an angel with a flaming sword forbade his return, there is another paradise, even on earth, which he may form for himself, by the cultivation of knowledge, religion, and the kindly virtues of life: where the confusion of tongues shall be dissolved in the union of hearts; and joyous nature, borrowing prolific charms from the prevailing harmony, shall spread her lap with unimagined bounty, and there shall be a perpetual jocund spring, and sweet strains borne on "the odoriferous wing of gentle gales," through valleys of delight, more pleasant than the vale of Tempe, richer than the garden of the Hesperides, with no dragon to guard its golden fruit.

Let it not be said that the age does not demand this work. The robber conquerors of the past, from their fiery sepulchres, demand it; the precious blood of millions unjustly shed in war, crying from the ground, demands it; the voices of all good men demand it; the conscience even of the soldier whispers, "Peace." There are considerations, springing from our situation and condition, which fervently invite us to take the lead in this work. Here should bend the patriotic ardor of the land; the ambition of the statesman; the efforts of the scholar; the pervasive influence of the press; the mild persuasion of the sanctuary; the

early teachings of the school. Here, in ampler ether and diviner air, are untried fields for exalted triumphs more truly worthy the American name than any snatched from rivers of blood. War is known as the *last reason of kings*. Let it be no reason of our Republic. Let us renounce, and throw off forever, the yoke of a tyranny more oppressive than any in the annals of the world. As those standing on the mountain-tops first discern the coming beams of morning, let us, from the vantage-ground of liberal institutions, first recognize the ascending sun of a new era! Lift high the gates, and let the King of Glory in,—the King of true Glory,—of Peace. I catch the last words of music from the lips of innocence and beauty:—

"And let the whole earth be filled with His glory!"

It is a beautiful picture in Grecian story, that there was at least one spot, the small island of Delos, dedicated to the gods, and kept at all times sacred from war. No hostile foot ever sought to press this kindly soil; and the citizens of all countries here met, in common worship, beneath the ægis of inviolable peace. So let us dedicate our beloved country; and may the blessed consecration be felt, in all parts, everywhere throughout its ample domain! The *temple of honor* shall be surrounded, here at last, by the temple of concord, that it may never more be entered through any portal of war; the horn of abundance shall overflow at its gates; the angel of religion shall be the guide over its steps of flashing adamant; while within its enraptured courts, purged of violence and wrong, Justice, returned to the earth from her long exile in the skies, with mighty scales for nations as for men, shall rear her serene and majestic front; and by her side, greatest of all, Charity, sublime in meekness, hoping all and enduring all, shall divinely temper every righteous decree, and with words of infinite cheer shall inspire those good works that cannot vanish away. And the future chiefs of the Republic, destined to uphold the glories of a new era, unspotted by human blood, shall be "the first in *peace*, and the first in the hearts of their countrymen."

But while seeking these blissful glories for ourselves, let us strive to extend them to other lands. Let the bugles sound the truce of God to the whole world forever. Let the selfish boast of the Spartan women become the grand chorus of mankind, that they have never seen the smoke of an enemy's camp. Let the

iron belt of martial music which now encompasses the earth, be exchanged for the golden cestus of peace, clothing all with celestial beauty. History dwells with fondness on the reverent homage that was bestowed, by massacring soldiers, upon the spot occupied by the sepulchre of the Lord. Vain man! to restrain his regard to a few feet of sacred mold! The whole earth is the sepulchre of the Lord; nor can any righteous man profane any part thereof. Let us recognize this truth, and now, on this Sabbath of our country, lay a new stone in the grand temple of universal peace, whose dome shall be as lofty as the firmament of heaven, as broad and comprehensive as the earth itself.

SPIRIT OF CLASSICAL AND OF MODERN LITERATURE

From the Phi Beta Kappa Oration of 1846, entitled 'The Scholar, the Jurist, the Artist, the Philanthropist'

The classics possess a peculiar charm as the models — I might almost say the masters — of composition and thought in all ages. In the contemplation of these august teachers of mankind, we are filled with conflicting emotions. They are the early voice of the world, better remembered and more cherished still than all the intermediate words that have been uttered, — as the language of childhood still haunts us, when the impressions of later years have been effaced from the mind. But they show with unwelcome frequency the tokens of the world's childhood, before passion had yielded to the sway of reason and the affections. They want the highest charm of purity, of righteousness, of elevated sentiments, of love to God and man. It is not in the frigid philosophy of the Porch and the Academy that we are to seek these; not in the marvelous teachings of Socrates, as they come mended by the mellifluous words of Plato; not in the resounding line of Homer, on whose inspiring tale of blood Alexander pillowed his head; not in the animated strain of Pindar, where virtue is pictured in the successful strife of an athlete at the Isthmian games; not in the torrent of Demosthenes, dark with self-love and the spirit of vengeance; not in the fitful philosophy and intemperate eloquence of Tully; not in the genial libertinism of Horace, or the stately atheism of Lucretius. No: these must not be our masters; in none of these are we to seek

the way of life. For eighteen hundred years, the spirit of these writers has been engaged in constant contest with the Sermon on the Mount, and with those two sublime commandments on which hang all the law and the prophets. The strife is still pending. Heathenism, which has possessed itself of such siren forms, is not yet exorcised. It still tempts the young, controls the affairs of active life, and haunts the meditations of age.

Our own productions, though they may yield to those of the ancients in the arrangement of ideas, in method, in beauty of form, and in freshness of illustration, are far superior in the truth, delicacy, and elevation of their sentiments,— above all, in the benign recognition of that peculiar Christian revelation, the brotherhood of mankind. How vain are eloquence and poetry, compared with this heaven-descended truth! Put in one scale that simple utterance, and in the other all the lore of antiquity, with all its accumulating glosses and commentaries, and the last will be light and trivial in the balance. Greek poetry has been likened to the song of the nightingale, as she sits in the rich, symmetrical crown of the palm-tree, trilling her thick-warbled notes; but even this is less sweet and tender than those words of charity to our "neighbor," remote or near, which are inspired by Christian love.

THE DIGNITY OF THE JURIST

Into the company of jurists Story has now passed; taking a place not only in the immediate history of his country, but in the grander history of civilization. It was a saying of his, often uttered in the confidence of friendship, that a man may be measured by the horizon of his mind,— whether it embraced the village, town, country, or State in which he lived, or the whole broad country, ay, the circumference of the world. In this spirit he lived and wrought; elevating himself above the present both in time and place, and always finding in jurisprudence an absorbing interest. Only a few days before the illness which ended in his death, it was suggested to him, in conversation with regard to his intended retirement from the bench, that a wish had been expressed by many to see him a candidate for the highest political office of the country. He replied at once, spontaneously and

without hesitation, that "The station of President of the United States would not tempt him from his professor's chair, and the calm pursuit of jurisprudence." Thus spoke the jurist. As a lawyer, a judge, a professor, he was always a jurist. While administering justice between parties, he sought to extract from their cause the elements of future justice, and to advance the science of the law. He stamped upon his judgments a value which is not restrained to the occasions on which they were pronounced. Unlike mere medals,—of curious importance to certain private parties only,—they have the currency of the gold coin of the republic, with the image and superscription of sovereignty, wherever they go, even in foreign lands.

Many years before his death, his judgments in matters of Admiralty and Prize had arrested the attention of that illustrious judge and jurist, Lord Stowell; and Sir James Mackintosh, a name emblazoned by literature and jurisprudence, had said of them that they were "justly admired by all cultivators of the law of nations." His words have often been cited as authority in Westminster Hall,—a tribute to a foreign jurist almost unprecedented, as all persons familiar with English law will recognize; and the Chief Justice of England has made the remarkable declaration, with regard to a point on which Story had differed from the Queen's Bench, that his opinion would "at least neutralize the effect of the English decision, and induce any of their courts to consider the question as an open one."

ALLSTON IN ITALY

Turning his back upon Paris and the greatness of the Empire, he directed his steps to Italy, the enchanted ground of literature, of history, and of art; strown with richest memorials of the past, filled with scenes memorable in the story of the progress of man, teaching by the pages of philosophers and historians, vocal with the melody of poets, ringing with the music which St. Cecilia protects, glowing with the living marble and canvas, beneath a sky of heavenly purity and brightness, with the sunsets which Claude has painted, parted by the Apennines, —early witnesses of the unrecorded Etruscan civilization,—surrounded by the snow-capped Alps, and the blue classic waters of

the Mediterranean Sea. The deluge of war which submerged Europe had here subsided; and our artist took up his peaceful abode in Rome, the modern home of art. Strange change of condition! Rome, sole surviving city of antiquity, who once disdained all that could be wrought by the cunning hand of sculpture,—

* « Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,
Credo equidem; vivos ducent de marmore vultus,» —

who has commanded the world by her arms, by her jurisprudence, by her church,— now sways it further by her arts. Pilgrims from afar, where neither her eagles, her prætors, nor her interdicts ever reached, become the willing subjects of this new empire; and the Vatican stored with the precious remains of antiquity, and the touching creations of a Christian pencil, has succeeded to the Vatican whose thunders intermingled with the strifes of modern Europe.

At Rome he was happy in the friendship of Coleridge, and in long walks in his instructive company. We can well imagine that the author of 'Genevieve' and the 'Ancient Mariner' would find especial sympathies with Allston. We behold these two natures, tremblingly alive to beauty of all kinds, looking together upon those majestic ruins, upon the manifold accumulations of art, upon the marble which almost spoke, and upon the warmer canvas; listening together to the flow of the perpetual fountains fed by ancient aqueducts; musing together in the Forum on the mighty footprints of History; and entering together, with sympathetic awe, that grand Christian church whose dome rises a majestic symbol of the comprehensive Christianity which shall embrace the whole earth. « Never judge of a work of art by its defects,» was one of the lessons of Coleridge to his companion; which, when extended by natural expansion to the other things of life, is a sentiment of justice and charity, of higher value than a statue of Praxiteles, or a picture of Raphael.

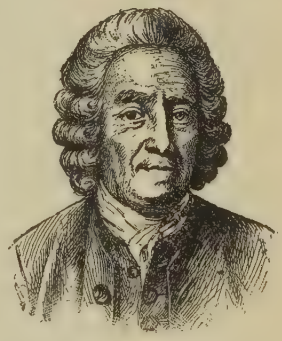
* « Others will mold more deftly the breathing bronze, I concede it,
Or from the block of marble the living features may summon.»

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG

(1688–1772)

BY FRANK SEWALL

THE universal recognition of the epochal significance of the latter half of the eighteenth century would seem almost to corroborate Swedenborg's declaration that at that time there was transpiring in the spiritual world a great general judgment which was to mark the transition from an old to a new age. What in the political world was effected by the French Revolution, had its counterpart in the intellectual transformations to which the two great lights that shone forth in the northern firmament — Emanuel Swedenborg in Stockholm, and Immanuel Kant in Königsberg — were potent contributors. Both were epoch-makers: both, having acquired a universal survey of the world's learning and philosophical methods up to their time, brought the minds of men abruptly to a chasm over which they pointed to realms hitherto unexplored, — the realities that transcend the bodily senses. With Kant the transcendence was critical, — God, the Soul, and Immortality were not "constitutive" but only "regulative" elements of knowledge, incapable of demonstration or negation; with Swedenborg the transcendence was positive — into a world of things "heard and seen." Were Swedenborg merely the seer, or one of the many who have "seen visions" and left an account of them, his name, however regarded by his followers, could have no place in a history of letters or of philosophic thought. His extraordinary experience of intromission, as he claims, into open intercourse with angels and spirits for a period of some thirty years, cannot be said to constitute a philosophical moment in itself, being unique and incapable of classification. It is only the system of universal laws governing the relations of the two worlds, which he claims to have brought to light, — especially the law of Discrete Degrees and their Correspondence, — that gives his writings their philosophic value, and that entitles



EMANUEL SWEDENBORG

them, by the side of Kant's philosophy of criticism, to appeal to the world as the philosophy of revelation.

Like Kant, Swedenborg's early studies and investigations had almost universal range. The tastes of both inclined them to the classics, to invention, to the study of fire and iron, of tides and winds, and of the starry heavens. The so-called Nebular Hypothesis, until lately attributed to Kant as having a prior claim in its discovery to La Place, is now at length admitted by undisputed authority to have been anticipated by Swedenborg in his 'Principia' nearly thirty years before Kant.*

Unlike Kant, however, in one respect, who never traveled farther than forty miles from Königsberg, Swedenborg was as extensive a traveler literally as in the researches of his magnificent intellect. France, Italy, Germany, Holland, and England were familiar from his many journeyings. His books were published under noble patronage in foreign cities. His 'Opera Philosophica et Mineralia' were recognized by the scholars of Paris and St. Petersburg. There was nothing of the cramped "philosoph" of the German lecture-room about either the man or his writings; rather a princely largeness and frankness, as of one whose nature vibrated in body and mind in harmony with a large system of things. Emerson says of him, "He no doubt led the most real life of any man then in the world."

The son of a pious father, Jasper Svedberg, Bishop of Skara in West Gothland, Swedenborg was born at Stockholm on the 29th of January, 1688. Living as a child in a sphere so devout that his parents thought at times "that an angel spoke through his lips," on his graduation as Doctor of Philosophy at the university of Upsala at the age of twenty-one he was thrown out upon a wide experience of the world. In traveling in Europe he carried letters to distinguished men in the chief seats of learning. He studies music; he writes and publishes Sapphic odes in Latin (*Carmina Borea*); and to keep in exercise his athletic genius, he publishes a periodical devoted to mathematics and inventions — the Dædalus Hyperboreus. The King, Charles XII., attracted by his brilliancy, appoints him Extraordinary Assessor in the College of Mines, to be an assistant to "Polhem the Councilor of Commerce, in his affairs and inventions." Through the intimacy thus brought about, Swedenborg falls in love with the Councilor's daughter, but to have his matrimonial proposals rejected. He never marries. At the age of eighty years he publishes a book on 'Conjugial Love and its Chaste Delights,' — a work whose insight into the moral conditions of the world, and the provision for its elevation through the sacred relation of marriage, has hardly a parallel in

*Article by Magnus Nyren of the Pulkowa Observatory, in Vierteljahrschrift der Astron. Gesellsch.: Leipzig, 1879.

ethical writing. Plunged into the atmospheres of universal doubt, and the free living, of the courts of the time, he lives to give the testimony as of one of a forgotten celestial age of the world. «It came to pass by the mercy of God the Messiah, that at the time, I have not perceived what the acts of my life involved; but afterwards I have been able to see clearly that the course of the Divine Providence from very youth had governed the acts of my life, and so directed them that at length I attained this end,—that I could through natural knowledge understand, and so by the Divine mercy of God the Messiah serve as an instrument for opening, the things which lie inwardly concealed in the Word of God the Messiah. So now are laid open the things which have hitherto not been disclosed» ('Adversaria.') Thus the whole of the *Wanderjahr's* period is governed by a Divine Providence looking to a special end.

After the death of King Charles XII., whom he had assisted in an important naval victory by a splendid feat in engineering, the Queen elevated him to the Equestrian Order of the House of Nobles, and changed his name from Svedberg to Swedenborg. Ere many years should pass, both title and name were to disappear utterly from the long series of his published works, only to reappear, at the close of his life, in his last great treatise, the 'True Christian Religion,' but now with the changed title,—that of the true knighthood of his long life,—'Domini Jesu Christi Servus.'

His corpuscular theory of the universe as governed by the laws of geometry and mechanics appears first in the 'Principles of Chemistry,' published in 1721. Here we have a «science of the invisibles» such as Tyndall has since contended for, treating of bodies in their elementary forms and relations by means of geometry produced into the realm of the intangible. In the 'Principia Rerum Naturalium,'—being the first part of the great work entitled 'Opera Philosophica et Mineralia,'—published in 1734, we have the theory of the origin of the elements themselves out of «actives and finites,» and through the «first finite» from the Infinite itself. It is an evolution of energy in its first motions and forms. Here are discussed the ether, the laws governing vibratory radiation, and the magnetic force, in propositions which, in germ, anticipate the most important recent discoveries in physical science. But the universe is not all geometry and mechanism. «There is an Infinite which can by no means be geometrically explored, because its existence is prior to geometry as being its cause.»

It is to the nature of the Infinite, and its nexus with the finite and the soul of man, that the author's studies are now directed. In Dresden and Leipzig appear in 1734 the 'Prodromus de Infinito,' and the treatise on the 'Intercourse between the Soul and the Body.' Finally the search for the soul itself is undertaken in the great series

of works, the 'Economy of the Animal Kingdom, considered Anatomically, Physically, and Philosophically,' and the 'Animal Kingdom'; published each in two volumes in London, 1740, 1745. The "Regnum Animale" means to him the soul's domain. In the human body, its blood, its tissue, its organs and senses, he will penetrate to this inmost secret of all,—what the soul is, and the modes of its abode in and control over the forces of nature; since "in man the world is concentrated, and in him, as in a microcosm, the whole universe may be contemplated from the beginning to the end."

Had Swedenborg's labors ceased at this point, his knowledge of the soul would have remained where his illustrious predecessors in these paths, from Plato down, had left it. But "the Divine permission to contemplate the soul itself" was, as he claims afterward to have proved, to be enjoyed by a means far other than that of speculative thinking. It was not by philosophic argument, but by direct vision, that he was to prove the substantial reality of the spiritual world and the life that man leads after the death of the body. Others had seen visions. It was to be his mission not only to experience the phenomena of the spiritual world, but to penetrate and define the laws governing these, with an analysis as exact as that of Kant in his critique of the æsthetic judgments.

Dante had constructed from classical and Scriptural traditions a spiritual world in its three divisions, its nine heavens, and its celestial Rose. Swedenborg in the 'Divine Love and Wisdom' shows how Divine Love, proceeding through the Divine Wisdom into Use, creates a world; how the Divine emanations proceed through successive atmospheres, contiguous but distinct, first spiritual, then natural, even to the lowest ultimates of matter; how the universe therefore exists in three discrete degrees,—God, Spirit, Nature, absolutely distinct from each other, and so escaping pantheistic fusion, but related by a perfect correspondence like End, Cause, and Effect, and constituting therefore a perfect one. On this Law of Correspondence between the discrete degrees,—the natural and the spiritual,—he bases the possibility of a revelation of supernatural truth in natural language; and his interpretation of the internal sense of the Scriptures. The three degrees which he had previously traced, in the 'Principia,' in the procession from the Infinite, of "finites, actives, and elementaries," he sees now to govern the whole sphere of being: the constitution of the three angelic heavens; the threefold structure of the human mind, as will, intellect, and sense; and the evolution of the kingdoms of nature. They have their origin in that perfect image of God—the Trinity of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—which since the Incarnation dwells bodily in the glorified humanity of Jesus Christ, the only God. The restoration to unity is complete. The universe of being is a trinal

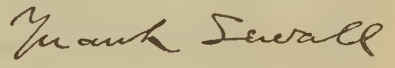
One. Science, philosophy, and theology are no more in conflict, but harmonious stages in the unity of knowledge.

It was in the year 1743, while engaged on the concluding treatises of the 'Animal Kingdom,' and on the mystic prose poem 'On the Worship and Love of God: on Creation: The First Begotten, and Paradise,' that Swedenborg became subject to a deep religious experience, and to frequent realizations of the actuality and immediate objective presence of another world. In the 'Spiritual Diary' he has kept a purely private record of these extraordinary experiences. He describes with prosaic exactness the places visited in the spiritual realms, the characters met, and the conversations held, and the peculiar temptations to which his own soul was subjected by the infestations of evil spirits. All this was incident, he solemnly declares, to his «being called by the Lord to a new office,»—that of revealing to mankind the reality of the spiritual world, and of vindicating the holiness and divine authority of the Scriptures by proving that they possess throughout, beneath the literal, a distinct but correspondent spiritual meaning. At length, after six years, with the first volume of the 'Arcana Cœlestia,' written in the full and perfect light of the new revelation, Swedenborg begins that unparalleled series of works, in which he claims to have set forth for the enlightenment of all mankind, truths revealed to him «not by any spirit or any angel, but by the Lord alone while reading the Word.» The 'Arcana' itself is a work in twelve volumes, in which is set forth the spiritual sense of the books of Genesis and Exodus. Here, a century before the development of the «higher criticism,» Swedenborg clearly points out the distinction between the Eloistic and Jehovistic texts, and declares the first chapters of Genesis to be the allegoric fragments of a more ancient Word. Interspersed between the chapters of the 'Arcana' are treatises on various phenomena of the spiritual world, and statements of «heavenly doctrine.» Seven years were consumed in the publication of this stupendous work. Then appear at short intervals, through a period of fifteen years, the following treatises:—In 1758 'Heaven and Hell'; also 'The Intermediate World, or World of Spirits: A Relation of Things Heard and Seen.' 'The Last Judgment and the Destruction of Babylon, showing that all the predictions in Revelation are now being fulfilled: being a revelation of things heard and seen.' 'On the Earths in the Solar System, and on the Earths in the Starry Heavens: with an account of their Inhabitants, and also of the Angels and Spirits there.' In 1763, 'On the Angelic Wisdom concerning the Divine Love and Wisdom.' 'The Four Doctrines: The Lord: the Sacred Scriptures: Faith: and Life.' In 1764: 'Angelic Wisdom concerning the Divine Providence.' In 1766: 'The Apocalypse Revealed, in which are disclosed the Arcana

therein foretold.' In 1768: 'Conjugial Love and its Chaste Delights: also Adulterous Love and its Insane Pleasures.' In 1769: 'A Brief Exposition of the Doctrines of the New Church, signified by the New Jerusalem in Revelations.' Also the 'Intercourse between the Soul and the Body.' Lastly in 1771, in the author's eighty-third year, appears the great synthesis of the doctrine: 'The True Christian Religion: containing the Universal Theology of the New Church: by Emanuel Swedenborg: Servant of the Lord Jesus Christ.' In the preface the following is set forth as a "universal of the Faith of the New Heaven and the New Church": "That the Lord from eternity who is Jehovah came into the world that he might subdue the hells and glorify his humanity; that without him no flesh could have been saved, and that all will be saved who believe in him."

The hasty charge of madness, or even of honest delusion, must at least give pause before this array of works, in which a perfectly consistent system of interpretation appears from first to last, and in which the *principia* of the spiritual world are laid down with all the logical thoroughness of those of the natural. We have not here the trance-vision of the Oriental and mediæval mystic. The man who was daily in "intercourse with angels," who was writing the heavenly secrets of the Divine Word, and claimed to be witnessing with his inner vision the awful scenes of a Last Judgment in the world of spirits, preparatory to the introduction of a new age of the world, —so far from being a dazed and dreamy recluse, was at this very period of his life the warm personal and political friend of the then Prime Minister of Sweden, Count Andrew von Höpken, and according to this gentleman's testimony in his letter to General Tuxen, was taking a most active and responsible part in the deliberations of the Swedish Diet. Neither was there anything whimsical or eccentric in his manner. Besides the above testimony regarding his public life in Sweden, those who knew him in his old age in London, where he spent his last years, describe him as a genial old gentleman, the favorite of little children, and beloved by the plain people with whom he lodged. His dress when visiting was a suit of black velvet with long ruffles, a curious-hilted sword and gold-headed cane. He was affable and engaging in conversation; adapting himself easily to others, never urging his own views except when asked, and able at a word to silence any mere curious or impertinent inquiry. His solemn assurance before the chaplain of the Swedish Embassy, when receiving from him the sacrament on his death-bed, that all that he had written regarding his experiences in the other world was true, leaves no doubt of his absolute sincerity, and completes the testimony of his long and honorable life. He died in his eighty-fifth year, on the day which he had himself foretold in a letter to Wesley, who had

desired to visit him,—Sunday, the 29th of March, 1772. «He was as much pleased,» relates an attendant, «as if he were about to have a holiday or were going to a merry-making.» His remains were buried with the ceremonials of the Lutheran Church, in the Swedish Ulrica Eleonora Chapel, Ratcliffe Highway, London, E., where they still lie, marked by a suitable memorial slab. In the House of Nobles on October 7th a eulogy was pronounced upon him in the name of the Royal Academy of Stockholm, by M. Sandel, Councilor of the Board of Mines. Eighty years after, a silver medal was struck in his honor by the Academy.



BIBLIOGRAPHY.—The bibliography of Swedenborg's writings embraces some fifteen hundred editions of entire sets or of single works, in the author's original Latin, and in translations into English, German, French, Italian, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Icelandic, Dutch, Polish, Russian, Spanish, Arabic, and Hindu. The London Swedenborg Society, established in 1810, is the chief source of publication in England; the American Swedenborg Printing and Publishing Society, in America. The publication in a photo-lithographic edition of all the MSS. of Swedenborg preserved in the library of the Royal Academy of Stockholm, both of the published and of the unpublished works, is in progress. Thirteen volumes in folio size have already appeared.

BIOGRAPHY.—The fullest and most authentic account of Swedenborg's life, character, and writings is to be had in 'Documents Concerning Swedenborg': collected, translated, and annotated by R. L. Tafel, A. M., Ph. D.; three volumes; London Swedenborg Society, 1 Bloomsbury Street. See also 'Life and Mission of Emanuel Swedenborg,' by Benjamin Worcester, Boston; 'Life' by J. J. Garth Wilkinson, London; and many others.

THE CONTIGUITY AND HARMONY OF THE WORLD

From 'Principia Rerum Naturalium'

AS NATURE operates in the world in a mechanical manner, and the phenomena which she exhibits to our senses are subject to their proper laws and rules, it follows that nature cannot thus operate except by means of contiguity and connection. Thus the mechanism of the world consists in contiguity, without

which neither the world nor its mechanism could exist. Contiguity is necessary to the production of every operation. Without a perpetual connection between the ends and the means, the existence of elementary nature, and of the vegetable and animal natures thence originating, would be impossible. The connection between ends and means forms the very life and essence of nature. For nothing can originate from itself; it must originate from some other thing: hence there must be a certain contiguity and connection in the existence of natural things; that is, all things, in regard to their existence, must follow each other in successive order. Thus all things in the world owe their existence to their mutual dependence on each other; there being a connection, by mediums, from ultimate to ultimate, whence all things have respect to their first source from which they derive their existence. Hence it is manifest that there is a continual connection of the whole body with its minutest parts. If the connection with any part were broken, that part would no longer partake of the life of the rest of the body, but would die, having lost its contiguity If a connecting part, mediating between the grosser and more subtile motions and affections of the body, were to be broken, a resemblance of death would be superinduced upon the part. Hence also the poets have compared the life and fates of man to a continuous thread woven by the Parcæ; and feigned that if this thread were anywhere severed, his life would also be cut off, and all the series of his destinies.

But to return to our elementary world. If we admit a contiguity, we immediately have a cause for every contingent occurrence: but if there be no contiguity, no contingent circumstance can occur in the world; because there is no cause for its occurring either in one manner or in another. The cause and reason of all effects and phenomena is to be found in contiguity and connection. If this *contiguum* of nature were to begin to be diminished and rarefied, the world, as to the phenomena existing in it, and every part, would pant as it were for breath, and be reduced to its last extremity. Thus all things depend upon something contiguous to them: as the body depends on life, hearing on the air, sight on the ether. The equilibrium of all things in the elements depends also on contiguity. That there is a contiguity and connection in the elements, appears also in men and animals, who are composed, and in a manner formed, according

to that contiguity and connection. Thus we find hearing delighted by harmonious sounds, and the concordant vibrations of musical strings. Musical harmony has itself also its own rules, its own proper geometry; but this we have no need to learn in order to perceive the harmony,—we have it in the ear itself and the organs of hearing, which are in harmonious coherence. By harmonious and accordant sounds we are exhilarated, affected, dissolved away; but discordant sounds give us pain. The eye also is capable of feeling whether anything be harmoniously proportioned or not; and if it be, and its mechanism be well arranged, the soul is immediately delighted through the eye. As too there is a like connection and harmony between the eye and the mind, therefore whatever is harmonious immediately extends, with uninterrupted course, to the mind, which it exhilarates and expands; while all things that are deformed, and not in agreement with analogy, occasion it a certain degree of violence. We have still more striking tokens of harmony in the other senses, as in the smell and the taste; so that by the senses alone we can discover whether the parts of a substance be angular or round, or what is their form and figure. The mechanism therefore of some things is natural to our senses.

INDIVIDUALITY ETERNAL

From 'The Soul'

The end of creation, or the end on account of which the world was created, could be no other than the first and the last, or the most universal of all ends, and that which is perpetually reigning in the created universe, which is the complex of means conspiring to that end. No other end of creation can be given than that there may exist a universal society of souls, or a heaven,—that is, the kingdom of God. That this was the end of creation may be proved by innumerable arguments: for it would be absurd to say that the world was created on account of the earth and terrestrial societies, and this miserable and perishable life; since all things on earth are for the sake of man, and all things in man for the sake of his soul, and the soul cannot be for no end. If then it exists for any end, it must be for a society in which God is present; for his providence regards

souls, which are spiritual, and his works are adapted to men and their consociation.

In order that a celestial society, or society of souls, may exist, it is necessary that there be a most perfect form of government,—namely, souls distinct among themselves, and every possible variety, which may be called harmonies between the souls; and so from such harmony there will arise a consensus and accord which shall produce that entire effect and end which is always foreseen and provided.

That this end may be obtained, it is necessary that man shall be allowed a free will. The cause of variety of subjects arises solely from free exercise and liberty of the will. Without this there would be no intellect, no morality, no vice, no crime, no guilt, no affection of the mind or change of state. This is the reason why God has wished to preserve the free human will strong and inviolate, even for the doing of evil deeds; so that we would seem to be almost willing to deny a Divine providence for the same reason that we would affirm it. But the liberty allowed to human minds is not absolute but limited.

THE PERFECT MAN THE TRUE PHILOSOPHER

From 'Principia Rerum Naturalium'

By a true philosopher we understand a man who is enabled to arrive at the real causes, and the knowledge of those things in the mechanical world which are invisible and remote from the senses; and who is afterwards capable of reasoning *a priori*, or from first principles or causes, concerning the world and its phenomena, both in chemistry, physics, metallurgy, and other sciences or subjects which are under the empire of mechanical principles; and who can thus, as from a central point, take a survey of the whole mundane system, and of its mechanical and philosophical laws. To begin then with man in his state of integrity and complete perfection. In such a man we may conceive to have existed such a complete contiguity throughout the parts of his system, that every motion proceeding with a free course from his grosser parts or principles, could arrive, through an uninterrupted connection, at his most subtle substance or active principle; there being nothing in the way

which could cause the least obstruction. Such a man may be compared to the world itself, in which all things are contiguous, from the sun to the bottom of our atmosphere: thus the solar rays proceed with an uninterrupted course, and almost instantaneously, by means of the contiguity of the more subtle or grosser elements through which they pass, through the ether into the air, till they arrive at the eye, and operate upon it by virtue of such connection as if they were present; for contiguity makes the appearance of presence When therefore the most subtle active principle, by the providence of God, clothed itself with a body, and added by degrees parts upon parts, all the motions in the most subtle elements which were present would necessarily move or affect that most yielding and tender substance, and would gradually impress themselves and their own mechanism upon it. In a word, during the growth of the tender parts possessing motion and life, every motion that was perpetually present must necessarily have left vestiges of itself, and must consequently have naturally formed its own mechanism, so as afterwards to be received still more interiorly, but in the same manner as in the yet tender substances. The man thus formed — in whom all the parts conspired to receive the motions of all the elements, and to convey them successively, when received through a contiguous medium, to the most subtle active principle — must be deemed the most perfect and the first of all men, being one in whom the connection of ends and means is continuous and unbroken. Such a most perfect material and acting being would in a short time acquire, by the aid of the senses alone, all the philosophy and experimental science natural to him; for whatever could present itself to his senses would immediately flow by connection and contiguity to his most subtle and active first principle. As therefore the whole was constructed according to the motion of the elements, and those motions were capable of arriving without interruption, through a medium so contiguous and tense, at the most subtle active principle,— what conclusion can we draw but that such a man must have enjoyed the most complete, perfect, and distinct faculty of reasoning; that all the mundane system or motions of the elements must have been familiar to him after a little contemplation and custom; that every relation of their motions, being impressed upon all his organs as it were naturally and from his tender infancy, would be felt with perfect regularity

from his external parts or senses to his soul; and that the soul, being furnished with such a body, would naturally be so well acquainted with geometry, mechanics, and the mundane system, as to be able to instruct herself without a master, from the simple contemplation of the phenomena of nature and the objects of sense? Such a man would be capable of taking his station as it were in the centre; and surveying from thence the whole circumference of his system at a glance, he would be able to make himself acquainted with things present, past, and future, from a knowledge of their causes, and of their contingents given or supposed.

ON THE INTERNAL SENSE OF THE WORD

From 'The Doctrine of the Sacred Scriptures'

It is on every one's lips that the Word is from God, is Divinely inspired, and consequently holy; but still it has not hitherto been known where, in the Word, the Divine is. For in the letter the Word appears like an ordinary writing, in a foreign style, neither sublime nor lucid, as the writings of the present age apparently are. Owing to this, a person who worships nature instead of God, or more than God, and who therefore thinks from himself and his *proprium*, and not from heaven and from the Lord, may easily fall into error respecting the Word, and into contempt for it, saying within himself when he is reading it, "What is this? What is that? Is this Divine? Can God who has infinite wisdom speak so? Where is its holiness? and whence, unless from some religious system and persuasion from it?"

But he who thinks in this manner does not consider that Jehovah himself, who is the God of heaven and earth, spake the Word through Moses and the prophets, and that it must therefore be the Divine Truth itself; for that which Jehovah himself speaks can be nothing else. Nor does he consider that the Lord, who is the same as Jehovah, spake the Word written by the Evangelists, many things from his own mouth, and the rest from the breath of his mouth, which is the Holy Spirit. It is for this reason that he says that in his words there is life, and that he himself is the Light which enlightens, and is the Truth.

But still the natural man cannot from these considerations be persuaded that the Word is the Divine Truth itself, in which are Divine Wisdom and Divine Life; for he looks at it from its style, in which he does not see those things. Yet the style of the Word is the Divine style itself, with which no other can be compared, however sublime and excellent it may seem; for any other is like thick darkness, in comparison with light. The style of the Word is such that holiness is in every sentence, and in every word; yes, in some places in the very letters: hence the Word conjoins man with the Lord, and opens heaven. There are two things which proceed from the Lord,—Divine Love and Divine Wisdom; or, which is the same, Divine Good and Divine Truth. The Word in its essence is both of these; and because it conjoins man with the Lord and opens heaven, as was said, therefore the Word fills the man who reads it from the Lord and not from himself alone, with the good of love and truths of wisdom; his will with the good of love, and his understanding with truths of wisdom. Hence man has life through the Word.

Lest therefore man should be in doubt whether the Word is such, its internal sense has been revealed to me by the Lord, which in its essence is spiritual, and is within the external sense—which is natural—as the soul is in the body. That sense is the spirit which gives life to the letter: it can therefore bear witness to the Divinity and sanctity of the Word, and can convince even the natural man, if he is willing to be convinced.

The Divine, proceeding from the Lord to its lowest extreme, descends by three degrees, and is named Celestial, Spiritual, and Natural. The Divine which descends from the Lord to human beings descends through these three degrees; and when it has descended, it contains those three degrees in itself. Such is the case with everything Divine; therefore when it is in its lowest degree, it is in its fullness. Such is the Word: in its lowest sense it is natural, in its interior sense it is spiritual, and in the inmost it is celestial; and in every sense it is Divine. That the Word is such, is not apparent in the sense of its letter, which is natural, for the reason that man in the world has heretofore known nothing concerning the heavens, and so has not known what the spiritual is, nor what the celestial; and consequently he has not known the difference between them and the natural.

Nor can the difference of these degrees from one another be known without a knowledge of correspondence: for the three

degrees are wholly distinct from each other, just as the end, the cause, and the effect are; or as the prior, the posterior, and the postreme: but they make a one by correspondence; for the natural corresponds to the spiritual, and also to the celestial. What correspondence is, may be seen in the work on 'Heaven and Hell,' where the 'Correspondence of all things in Heaven with all things of Man' is treated of (n. 87–102), and the 'Correspondence of Heaven with all things of the Earth' (n. 103–115). It will also be seen from examples to be adduced below, from the Word.

Whereas the Word interiorly is spiritual and celestial, it is therefore written by mere correspondences; and that which is written by mere correspondences, in its ultimate sense is written in such a style as is found in the Prophets and in its Gospels. And although this sense appears common, still it stores up within itself Divine Wisdom and all Angelic Wisdom.

HOW BY THE WORD, HEAVEN AND EARTH ARE BROUGHT INTO ASSOCIATION

From the 'Heavenly Doctrine of the New Jerusalem'

THE Word, forasmuch as it is a revelation from the Divine, is Divine in all and every particular part; for what is from the Divine cannot be otherwise. What is from the Divine descends through the heavens even to man; wherefore in the heavens it is accommodated to the wisdom of the angels who are there, and on earth it is accommodated to the apprehension of the men who are there. Wherefore in the Word there is an internal sense which is spiritual for the angels, and an external sense which is natural for men; hence it is that the conjunction of heaven with man is effected by means of the Word. . . .

This may be illustrated by the following experience. There were African spirits with me, from Abyssinia. Their ears were once opened to hear the singing in some temple in the world, from a Psalm of David; by which they were affected with such enjoyment that they too sang with those whom they heard. But soon the ears were closed, so that they no longer heard anything from them. But they were then affected with enjoyment still greater, because it was spiritual; and they were at the same time filled with intelligence, because that Psalm treated of the

Lord and of redemption. The cause of the increasing enjoyment was, that communication was given them with the society in heaven which was in conjunction with those who were singing that Psalm in the world. From this experience and much beside, it was made manifest that by the Word, communication is given with the universal heaven. For this reason, by the Divine Providence of the Lord, there is a universal commerce of the kingdoms of Europe (and chiefly of those where the Word is read) with the nations out of the church.

Comparison may be made with the heat and light from the sun of the world, which give vegetation to trees and shrubs, even to those which are out of its direct rays and in the shade, provided the sun has risen and shown itself in the world. So with the light and heat of heaven, from the Lord as the Sun there, which light is Divine truth, from which is all the intelligence and wisdom of angels and of men. It is therefore said concerning the Word, "that it was with God and was God; that it enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world" (John i. 1, 9); "and that the light also shineth in darkness" (verse 5).

From this it may be evident that the Word which is in the church of the Reformed, enlightens all nations and peoples by spiritual communication; also that it is provided by the Lord that there should always be on the earth a church where the Word is read, and by it the Lord is known. Wherefore, when the Word was almost rejected by the Papists, from the Lord's Divine Providence the Reformation took place, whereby the Word was again received; and also that the Word is held holy by a noble nation among the Papists.

THE CHURCH UNIVERSAL

From the 'Divine Providence'

HENCE it is of the Divine Providence that every man can be saved; and they are saved who acknowledge God and live well. That every man can be saved is manifest from what has been demonstrated above. Some are of the opinion that the Lord's church is only in the Christian world, because the Lord is known there only, and the Word is only there. But still there are many who believe that the church of God is general,

or extended and scattered throughout the whole world, therefore among those also who are ignorant of the Lord and have not the Word; saying that this is not their fault, and that they have not the means of overcoming their ignorance, and that it is contrary to God's love and mercy that some should be born for hell, when yet they are men equally with others. Now as Christians (if not all of them, still many) have the belief that the church is general, which is also called a communion, it follows that there are most general principles of the church which enter into all religions, and make that communion. That these most general principles are the acknowledgment of God and the good of life, will be seen in the following order: 1. The acknowledgment of God makes conjunction of God with man and of man with God; and the denial of God makes disjunction. 2. Every one acknowledges God and is conjoined with him according to the good of his life. 3. Good of life, or to live well, is to shun evils because they are against religion, thus against God. 4. These are the general principles of all religions, by which every one can be saved.

THE ETHICS OF SWEDENBORG

(1) The Spiritual Life: How it is Acquired

From 'Apocalypse Explained'

Spiritual life is acquired solely by a life according to the commandments in the Word. These commandments are given in a summary in the Decalogue; namely, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not kill, Thou shalt not bear false witness, Thou shalt not covet the goods of others. These commandments are the commandments that are to be done; for when a man does these his works are good and his life is spiritual, and for the reason that so far as a man shuns evils and hates them, so far he wills and loves goods.

For there are two opposite spheres that surround man, one from hell, the other from heaven: from hell a sphere of evil and of falsity therefrom, from heaven a sphere of good and of truth therefrom; and these spheres do [not immediately] affect the body, but they affect the minds of men; for they are spiritual spheres, and thus are affections that belong to the love. In the

midst of these man is set; therefore so far as he approaches the one, so far he withdraws from the other. This is why so far as a man shuns evil and hates it, so far he wills and loves good and the truths therefrom; for no one can at the same time serve two masters, for he will either hate the one and love the other, or he will cleave to the one and despise the other (Matt. vi. 24).

But let it be noted that man must do these commandments from religion, because they are commanded by the Lord; and if he does this from any other consideration whatever,—for instance, from regard merely to the civil law or the moral law,—he remains natural, and does not become spiritual. For when a man acts from religion, he acknowledges in heart that there is a God, a heaven and a hell, and a life after death. But when he acts from regard merely to the civil and moral law, he may act in the same way, and yet in heart may deny that there is a God, a heaven and a hell, and a life after death. And if he shuns evil and does good, it is merely in the external form, and not in the internal; thus while he is outwardly in respect to the life of the body like a Christian, inwardly in respect to the life of his spirit he is like a devil. All this makes clear that a man can become spiritual, or receive spiritual life, in no other way than by a life according to religion from the Lord.

Many, I know, think in their heart that no one can of himself shun the evils enumerated in the Decalogue, because man is born in sins and has therefore no power of himself to shun them. But let such know that any one who thinks in his heart that there is a God, that the Lord is the God of heaven and earth, that the Word is from him and is therefore holy, that there is a heaven and a hell, and that there is a life after death, has the ability to shun these evils. But he who despises these truths and casts them out of his mind, and still more he who denies them, is not able. For how can one who never thinks about God think that anything is a sin against God? And how can one who never thinks about heaven, hell, and the life after death, shun evils as sins? Such a man does not know what sin is.

Man is placed in the middle between heaven and hell. Out of heaven goods unceasingly flow in, and out of hell evils unceasingly flow in; and as man is between, he has freedom to think what is good or to think what is evil. This freedom the Lord never takes away from any one, for it belongs to his life, and is

the means of his reformation. So far therefore as man from this freedom has the thought and desire to shun evils because they are sins, and prays to the Lord for help, so far does the Lord take them away, and give man the ability to refrain from them as if of himself, and then to shun them.

(2) The Social Good

From 'Doctrine of Charity'

The general good arises out of the goods of use which individuals perform; and the goods of use that individuals perform subsist from the general good.

The goods of use which individuals perform, out of which the general good arises, are ministries, offices, callings, and various employments.

All the vocations and employments in a kingdom, commonwealth, or community, regarded as to the goods of use, constitute a form which corresponds to the heavenly form.

They also constitute a form which corresponds to the human form.

In this form each individual is a good of use, according to the extent of his calling and employment.

It is well known that every man is born to be of use, and that he may perform uses to others; and he who does not is called a useless member, and is cast off. He who performs uses for himself alone is also useless, though not called so. In a well-constituted commonwealth, therefore, provision is made that no one shall be useless. If useless, he is compelled to some work; and a beggar is compelled, if he is in health.

The general good consists in these things: — That in the society or kingdom there shall be: I. What is Divine among them. II. That there shall be justice among them. III. That there shall be morality among them. IV. That there shall be industry, knowledge, and uprightness among them. V. That there shall be the necessaries of life. VI. That there shall be the things necessary to their occupations. VII. That there shall be the things necessary for protection. VIII. That there shall be a sufficiency of wealth; because from this come the three former necessaries.

From these arises the general good; and yet it does not come of these themselves, but from the individuals there, and through the goods of use which individuals perform. As for instance, even what is Divine is there through ministers; and justice through magistrates and judges: so morality exists by means of the Divine and of justice; and necessaries by means of industrial occupations and commerce: and so on.

All the vocations and employments, regarded as to the goods of use, constitute a form which corresponds to the heavenly form. The heavenly form is such that every individual there is in some ministry, some office, some calling or employment, and in work. Such are all the heavenly societies, that no one may be useless. No one who desires to live in ease, or only to talk and walk and sleep, is tolerated there. All things there are so ordered that each is assigned a place nearer or more remote from the centre according to his use. In proportion as they are nearer the centre, the palaces are more magnificent; as they are more remote from the centre, they are less magnificent. They are different in the east, in the west, in the south, and in the north.

MARRIAGE LOVE

From ‹Heaven and Hell›

TRUE marriage love is derived from the Lord's love for the church, and from the love of good and truth, which is the love of the angels of the third heaven; therefore marriage love, which descends therefrom as the love of that heaven, is innocence, which is in the very being (*esse*) of every good in the heavens. And for this reason embryos in the womb are in a state of peace, and when they have been born as infants are in a state of innocence; so too is the mother in relation to them. For as the love of marriage corresponds to the love of the highest heaven, which is love to the Lord from the Lord, so the love of adultery corresponds to the love of the lowest hell.

The love of marriage is so holy and heavenly because it has its beginning in the inmosts of man from the Lord himself, and it descends according to order to the outmosts of the body, and thus fills the whole man with heavenly love and brings him into

a form of the Divine love, which is the form of heaven, and is an image of the Lord. But the love of adultery has its beginning in the outmosts of man from an impure lascivious fire there, and thus, contrary to order, penetrates towards the interiors, always into the things that are man's own, which are nothing but evil, and brings these into a form of hell, which is an image of the devil. Therefore a man who loves adultery and turns away from marriage is in form a devil.

How holy in themselves, that is, from creation, marriages are, can be seen from the fact that they are nurseries of the human race; and as the angelic heaven is from the human race, they are also the nurseries of heaven; consequently by marriages not only the earths but also the heavens are filled with inhabitants; and as the end of the entire creation is the human race, and thus heaven, where the Divine itself may dwell as in its own and as it were in itself, and as the procreation of mankind according to Divine order is accomplished through marriages, it is clear how holy marriages are in themselves,—that is, from creation,—and thus how holy they should be esteemed. It is true that the earth might be filled with inhabitants by fornications and adulteries as well as marriages, but not heaven; and for the reason that hell is from adulteries but heaven from marriages.

Hell is from adulteries, because adultery is from the marriage of evil and falsity, from which hell in the whole complex is called adultery; while heaven is from marriages, because marriage is from the marriage of good and truth, from which heaven in its whole complex is called a marriage. That is called adultery where its love, which is called a love of adultery, reigns,—whether it be within wedlock or apart from it; and that is called marriage where its love, which is called marriage love, reigns.

When procreations of the human race are effected by marriages, in which the holy love of good and truth from the Lord reigns, then it is on earth as it is in the heavens, and the Lord's kingdom in the heavens. For the heavens consist of societies arranged according to all the varieties of celestial and spiritual affections, from which arrangement the form of heaven springs, and this pre-eminently surpasses all other forms in the universe. There would be a like form on the earth, if the procreations there were effected by marriages in which a true

marriage love reigned; for then, however many families might descend in succession from one head of a family, there would spring forth as many images of the societies of heaven in a like variety.

Families would then be like fruit-bearing trees of various kinds, forming as many different gardens, each containing its own kind of fruit; and these gardens taken together would present the form of a heavenly paradise. This is said in the way of comparison, because "trees" signify men of the church, "gardens" intelligence, "fruits" goods of life, and "paradise" heaven. I have been told from heaven that with the most ancient people, from whom the first church on this globe was established, which was called by ancient writers the golden age, there was such a correspondence between families on the earth and societies in the heavens, because love to the Lord, mutual love, innocence, peace, wisdom, and chastity in marriages, then prevailed; and it was also told me from heaven that they were then inwardly horrified at adulteries, as the abominable things of hell. (From 'Apocalypse Explained.')

I heard an angel describing truly conjugial love and its heavenly delights in this manner, that it is the Divine of the Lord in the heavens, which is the Divine good and the Divine truth, united in two, yet so that they are not two, but as one. He said that two conjugial partners in heaven are that love, because every one is his own good and his own truth, both as to mind and as to body; for the body is an image of the mind, because formed to its likeness. He thence inferred that the Divine is imaged in two who are in truly conjugial love; and because the Divine, that heaven also is imaged, since the universal heaven is the Divine Good and the Divine Truth proceeding from the Lord: and that hence it is that all things of heaven are inscribed on that love, and so many blessings and delights as to exceed all number.

THE SECOND COMING OF THE LORD

From 'True Christian Religion'

SINCE the Lord cannot manifest himself in person, as has been shown just above, and yet he has foretold that he would come and establish a New Church, which is the New Jerusalem,—it follows that he is to do it by means of a man who is able not only to receive the doctrines of this church with his understanding, but also to publish them by the press. That the Lord has manifested himself before me, his servant, and sent me on this office, and that after this he opened the sight of my spirit, and thus let me into the spiritual world, and gave me to see the heavens and the hells, and also to speak with angels and spirits, and this now continually for many years, I testify in truth; and also that from the first day of that call I have not received anything that pertains to the doctrines of that church from any angel, but from the Lord alone while I read the Word.

To the end that the Lord might be constantly present, he has disclosed to me that the spiritual sense of his Word, in which divine truth is in its light, and in this he is constantly present; for his presence in the Word is only by means of the spiritual sense: through the light of this he passes into the shade in which the sense of the letter is; comparatively as it happens with the light of the sun in the daytime by the interposition of a cloud. That the sense of the letter of the Word is as a cloud, and the spiritual sense glory, and the Lord himself the sun from which the light proceeds, and that thus the Lord is the Word, has been demonstrated above.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

JONATHAN SWIFT

(1667–1745)

BY ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

THE last years of Jonathan Swift furnish a partial clue, at least, to the mystery of his life. Against the black background of his gigantic intellect, overthrown "as an empire might be overthrown," the mournful figures of Stella and Vanessa stand out, less as wronged women than as unfortunate women, whose love could not cope with the maladies of a mind where genius groaned in hateful marriage with insanity. From this same region of the abnormal emerge, as a kind of embodiment of Swift's dark infirmity, the Yahoos of his great classic: his habitual bitterness and gloom must be traced, not, as is usual, to the beginning of his life, but to the end. He lived always in the shadow of the death of the mind; from his birth he was an imprisoned giant, whose struggles seemed only to fasten the coils ever closer and closer about him.

He has been characterized as having been destitute of imagination, of spirituality, of the capacity to love; of being a negative spirit,—the Mephistopheles of English literature, whose sardonic laughter has chilled the hearts of generations of his readers. Yet Swift in his love and in his religion, at least, seems to have been an idealist of the most pronounced type. He appears to have been constantly striving to transmute passion into intellectuality; love, in particular, seems to have acted like subtle poison in his veins whenever it passed beyond the stage of tenderness. The coarseness in his writings seems rather flung out in a rage against animality than indulged in for fondness of it. Swift cannot be judged, indeed, by his loves or by his religious life. The sanity of his mighty intellect is most apparent in his political career, and in his political writings. Whenever his emotions are involved he is on dangerous ground, liable to vanish from the sight and comprehension of his fellows amid the mysterious labyrinths of a diseased mind.

He was born on March 30th, 1667, at Hoey's Court, Dublin; he was however of English parentage, and of an old and honorable family. There is a tradition that his grandfather was Dr. Thomas Swift, a clergyman whose devotion to Charles I. received the severest tests, and whose chief fortune was a family of thirteen or fourteen children. The eldest son, Godwin, was rewarded after the Restoration

with the attorney-generalship of the palatinate of Tipperary in Ireland; thither went also a younger brother, Jonathan, the father of the future Dean, with his wife, Abigail Ericke of Leicester. His death occurred within a short time after this emigration, and seven months afterwards his son was born. The early education of the boy seems to have been conducted by his nurse, who had carried him to England secretly, when he was a mere infant, because she could not bear to be separated from him. Swift's mother consented to his remaining with her. He did not return to Ireland until his sixth year, when he was sent by his uncle Godwin to Kilkenny grammar school, where Congreve and Berkeley were also educated. No evidence remains that Swift distinguished himself either in this school or in Dublin University, which he entered in 1682. In the latter institution it seems that he obtained his degree only by "special grace." The logical, clear mind of the future author of the 'Tale of a Tub' could only be suffocated in the airless realms of scholasticism: he passed from the university with contempt for much of its teachings. His life at this time was embittered by poverty: he was growing into self-consciousness, realizing if dimly the exceptional nature of his powers; but with realization did not come opportunity. His uncle Godwin would do little for him; he had himself come into the world disheartened: the remoteness, the isolation of genius, was in his case intensified by a constitutional morbidness, which changed pin pricks to dagger thrusts. He went forth conquering and to conquer in the only way he knew: the way of the dominant intellect unswayed by emotion. By his mother's advice he sought the patronage of his distant kinsman, Sir William Temple, the elegant dilettante of Moor Park. Between this courtier, whose intellect was as pruned and orderly as his own Dutch gardens, and the rough young Titan, forced by fate into the meek attitudes of the beneficiary, there could be little sympathy. Swift chafed under a life better suited to a dancing-master than to the future author of 'Gulliver.' The alleviations of his existence were his master's library, to which he had free access, and a little bright-eyed girl,—the housekeeper's daughter,—who loved him and was glad to be taught by him. This was Esther Johnson, or as she is better known, "Stella." The little life was thus early absorbed into the great life, whose limits, then and afterwards, were to be always beyond its comprehension, but never beyond its love. The child and the man went hand in hand from that hour into their eternity of sorrowful fame.

At Sir William Temple's, Swift met many of the great statesmen of the day; being thus drawn into the congenial atmosphere of politics. It is recorded that he met King William there, who graciously showed him the Dutch method of preparing asparagus for the table. Tradition assigns Swift to a servant's place in Temple's household,

but this is hardly probable. The retired statesman must have recognized the talents of his kinsman, for he sent him on one occasion to King William to persuade him to consent to the bill for triennial Parliaments. Swift hoped much from the King's favor, but obtained little more than promises. His talents as a prose-writer seem to have been as yet unknown to him. His literary compositions were limited to Pindaric odes in praise of Sir William: they fully justify his cousin Dryden's curt criticism, "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet."

In 1692 Swift took his degree of M. A. from the University of Oxford, where he had been most kindly received: he always retained affection and gratitude for this foster-mother; and it was perhaps under her tutelage that he entered into the full consciousness of his powers. In 1695, Moor Park having become impossible as a residence, he parted from his patron in anger; going immediately to Ireland, where he sought ordination to the diaconate, but was refused it unless he could present a letter of recommendation from Sir William Temple. Swift hesitated five months; finally submitted to the humiliation: was ordained deacon and priest, and obtained the small living of Kilroot, where he remained but a short time; returning to Moor Park at the earnest solicitation of Sir William, who had learned to appreciate, in part at least, Swift's powers. Their relations from that time until Sir William's death in 1699 were cordial, Swift remaining in his household until the end. He found the little Esther grown into a comely girl of sixteen. From the time of Sir William's decease he took her under his protection; by his advice she took up her residence in Ireland in 1708, with her chaperon Mrs. Dingley, and was thenceforth known in the eyes of the world as Swift's dearest friend, and perhaps his wife. The mystery of his relationship to her has never been solved. One thing is certain: that her love was the solace of his life, and that his feeling towards her was of that exquisite tenderness in which alone he seemed to find peace.

After his patron's death, Swift obtained the office of chaplain to the Earl of Berkeley; but was disappointed in not receiving the secretaryship also. He failed to obtain the rich deanery of Derry, for which he had applied; and was finally presented with the living of Laracor, and two or three others, which netted him about £230. At Laracor he took up his abode for a short time. Later he became chaplain to the Duke of Ormond, and afterwards to the Earl of Pembroke. His frequent visits to London with these statesmen drew him gradually into the domain of political life, and familiarized him with the political parties and ideals of the time. His own brilliant political career was opened in 1701, by the publication of the 'Discourse on the Contests and Dissensions in Athens and Rome.' The occasion of this pamphlet was the conflict in the Houses of Parliament over the proposed impeachment by the Tory party of Somers and three

other Whigs, who had participated in the Partition Treaty. Swift upheld those who resisted the impeachment; thus gaining a strong foothold with the Whigs, and winning the confidence of the leaders of the party. He might be called the father of the political pamphlet. In his hands it became a tremendous power, moving the people as a rushing mighty wind. It is in the political pamphlet that Swift's powers are seen at their zenith: his incomparable command of satire, his faultless logic, his universal common-sense, his invective, vivid and deadly as lightning, here receive consummate expression; added to these gifts he was a master of homely English prose. His English is the most popular English that was ever written: its perfection is in its simplicity and clearness. The gigantic intellect revealed itself to babes: Swift's prose was at once a lamp to the unlettered and a star to the scholar.

Until 1710 Swift remained in close conjunction with the Whigs, but his change in politics was as inevitable as it was organic. «Whoever has a true value for Church and State,» he writes, «should avoid the extremes of Whig for the sake of the former, and the extremes of Tory on account of the latter.» And again: «No true lover of liberty could unite with extreme Tories, no true lover of Church with extreme Whigs.» Swift's political position is here summed up. He was, moreover, too much of a genius to be rabid in the cause of a party. His enthusiasm and his idealism found expression in the upholding of the ecclesiastical tradition. Swift has been accused of shallowness and infidelity in his relations to the Church; but his religious pamphlets, at least, witness to an intense devotion to her cause. It is true without doubt that he concealed his religious feeling, as he concealed his affections, under the mask of indifference, even of raillery; but he must be judged in both sentiments by the law of contraries. He is a remarkable example of a «hypocrite reversed.»

It was during his connection with the Whig party that Swift wrote those pamphlets which indicated that he must throw in his lot eventually with the Tories. The 'Tale of a Tub' appeared in 1704: in this marvelous satire the genius of Swift reaches its highest mark. The three divisions of Christendom — the Roman Catholic, Anglican, and Puritan — are represented by three brothers, Peter, Martin, and Jack, to each of whom their father has bequeathed a coat warranted with good usage to wear forever. The vicissitudes of these coats represent the changes through which their owners, the churches, have passed in the course of centuries. Underneath the veil of satire, Swift's preference for the Anglican Church can be clearly traced. To this same era of his life belong his 'Sentiments of a Church of England Man,' his 'Letter to a Member of Parliament concerning the Sacramental Test,' and his famous 'Argument against the Abolition of Christianity.' In this pamphlet he gravely points out the

«inconveniences» which might follow such abolition. «Great wits love to be free with the highest objects; and if they cannot be allowed a God to revile and denounce, they will speak evil of dignities, abuse the government, and reflect upon the ministry»!

About the year 1709 Swift showed himself to be more in sympathy with the Tory than with the Whig party, and from that time on he employed all the resources of his great intellect to further their aims: the full establishment of the Church of England's authority, and the termination of the Continental war. He founded an organ of his party, the Examiner; and through this paper he directed the course of public opinion with unparalleled acumen and political tact. During these years he had close friendship with Pope and Congreve, Addison and Steele, with Arbuthnot and Halifax and Bolingbroke; but notwithstanding his popularity and his acknowledged eminence, his chances for preferment were never great. The stupid Queen Anne could have little appreciation of his genius; she was moreover in the hands of injudicious female advisers. It was with difficulty that the deanery of St. Patrick's, Dublin, was obtained for him in 1713. He did not remain there long after his installation, but hurried back to England at the urgent request of his political friends, to reconcile the two leaders, Oxford and Bolingbroke. Oxford's fall and Bolingbroke's elevation to the ministry occurred soon afterwards; it is remembered to the eternal honor of Swift that he did not desert Oxford in his ill-fortune, although tempted with golden baits to do so. The death of the Queen, and the consequent collapse of the Tory party, occurring soon after, Swift retired to his deanery in Dublin.

For the detailed account of Swift's London career, the world is indebted to his journal to Stella,—those circumstantial, playful letters which he wrote to her, sometimes in the «little language» of her childhood, sometimes in the strong, tense prose of the great statesman. In any case it was the language of his heart, a tongue whose full meaning was known alone to him and Stella. It is always tender, never passionate: Stella assumed, at least, to be content with tenderness; and because she did so, she remained the one serene influence of his stormy life.

Had «Vanessa» possessed the wisdom of her rival, her tragedy might never have been written; as it was, she demanded of the great Dean, like Semele of Jupiter, that which could only destroy her. His love, could she have had it, would have been only less destructive than his hate: in the calm of friendship lay the only safety of the women on whom Swift bestowed his approbation.

«Vanessa,» or Esther Vanhomrigh, was the daughter of a wealthy widow residing in London, where Swift first made her acquaintance. He recognized the high quality of her intelligence, and for a time directed her studies. She at last confessed her love to him: he

answered in the poem of 'Cadenus and Vanessa,' designed to show her that his feeling for her was only that of friendship. He allowed her however to follow him to Ireland, and he even called upon her frequently in her home there. She at last wrote to Stella, demanding to know the true relationship existing between her and the Dean. Tradition says that Stella showed the letter to him; and that he, in a paroxysm of rage, rode post-haste to Vanessa's house, cast the letter at her feet, and departed without a word. However that may be, she died not long after,—presumably of a broken heart.

After Swift's return to Ireland, he wrote many pamphlets in the interests of the Irish people, thus making himself enormously popular with them. The condition of Ireland at that time was most deplorable: the industries had been destroyed by the act forbidding the importation of Irish cattle to England; the currency was disordered; famine threatened the land. The Drapier letters were written to discredit the English government by the accusation, proved false, of imposing a debased copper coinage on Ireland. In a well-known pamphlet he proposes that the children of the peasantry in Ireland should be fattened for the table, thus keeping down the population and supplying an article of nutritious food. It is this pamphlet which is so completely misunderstood by Thackeray in his 'English Humourists,' and which has led many to judge Swift as an inhuman monster. The humor of it is indeed terrible, but the cause of its being written was even more terrible. It was under such pleasantries that Swift hid his heart.

In 1726 'Gulliver's Travels'—one of the greatest books of the century—appeared. Only Swift could have written a nursery classic which is at the same time the most painful satire on human nature ever given to the world. In the monstrous conception of the Yahoos, there is an indication of something darker and more sinister than mere misanthropy.

In 1728 Stella died. The last barrier between him and that unknown horror that lurked in some shadowy region of his mighty intellect, was thus removed. After her death he declined visibly. The last years of his life were spent in madness and idiocy. He died in 1745, and was buried in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

No figure in the whole range of English men of letters is more striking than Swift's; no figure is less intelligible. Judgment of him must always contain an element of presumption. It is as little in place as judgment of a giant forest oak, twisted and wrenched by the lightning of Jove.

Anna McClure Scholl

AN ARGUMENT

TO PROVE THAT THE

ABOLISHING OF CHRISTIANITY IN ENGLAND

MAY, AS THINGS NOW STAND, BE ATTENDED WITH SOME INCONVENIENCES, AND PERHAPS NOT PRODUCE THOSE MANY GOOD EFFECTS PROPOSED THEREBY

I AM very sensible what a weakness and presumption it is to reason against the general humor and disposition of the world. I remember it was, with great justice and due regard to the freedom both of the public and the press, forbidden upon several penalties, to write or discourse or lay wagers against the Union, even before it was confirmed by Parliament; because that was looked upon as a design to oppose the current of the people,—which, beside the folly of it, is a manifest breach of the fundamental law that makes this majority of opinion the voice of God. In like manner, and for the very same reasons, it may perhaps be neither safe nor prudent to argue against the abolishing of Christianity, at a juncture when all parties appear so unanimously determined upon the point, as we cannot but allow from their actions, their discourses, and their writings. However, I know not how,—whether from the affectation of singularity or the perverseness of human nature, but so it unhappily falls out, that I cannot be entirely of this opinion. Nay, though I were sure an order were issued for my immediate prosecution by the attorney-general, I should still confess that in the present posture of our affairs at home or abroad, I do not yet see the absolute necessity of extirpating the Christian religion from among us.

This perhaps may appear too great a paradox even for our wise and paradoxical age to endure; therefore I shall handle it with all tenderness, and with the utmost deference to that great and profound majority which is of another sentiment.

And yet the curious may please to observe how much the genius of a nation is liable to alter in half an age: I have heard it affirmed for certain by some very old people that the contrary opinion was, even in their memories, as much in vogue as the other is now; and that a project for the abolishing of Christianity would then have appeared as singular, and been thought as

absurd, as it would be at this time to write or discourse in its defense.

Therefore I freely own that all appearances are against me. The system of the gospel, after the fate of other systems, is generally antiquated and exploded: and the mass or body of the common people, among whom it seems to have had its latest credit, are now grown as much ashamed of it as their betters; opinions like fashions always descending from those of quality to the middle sort, and thence to the vulgar, where at length they are dropped and vanish.

But here I would not be mistaken; and must therefore be so bold as to borrow a distinction from the writers on the other side, when they make a difference between nominal and real Trinitarians. I hope no reader imagines me so weak to stand up in the defense of real Christianity, such as used in primitive times (if we may believe the authors of those ages) to have an influence upon men's belief and actions;—to offer at the restoring of that would indeed be a wild project: it would be to dig up foundations; to destroy at one blow all the wit and half the learning of the kingdom; to break the entire frame and constitution of things; to ruin trade, extinguish arts and sciences, with the professors of them; in short, to turn our courts, exchanges, and shops into deserts: and would be full as absurd as the proposal of Horace, where he advises the Romans all in a body to leave their city, and seek a new seat in some remote part of the world, by way of cure for the corruption of their manners.

Therefore I think this caution was in itself altogether unnecessary (which I have inserted only to prevent all possibility of caviling), since every candid reader will easily understand my discourse to be intended only in defense of nominal Christianity; the other having been for some time wholly laid aside by general consent, as utterly inconsistent with our present schemes of wealth and power.

But why we should therefore cast off the name and title of Christians, although the general opinion and resolution be so violent for it, I confess I cannot (with submission) apprehend; nor is the consequence necessary. However, since the undertakers propose such wonderful advantages to the nation by this project, and advance many plausible objections against the system of Christianity, I shall briefly consider the strength of both, fairly allow them their greatest weight, and offer such answers as I

think most reasonable. After which I will beg leave to show what inconveniences may possibly happen by such an innovation, in the present posture of our affairs.

First, one great advantage proposed by the abolishing of Christianity is, that it would very much enlarge and establish liberty of conscience,—that great bulwark of our nation; and of the Protestant religion,—which is still too much limited by priestcraft, notwithstanding all the good intentions of the legislature, as we have lately found by a severe instance. For it is confidently reported that two young gentlemen of real hopes, bright wit, and profound judgment, who, upon a thorough examination of causes and effects, and by the mere force of natural abilities, without the least tincture of learning, having made a discovery that there was no God, and generously communicating their thoughts for the good of the public, were some time ago, by an unparalleled severity, and upon I know not what obsolete law, broke for blasphemy. And as it has been wisely observed, if persecution once begins, no man alive knows how far it may reach or where it will end.

GULLIVER AMONG THE PIGMIES

From 'Gulliver's Travels'

[The author gives some account of himself and family. His first inducements to travel. He is shipwrecked, and swims for his life. Gets safe on shore in the country of Lilliput. Is made a prisoner and carried up the country.]

My father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire: I was the third of five sons. He sent me to Emanuel College in Cambridge, at fourteen years old, where I resided three years, and applied myself close to my studies: but the charge of maintaining me, although I had a very scanty allowance, being too great for a narrow fortune, I was bound apprentice to Mr. James Bates, an eminent surgeon in London, with whom I continued four years: my father now and then sending me small sums of money, I laid them out in learning navigation, and other parts of the mathematics useful to those who intend to travel, as I always believed it would be—some time or other—my fortune to do. When I left Mr. Bates I went down to my father, where, by the assistance of him and my uncle John, and some

other relations, I got forty pounds, and a promise of thirty pounds a year to maintain me at Leyden: there I studied physic two years and seven months, knowing it would be useful in long voyages.

Soon after my return from Leyden I was recommended by my good master Mr. Bates to be surgeon to the Swallow, Captain Abraham Pannel, commander, with whom I continued three years and a half; making a voyage or two into the Levant, and some other parts. When I came back I resolved to settle in London; to which Mr. Bates my master encouraged me, and by him I was recommended to several patients. I took part of a small house in the Old Jewry; and being advised to alter my condition, I married Miss Mary Burton, second daughter to Mr. Edmund Burton, hosier, in New-gate Street, with whom I received four hundred pounds for a portion.

But my good master Bates dying in two years after, and I having few friends, my business began to fail; for my conscience would not suffer me to imitate the bad practice of too many among my brethren. Having therefore consulted with my wife and some of my acquaintance, I determined to go again to sea. I was surgeon successively in two ships; and made several voyages, for six years, to the East and West Indies, by which I got some addition to my fortune. My hours of leisure I spent in reading the best authors, ancient and modern,—being always provided with a good number of books,—and when I was ashore, in observing the manners and dispositions of the people, as well as learning their language; wherein I had a great facility, by the strength of my memory.

The last of these voyages not proving very fortunate, I grew weary of the sea, and intended to stay at home with my wife and family. I removed from the Old Jewry to Fetter-lane, and from thence to Wapping, hoping to get business among the sailors; but it would not turn to account. After three years' expectation that things would mend, I accepted an advantageous offer from Captain William Prichard, master of the Antelope, who was making a voyage to the South Sea. We set sail from Bristol May 4th, 1699; and our voyage at first was very prosperous.

It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas: let it suffice to inform him that in our passage from thence to the East Indies, we were driven by a violent storm to the northwest of Van Diemen's Land. By an observation we found ourselves in

the latitude of 30° 2′ south. Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labor and ill food; the rest were in a very weak condition. On the 5th of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed, by my computation, about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labor while we were in the ship. We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves; and in about half an hour the boat was overset by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell; but conclude they were all lost. For my own part, I swam as Fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom; but when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth, and by this time the storm was much abated. The declivity was so small that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I conjectured was about eight o'clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants; at least I was in so weak a condition that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired; and with that and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep.

I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remembered to have done in my life, and as I reckoned, about nine hours; for when I awaked it was just daylight. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir; for as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground, and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my armpits to my thighs. I could only look upwards; the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me; but in the posture I lay, I could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which advancing gently forward over

my breast, came almost to my chin; when, bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands and a quiver at his back. In the mean time, I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned; and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a shrill but distinct voice, "Hekinah degul;" the others repeated the same words several times, but I then knew not what they meant.

I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness. At length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings, and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground; for by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me; and at the same time, with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, and after it ceased, I heard one of them cry aloud, "Tolgo phonac:" when in an instant, I felt above an hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many I suppose fell on my body (though I felt them not), and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a-groaning with grief and pain; and then striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides; but by good luck I had on me a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce.

I thought it the most prudent method to lie still; and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself; and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw. But fortune disposed otherwise of

me. When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows; but by the noise I heard I knew their numbers increased: and about four yards from me, over against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work, when, turning my head that way as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it; from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable. But I should have mentioned that before the principal person began his oration, he cried out three times, "Langro dehul san" (these words and the former were afterwards repeated and explained to me); whereupon, immediately, about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him that was to speak. He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him: whereof one was a page, that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness. I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand and both my eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness; and being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me that I could not forbear showing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency), by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signify that I wanted food.

The *hurgo* (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learned) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides; on which above a hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the

wings of a lark. I eat them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket-bullets. They supplied me as fast as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite. I then made another sign, that I wanted drink. They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me: and being a most ingenious people, they slung up, with great dexterity, one of their largest hogsheads; then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top: I drank it off at a draught,—which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more; but they had none to give me. When I had performed these wonders they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times, as they did at first, "Hekinah degul." They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogsheads; but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud, "Borach mevolah": and when they saw the vessels in the air, there was a universal shout of "Hekinah degul!"

I confess I was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honor I made them,—for so I interpreted my submissive behavior,—soon drove out these imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality to a people who had treated me with so much expense and magnificence. However, in my thoughts I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body, while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature as I must appear to them. After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his Imperial Majesty. His Excellency, having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forwards up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue: and producing his credentials under the signet-royal, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes, without any signs of anger but with a kind of determined resolution, often pointing forwards;

which as I afterwards found was towards the capital city, about half a mile distant, whither it was agreed by his Majesty in council that I must be conveyed. . . .

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics, by the countenance and encouragement of the emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. This prince has several machines fixed on wheels, for the carriage of trees and other great weights. He often builds his largest men-of-war, whereof some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground,—about seven feet long, and four wide,—moving upon twenty-two wheels. The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine; which, it seems, set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me as I lay. But the principal difficulty was to raise and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords, of the bigness of packthread, were fastened by hooks to many bandages which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords, by many pulleys fastened on the poles; and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised and slung into the engine, and there tied fast. All this I was told; for while the whole operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the force of that soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me toward the metropolis, which as I said was half a mile distant.

About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked by a very ridiculous accident; for the carriage being stopped awhile, to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked when I was asleep: they climbed up into the engine, and advancing very softly to my face, one of them—an officer in the guards—put the sharp end of his half-pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently; whereupon they stole off unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my waking so suddenly. We

made a long march the remaining part of the day, and rested at night with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me if I should offer to stir. The next morning at sunrise we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city gates about noon. The emperor, and all his court, came out to meet us; but his great officers would by no means suffer his Majesty to endanger his person by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopped there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom: which, having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of those people, looked upon as profane; and therefore had been applied to common use, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate fronting to the north was about four feet high, and almost two feet wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window, not above six inches from the ground: into that on the left side the king's smith conveyed fourscore and eleven chains, like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg with six-and-thirty padlocks. Over against this temple, on the other side of the great highway, at twenty feet distance, there was a turret at least five feet high. Here the emperor ascended, with many principal lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me,—as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned that above a hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand; and in spite of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten thousand at several times who mounted my body by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was soon issued to forbid it upon pain of death. When the workmen found that it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound me; whereupon I rose up with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people at seeing me rise and walk are not to be expressed. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long; and gave me not only the liberty of walking backwards and forwards in a semicircle, but being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in and lie at my full length in the temple.

GULLIVER AMONG THE GIANTS

From 'Gulliver's Travels'

[Gulliver, an English captain, having been shipwrecked in Brobdingnag, a country of giants, is found by a farmer who gives him for a plaything to his little daughter Glumdalclitch, nine years old and forty feet tall.]

My mistress had a daughter of nine years old, a child of towardly parts for her age, very dexterous at her needle, and skillful in dressing her baby. Her mother and she contrived to fit up the baby's cradle for me against night; the cradle was put into a small drawer of a cabinet, and the drawer placed upon a hanging shelf for fear of the rats. This was my bed all the time I stayed with those people; though made more convenient by degrees, as I began to learn their language and make my wants known. This young girl was so handy, that after I had once or twice pulled off my clothes before her, she was able to dress and undress me; though I never gave her that trouble when she would let me do either myself. She made me seven shirts, and some other linen, of as fine cloth as could be got, which indeed was coarser than sackcloth; and these she constantly washed for me with her own hands. She was likewise my schoolmistress, to teach me the language: when I pointed to anything, she told me the name of it in her own tongue; so that in a few days I was able to call for whatever I had a mind to. She was very good-natured, and not above forty feet high, being little for her age. She gave me the name of Grildrig, which the family took up, and afterwards the whole kingdom. The word imports what the Latins call *nanunculus*, the Italians *homunceletino*, and the English *mannikin*. To her I chiefly owe my preservation in that country; we never parted while I was there: I called her my *Glumdalclitch*, or little nurse; and should be guilty of great ingratitude if I omitted this honorable mention of her care and affection towards me, which I heartily wish it lay in my power to requite as she deserves, instead of being the innocent but unhappy instrument of her disgrace, as I have too much reason to fear.

It now began to be known and talked of in the neighborhood that my master had found a strange animal in the field, about the bigness of a *splacnuck*, but exactly shaped in every part like a human creature, which it likewise imitated in all its actions:

seemed to speak in a little language of its own, had already learned several words of theirs, went erect upon two legs, was tame and gentle, would come when it was called, do whatever it was bid, had the finest limbs in the world, and a complexion fairer than a nobleman's daughter of three years old. Another farmer who lived hard by, and was a particular friend of my master, came on a visit on purpose to inquire into the truth of this story. I was immediately produced and placed upon a table, where I walked as I was commanded, drew my hanger, put it up again, made my reverence to my master's guest, asked him in his own language how he did, and told him he was welcome,—just as my little nurse had instructed me. This man, who was old and dim-sighted, put on his spectacles to behold me better; at which I could not forbear laughing very heartily, for his eyes appeared like the full moon shining into a chamber at two windows. Our people, who discovered the cause of my mirth, bore me company in laughing; at which the old fellow was fool enough to be angry and out of countenance. He had the character of a great miser; and to my misfortune, he well deserved it, by the cursed advice he gave my master to show me as a sight upon a market-day in the next town, which was half an hour's riding, about two-and-twenty miles from our house. I guessed there was some mischief contriving when I observed my master and his friend whispering long together, sometimes pointing at me; and my fears made me fancy that I overheard and understood some of their words. But the next morning Glumdalclitch, my little nurse, told me the whole matter, which she had cunningly picked out from her mother. The poor girl laid me on her bosom, and fell a-weeping with shame and grief. She apprehended some mischief would happen to me from rude vulgar folks, who might squeeze me to death, or break one of my limbs by taking me in their hands. She had also observed how modest I was in my nature, how nicely I regarded my honor, and what an indignity I should conceive it to be exposed for money as a public spectacle to the meanest of the people. She said her papa and mamma had promised that Grildrig should be hers; but now she found they meant to serve her as they did last year, when they pretended to give her a lamb, and yet, as soon as it was fat, sold it to a butcher. For my own part, I may truly affirm that I was less concerned than my nurse. I had a strong hope, which never left me, that I should one day recover my liberty: and as to the

ignominy of being carried about for a monster, I considered myself to be a perfect stranger in the country, and that such a misfortune could never be charged upon me as a reproach if ever I should return to England, since the King of Great Britain himself, in my condition, must have undergone the same distress.

My master, pursuant to the advice of his friend, carried me in a box the next market-day to the neighboring town, and took along with him his little daughter, my nurse, upon a pillion behind him. The box was close on every side, with a little door for me to go in and out, and a few gimlet-holes to let in air. The girl had been so careful as to put the quilt of her baby's bed into it for me to lie down on. However, I was terribly shaken and discomposed in this journey, though it were but of half an hour; for the horse went about forty feet at every step, and trotted so high that the agitation was equal to the rising and falling of a ship in a great storm, but much more frequent. Our journey was somewhat farther than from London to St. Alban's. My master alighted at an inn which he used to frequent; and after consulting a while with the innkeeper, and making some necessary preparations, he hired the "grultrud," or crier, to give notice through the town of a strange creature to be seen at the sign of the Green Eagle, not so big as a splacnuck (an animal in that country very finely shaped, about six feet long), and in every part of the body resembling a human creature,—could speak several words, and perform a hundred diverting tricks.

I was placed upon a table in the largest room of the inn, which might be near three hundred feet square. My little nurse stood on a low stool close to the table, to take care of me and direct what I should do. My master, to avoid a crowd, would suffer only thirty people at a time to see me. I walked about on the table as the girl commanded; she asked me questions as far as she knew my understanding of the language reached, and I answered them as loud as I could. I turned about several times to the company, paid my humble respects, said "they were welcome," and used some other speeches I had been taught. I took up a thimble filled with liquor, which Glumdalclitch had given me for a cup, and drank their health. I drew out my hanger, and flourished with it after the manner of fencers in England. My nurse gave me a part of a straw, which I exercised as a pike, having learnt the art in my youth. I was that

day shown to twelve sets of company, and as often forced to act over again the same fopperies, till I was half dead with weariness and vexation; for those who had seen me made such wonderful reports that the people were ready to break down the doors to come in. My master, for his own interest, would not suffer any one to touch me except my nurse; and to prevent danger, benches were set round the table at such a distance as to put me out of everybody's reach. However, an unlucky schoolboy aimed a hazel-nut directly at my head, which very narrowly missed me; otherwise it came with so much violence that it would have infallibly knocked out my brains, for it was almost as large as a small pumpion: but I had the satisfaction to see the young rogue well beaten and turned out of the room.

My master gave public notice that he would show me again the next market-day; and in the mean time he prepared a more convenient vehicle for me: which he had reason enough to do; for I was so tired with my first journey, and with entertaining company for eight hours together, that I could hardly stand upon my legs or speak a word. It was at least three days before I recovered my strength; and that I might have no rest at home, all the neighboring gentlemen, from a hundred miles round, hearing of my fame, came to see me at my master's own house. There could be no fewer than thirty persons, with their wives and children (for the country is very populous); and my master demanded the rate of a full room whenever he showed me at home, although it were only to a single family: so that for some time I had but little ease every day of the week (except Wednesday, which is their Sabbath), although I were not carried to the town.

My master, finding how profitable I was likely to be, resolved to carry me to the most considerable cities of the kingdom. Having therefore provided himself with all things necessary for a long journey, and settled his affairs at home, he took leave of his wife; and upon the 17th of August, 1703, about two months after my arrival, we set out for the metropolis, situate near the middle of that empire, and about three thousand miles distance from our house. My master made his daughter Glumdalclitch ride behind him. She carried me on her lap, in a box tied about her waist. The girl had lined it on all sides with the softest cloth she could get, well quilted underneath; furnished it with her baby's bed, provided me with linen and other necessaries, and made everything as convenient as she could. We had no

other company but a boy of the house, who rode after us with the luggage.

My master's design was to show me in all the towns by the way; and to step out of the road, for fifty or a hundred miles, to any village or person of quality's house where he might expect custom. We made easy journeys, of not above seven or eight score miles a day; for Glumdalclitch, on purpose to spare me, complained she was tired with the trotting of the horse. She often took me out of my box, at my own desire, to give me air and show me the country; but always held me fast by a leading-string. We passed over five or six rivers, many degrees broader and deeper than the Nile or the Ganges; and there was hardly a rivulet so small as the Thames at London Bridge. We were ten weeks in our journey, and I was shown in eighteen large towns, besides many villages and private families.

On the 26th day of October we arrived at the metropolis, called in their language *Lorbrulgrud*, or Pride of the Universe. My master took a lodging in the principal street of the city, not far from the royal palace, and put out bills in the usual form, containing an exact description of my person and parts. He hired a large room between three and four hundred feet wide. He provided a table sixty feet in diameter, upon which I was to act my part; and palisadoed it round three feet from the edge, and as many high, to prevent my falling over. I was shown ten times a day, to the wonder and satisfaction of all people. I could now speak the language tolerably well, and perfectly understood every word that was spoken to me. Besides I had learnt their alphabet, and could make a shift to explain a sentence here and there; for Glumdalclitch had been my instructor while we were at home, and at leisure hours during our journey. She carried a little book in her pocket not much larger than a Sanson's Atlas; it was a common treatise for the use of young girls, giving a short account of their religion: out of this she taught me my letters, and interpreted the words.

THE HOUYHNHNMS

From 'Gulliver's Travels'

[The author having been set ashore by a mutinous crew in an unknown land, falls in with a nondescript animal called the Yahoo, is at length taken possession of by the Houyhnhnms (horses) and conducted to their home. The horses mistake him for another sort of Yahoo, and attempt to civilize him.]

My principal endeavor was to learn the language: which my master (for so I shall henceforth call him) and his children, and every servant of his house, were desirous to teach me; for they looked upon it as a prodigy that a brute animal should discover such marks of a rational creature. I pointed to everything and inquired the name of it, which I wrote down in my journal-book when I was alone; and corrected my bad accent by desiring those of the family to pronounce it often. In this employment a sorrel nag, one of the under-servants, was very ready to assist me.

In speaking they pronounce through the nose and throat; and their language approaches nearest to the High Dutch or German of any I know in Europe, but is much more graceful and significant. The Emperor Charles V. made almost the same observation when he said that "If he were to speak to his horse, it should be in High Dutch."

The curiosity and impatience of my master were so great, that he spent many hours of his leisure to instruct me. He was convinced (as he afterwards told me) that I must be a *Yahoo:* but my teachableness, civility, and cleanliness astonished him: which were qualities altogether opposite to those animals. He was most perplexed about my clothes: reasoning sometimes with himself whether they were a part of my body; for I never pulled them off till the family were asleep, and got them on before they waked in the morning. My master was eager to learn "whence I came; how I acquired those appearances of reason which I discovered in all my actions, and to know my story from my own mouth; which he hoped he should soon do, by the great proficiency I made in learning and pronouncing their words and sentences." To help my memory, I formed all I learned into the English alphabet, and writ the words down, with the translations. This last after some time I ventured to do in my master's

presence. It cost me much trouble to explain to him what I was doing, for the inhabitants have not the least idea of books or literature.

In about ten weeks' time I was able to understand most of his questions, and in three months could give him some tolerable answers. He was extremely curious to know "from what part of the country I came, and how I was taught to imitate a rational creature; because the Yahoos (whom he saw I exactly resembled in my head, hands, and face, that were only visible), with some appearance of cunning, and the strongest disposition to mischief, were observed to be the most unteachable of all brutes." I answered that "I came over the sea from a far place, with many others of my own kind, in a great hollow vessel, made of the bodies of trees; that my companions forced me to land on this coast, and then left me to shift for myself." It was with some difficulty, and by the help of many signs, that I brought him to understand me. He replied that "I must needs be mistaken, or that I said the thing which was not:" for they have no word in their language to express lying or falsehood. He knew it was impossible that there could be a country beyond the sea, or that a parcel of brutes could move a wooden vessel whither they pleased upon water. He was sure no Houyhnhnm alive could make such a vessel, nor would trust Yahoos to manage it.

The word Houyhnhnm, in their tongue, signifies "a horse"; and in its etymology, "the perfection of nature." I told my master that "I was at a loss for expression, but would improve as fast as I could, and hoped in a short time I should be able to tell him wonders." He was pleased to direct his own mare, his colt and foal, and the servants of the family, to take all opportunities of instructing me; and every day, for two or three hours, he was at the same pains himself. Several horses and mares of quality in the neighborhood came often to our house, upon the report spread of "a wonderful Yahoo, that could speak like a Houyhnhnm, and seemed, in his words and actions, to discover some glimmerings of reason." These delighted to converse with me; they put many questions, and received such answers as I was able to return. By all these advantages I made so great a progress, that in five months from my arrival I understood whatever was spoken, and could express myself tolerably well.

The Houyhnhnms, who came to visit my master out of a design of seeing and talking with me, could hardly believe me to

be a right Yahoo, because my body had a different covering from others of my kind. They were astonished to observe me without the usual hair or skin, except on my head, face, and hands; but I discovered that secret to my master, upon an accident which happened about a fortnight before.

I have already told the reader that every night, when the family were gone to bed, it was my custom to strip, and cover myself with my clothes. It happened, one morning early, that my master sent for me by the sorrel nag, who was his valet. When he came I was fast asleep, my clothes fallen off on one side, and my shirt above my waist. I awakened at the noise he made, and observed him to deliver his message in some disorder; after which he went to my master, and in a great fright gave him a very confused account of what he had seen. This I presently discovered; for, going as soon as I was dressed to pay my attendance upon his Honor, he asked me "the meaning of what his servant had reported,—that I was not the same thing when I slept as I appeared to be at other times; that his valet assured him some part of me was white, some yellow,—at least not so white,—and some brown."

I had hitherto concealed the secret of my dress, in order to distinguish myself as much as possible from that cursed race of Yahoos; but now I found it in vain to do so any longer. Besides, I considered that my clothes and shoes would soon wear out, which already were in a declining condition, and must be supplied by some contrivance,—from the hides of Yahoos, or other brutes,—whereby the whole secret would be known. I therefore told my master that "in the country whence I came, those of my kind always covered their bodies with the hairs of certain animals prepared by art, as well for decency as to avoid the inclemencies of air, both hot and cold: of which, as to my own person, I would give him immediate conviction, if he pleased to commend me; only desiring his excuse if I did not expose those parts that nature taught us to conceal." He said, "My discourse was all very strange, but especially the last part: for he could not understand why nature should teach us to conceal what nature had given; that neither himself nor family were ashamed of any part of their bodies: but however I might do as I pleased." Whereupon I first unbuttoned my coat, and pulled it off; I did the same with my waistcoat; I drew off my shoes, stockings, and breeches; I let my shirt down to my waist, and drew up the

bottom, fastening it like a girdle about my middle, to hide my nakedness.

My master observed the whole performance with great signs of curiosity and admiration. He took up all my clothes in his pastern, one piece after another, and examined them diligently; he then stroked my body very gently, and looked round me several times: after which he said it was plain I must be a perfect Yahoo, but that I differed very much from the rest of my species in the softness, whiteness, and smoothness of my skin; my want of hair in several parts of my body; the shape and shortness of my claws behind and before; and my affectation of walking continually on my two hinder feet. He desired to see no more, and gave me leave to put on my clothes again, for I was shuddering with cold.

I expressed my uneasiness at his giving me so often the appellation of Yahoo,— an odious animal, for which I had so utter a hatred and contempt; I begged he would forbear applying that word to me, and make the same order in his family, and among his friends whom he suffered to see me. I requested likewise, that "the secret of my having a false covering to my body might be known to none but himself, at least as long as my present clothing should last; for as to what the sorrel nag, his valet, had observed, his Honor might command him to conceal it."

All this my master very graciously consented to; and thus the secret was kept till my clothes began to wear out, which I was forced to supply by several contrivances that shall hereafter be mentioned. In the mean time he desired "I would go on with my utmost diligence to learn their language, because he was more astonished at my capacity for speech and reason than at the figure of my body, whether it were covered or not"; adding that "he waited with some impatience to hear the wonders which I promised to tell him."

Thenceforward he doubled the pains he had been at to instruct me: he brought me into all company, and made them treat me with civility; "because," as he told them privately, "this would put me into good humor, and make me more diverting."

Every day, when I waited on him, besides the trouble he was at in teaching, he would ask me several questions concerning myself, which I answered as well as I could; and by these means

he had already received some general ideas, though very imperfect. It would be tedious to relate the several steps by which I advanced to a more regular conversation; but the first account I gave of myself in any order and length was to this purpose:—

That "I came from a very far country, as I already had attempted to tell him, with about fifty more of my own species; that we traveled upon the seas in a great hollow vessel made of wood, and larger than his Honor's house." I described the ship to him in the best terms I could, and explained by the help of my handkerchief displayed, how it was driven forward by the wind. "That upon a quarrel among us, I was set on shore on this coast, where I walked forward, without knowing whither, till he delivered me from the persecution of those execrable Yahoos." He asked me, "Who made the ship, and how it was possible that the Houyhnhnms of my country would leave it to the management of brutes?" My answer was, that "I durst proceed no further in my relation unless he would give me his word and honor that he would not be offended, and then I would tell him the wonders I had so often promised." He agreed; and I went on by assuring him that the ship was made by creatures like myself, who in all the countries I had traveled, as well as in my own, were the only governing rational animals: and that upon my arrival hither, I was as much astonished to see the Houyhnhnms act like rational beings as he or his friends could be in finding some marks of reason in a creature he was pleased to call a Yahoo; to which I owned my resemblance in every part, but could not account for their degenerate and brutal nature. I said further that "If good fortune ever restored me to my native country, to relate my travels hither, as I resolved to do, everybody would believe that I said the thing that was not—that I invented the story out of my own head; and (with all possible respect to himself, his family, and friends, and under his promise of not being offended), our countrymen would hardly think it probable that a Houyhnhnm should be the presiding creature of a nation, and a Yahoo the brute."

My master heard me with great appearances of uneasiness in his countenance; because doubting, or not believing, are so little known in this country, that the inhabitants cannot tell how to behave themselves under such circumstances. And I remember, in frequent discourses with my master concerning the nature of manhood in other parts of the world, having occasion to talk of

lying and false representation, it was with much difficulty that he comprehended what I meant, although he had otherwise a most acute judgment; for he argued thus: "That the use of speech was to make us understand one another, and to receive information of facts; now, if any one said the thing which was not, these ends were defeated, because I cannot properly be said to understand him: and I am so far from receiving information that he leaves me worse than in ignorance; for I am led to believe a thing black when it is white, and short when it is long." And these were all the notions he had concerning that faculty of lying, so perfectly well understood and so universally practiced among human creatures.

To return from this digression. When I asserted that the Yahoos were the only governing animals in my country, which my master said was altogether past his conception, he desired to know whether we "had Houyhnhnms among us, and what was their employment?" I told him, "We had great numbers; that in summer they grazed in the fields, and in winter were kept in houses with hay and oats, where Yahoo servants were employed to rub their skins smooth, comb their manes, pick their feet, serve them with food, and make their beds." "I understand you well," said my master: "it is now very plain, from all you have spoken, that whatever share of reason the Yahoos pretend to, the Houyhnhnms are your masters. I heartily wish our Yahoos would be so tractable." I begged his Honor "would please to excuse me from proceeding any further, because I was very certain that the account he expected from me would be highly displeasing." But he insisted in commanding me to let him know the best and the worst. I told him "he should be obeyed." I owned that "the Houyhnhnms among us, whom we called horses, were the most generous and comely animal we had: that they excelled in strength and swiftness, and when they belonged to persons of quality, were employed in traveling, racing, or drawing chariots; they were treated with much kindness and care, till they fell into diseases, or became foundered in the feet: but then they were sold, and used to all kinds of drudgery till they died: after which their skins were stripped, and sold for what they were worth, and their bodies left to be devoured by dogs and birds of prey. But the common race of horses had not so good fortune; being kept by farmers and carriers, and other mean people, who put them to greater labor and fed them worse." I described as

well as I could our way of riding; the shape and use of a bridle, a saddle, a spur, and a whip; of harness and wheels. I added that we fastened plates of a certain hard substance called iron at the bottom of their feet, to preserve their hoofs from being broken by the stony ways on which we often traveled.

My master, after some expressions of great indignation, wondered "how we dared to venture upon a Houyhnhnm's back; for he was sure that the weakest servant in his house would be able to shake off the strongest Yahoo, or by lying down and rolling on his back, squeeze the brute to death." I answered that "Our horses were trained up, from three or four years old, to the several uses we intended them for: that if any of them proved intolerably vicious, they were employed for carriages; that they were severely beaten, while they were young, for any mischievous tricks; that the males designed for the common use of riding or draught were generally castrated about two years after their birth, to take down their spirits, and make them more tame and gentle: that they were indeed sensible of rewards and punishments; but his Honor would please to consider that they had not the least tincture of reason, any more than the Yahoos in this country."

It put me to the pains of many circumlocutions to give my master a right idea of what I spoke; for their language does not abound in variety of words, because their wants and passions are fewer than among us. But it is impossible to express his noble resentment at our savage treatment of the Houyhnhnm race; particularly after I had explained the manner and use of castrating horses among us to hinder them from propagating their kind, and to render them more servile. He said, "If it were possible there could be any country where Yahoos alone were endued with reason, they certainly must be the governing animal; because reason in time will always prevail against brutal strength. But considering the frame of our bodies, and especially of mine, he thought no creature of equal bulk was so ill contrived for employing that reason in the common offices of life;" whereupon he desired to know whether "those among whom I lived resembled me or the Yahoos of his country." I assured him that "I was as well shaped as most of my age; but the younger, and the females, were much more soft and tender, and the skins of the latter generally as white as milk." He said, "I differed indeed from other Yahoos, being much more cleanly and not altogether

so deformed; but in point of real advantage, he thought I differed for the worse. That my nails were of no use either to my fore or hinder feet: as to my fore-feet, he could not properly call them by that name, for he never observed me to walk upon them,—that they were too soft to bear the ground; that I generally went with them uncovered; neither was the covering I sometimes wore on them of the same shape or so strong as that on my feet behind. That I could not walk with any security, for if either of my hinder feet slipped, I must inevitably fall." He then began to find fault with other parts of my body:—"The flatness of my face, the prominence of my nose, mine eyes placed directly in front, so that I could not look on either side without turning my head; that I was not able to feed myself without lifting one of my fore-feet to my mouth, and therefore nature had placed those joints to answer that necessity. He knew not what could be the use of those several clefts and divisions in my feet behind,—that these were too soft to bear the hardness and sharpness of stones, without a covering made from the skin of some other brute; that my whole body wanted a fence against heat and cold, which I was forced to put on and off every day with tediousness and trouble. And lastly, that he observed every animal in this country naturally to abhor the Yahoos; whom the weaker avoided, and the stronger drove from them. So that, supposing us to have the gift of reason, he could not see how it were possible to cure that natural antipathy which every creature discovered against us; nor, consequently, how we could tame and render them serviceable. However, he would," as he said, "debate the matter no further; because he was more desirous to know my story, the country where I was born, and the several actions and events of my life before I came hither."

THE STRULDBRUGS

From 'Gulliver's Travels'

One day, in much good company [among the Luggnaggians] I was asked by a person of quality, "whether I had seen any of their *struldbrugs*, or immortals?" I said, "I had not;" and desired he would explain to me what he meant by such an appellation, applied to a mortal creature. He told me

that "sometimes, though very rarely, a child happened to be born in a family, with a red circular spot on the forehead, directly over the left eyebrow, which was an infallible mark that it should never die. The spot," as he described it, "was about the compass of a silver threepence, but in the course of time grew larger, and changed its color: for at twelve years of age it became green, so continued till five-and-twenty, then turned a deep blue; at five-and-forty it grew coal-black, and as large as an English shilling, but never admitted any further alteration." . . .

After this preface, he gave me a particular account of the *struldbrugs* among them. He said, "They commonly acted like mortals till about thirty years old; after which by degrees they grew melancholy and dejected, increasing in both till they came to fourscore. This he learned from their own confession; for otherwise, there not being above two or three of that species born in an age, they were too few to form a general observation by. When they came to fourscore years, which is reckoned the extremity of living in this country, they had not only all the follies and infirmities of other old men, but many more which arose from the dreadful prospect of never dying. They were not only opinionated, peevish, covetous, morose, vain, talkative, but incapable of friendship, and dead to all natural affection, which never descended below their grandchildren. Envy and impotent desires are their prevailing passions. But those objects against which their envy seems principally directed, are the vices of the younger sort and the deaths of the old. By reflecting on the former, they find themselves cut off from all possibility of pleasure; and whenever they see a funeral, they lament and repine that others are gone to a harbor of rest to which they themselves never can hope to arrive. They have no remembrance of anything but what they learned and observed in their youth and middle age, and even that is very imperfect; and for the truth or particulars of any fact, it is safer to depend on common tradition than upon their best recollections. The least miserable among them appear to be those who turn to dotage, and entirely lose their memories: these meet with more pity and assistance because they want many bad qualities which abound in others."

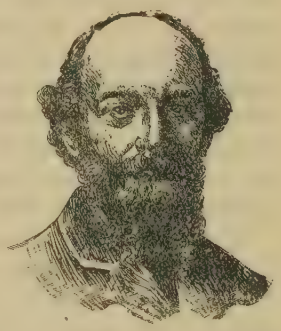
14289

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

(1837–)

BY WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE

EARLY in the eighties, there were living in England six great poets, whose work had given to the later Victorian era of English song a splendor almost comparable to that of the Elizabethan and later Georgian periods. All of these poets but one have now passed away (Rossetti in 1882, Arnold in 1888, Browning in 1889, Tennyson in 1892, and Morris in 1896), leaving Mr. Swinburne in solitary pre-eminence. In this year of the Queen's Jubilee he is left with no possible rival among the living; and stands as the Victorian poet *par excellence* in a peculiarly literal sense, for he was born in the year of her Majesty's accession to the throne, which makes his sixty years conterminous with the sixty years of her reign. So little has been made public concerning that life, that his personality has remained even more closely veiled than was that of Tennyson; and the facts at the command of the biographer are of the most meagre description. He was the son of a distinguished officer of the Royal Navy; and on his mother's side, descended from the third Earl of Ashburnham. He was educated at Balliol College, Oxford, but left in 1860 without taking a degree. A journey to Italy followed; made chiefly for the purpose of paying a tribute of affectionate admiration to the old poet Landor, then nearing the close of his days in Florence. The greater part of Mr. Swinburne's life has been spent in England: for a time he lived in London with the Rossetti brothers and Mr. George Meredith; but for many years past his home has been at Wimbledon, where he has kept house with Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, the distinguished critic and the closest of his friends.



ALGERNON SWINBURNE

Mr. Swinburne made his first appearance in literature as a dramatic poet; and published in rapid succession the four dramas—'Rosamond' (1860), 'The Queen Mother' (1860), 'Atalanta in Calydon' (1865), and 'Chastelard' (1865). The first of these works has for

its subject the idyl and tragedy of Henry II. at Woodstock, the second the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the last an episode in the early life of Mary Stuart at the French court. 'Atalanta in Calydon' is a noble tragedy upon a Greek theme, and written in as close a reproduction of the Greek manner as it is likely to be given to any modern poet to achieve. These four works gained for their author a considerable reputation with cultivated readers, yet made no direct appeal to the wider public. But the situation became changed in the year that followed the appearance of 'Chastelard,'—the year of the famous 'Poems and Ballads' (1866). It is hardly an exaggeration to say that no other volume of English poetry published before or since, ever created so great a sensation as this. If Byron awoke to find himself famous the day after the first cantos of 'Childe Harold' made their appearance, Mr. Swinburne awoke to find himself both famous and notorious. For the 'Poems and Ballads' not only showed that a new poet had arisen with a voice of his own, and possessed of an absolutely unexampled command of the resources of English rhythm, but they also showed that the author deemed fit for poetical treatment certain passional aspects of human life concerning which the best English tradition had hitherto been one of reticence. The unerring instinct of sensational journalism at once sought out for discussion these poems (perhaps a dozen in number) of questionable propriety; and before the year was over, the volume had become the subject of a discussion so ample and so heated that a parallel is hardly to be found in the history of English literature.

This discussion has proved peculiarly unfortunate for the poet's fame; since there has grown out of it a legend which still persists in the popular consciousness, and which embodies a view of the poet so distorted and so grotesquely untrue, that those who are acquainted with his work as a whole can only smile helplessly and wait for time to set matters right. The facts of the matter are simply these: The 'Poems and Ballads' was essentially a first book. Its contents had been written for the most part by a mere boy, long before their collection into a volume; and bear about the same relation to his mature work as is borne by the vaporings of Shelley's 'Queen Mab' to 'Prometheus Unbound' and 'Epipsychidion.' The objectionable pieces are few in number, and probably no one regrets more than the author himself the defective taste which permitted them to be preserved. "They are obviously," to quote from a recent critic, "the hasty and violent defiance hurled in the face of British Philistinism by a youthful writer, who, in addition to the exuberance of his scorn of conventions, was also, it is plain, influenced by a very boyish desire to shock the dull respectabilities of the average Philistine." But the unfair critical onslaught upon these poems (utterly ignoring the many pure and elevated numbers found in the same volume) was so noisy that

its echo has been prolonged; and the opinion still obtains in many quarters that sensuality is the chief attribute of a poet who in reality might be charged with the fault of excessive spirituality, so far above earth and so tenuous is the atmosphere in which he has his intellectual being. If we accept Milton's dictum that poetry should be simple, sensuous, and passionate, it may be admitted that Mr. Swinburne has passion (although mainly of the intellectual sort), but he is rarely simple; while in sensuous charm he is distinctly inferior to more than one of his contemporaries.

The even-minded critic of Mr. Swinburne's poetry thirty years ago (and there were such, notable among them being Richard Grant White and Mr. Stedman) might discern from an examination of the five works already mentioned, the leading traits that so many other volumes were to develop. There were already then evident the astonishing virtuosity in the use of English metres; the linguistic faculty, by virtue of which the poet composed Greek, Latin, and French verses with as much apparent readiness as English; the imitative power which made it possible for him to write like Chaucer, or the poets of the old ballad and the miracle play; the spiritual insight which made 'Atalanta' so much more than a mere imitation of Greek tragedy; the hero-worship which is so generous a trait of his character; the defense of religion against theology and priestcraft; and the intense love of liberty that breathes through all his work.

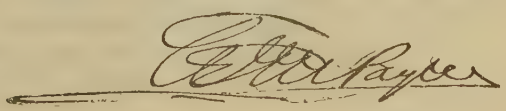
Since the year which made Mr. Swinburne's name familiar to all lovers of English poetry, his activity has been unceasing. Productions in prose and verse have flowed from his pen at the rate of about a volume annually; the complete list of his works embracing upwards of thirty volumes, about one third of which are studies in literary criticism. Although these latter volumes form an important section of his writings, they must be dismissed with a few words. There are three collections of miscellaneous critical essays; separate monographs of considerable bulk upon Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Victor Hugo, and William Blake, briefer monographs upon George Chapman and Charlotte Brontë; a highly controversial examination of certain literary reputations, 'Under the Microscope'; and several pamphlets more or less polemical in character. 'A Year's Letters,' which is a sort of prose novelette, was written for periodical publication under the pseudonym "Mrs. Horace Manners"; but has never been reprinted. There are also many critical studies to be found in the pages of the English monthly reviews; notable among them being a nearly complete series of papers which examine in close detail the work of the Elizabethan dramatists, and constitute, together with the published volumes on Shakespeare, Jonson, and Chapman, the most exhaustive and scholarly commentary that has yet been produced upon that important body of English poetry. The style of these prose writings

is *sui generis*, and as astonishing in its way as that of Carlyle. It defies imitation; which is probably fortunate, since it is not an altogether admirable style. But with all its vehemence, its verbosity, and its recondite allusiveness, it has somehow the power to carry the reader with it; sweeping away his critical sense for the time being, and compelling him to share in both the occasional prejudices and the frequent enthusiasms of the writer. And after due allowance has been made for the temperamental qualities of Mr. Swinburne, and for the extravagances of his diction, there will be found to remain a residuum of the highest critical value; so that it may fairly be said that he has illuminated every subject that he has chosen to discuss.

In dealing with the volumes of poetry — about a score in number — of which nothing has yet been said, we are confronted with an *embarras de richesses*. Chronologically, the earliest of them is the 'Songs Before Sunrise' (1871), and the latest 'The Tale of Balen' (1896). Perhaps the first thing that should be said about them, in view of still current misconceptions, is that whatever taint of sensuality clung to the productions of the poet's youth, the work of his manhood is singularly free from any offense of this sort. In its dramatic portions, it handles the noblest of themes with superb creative power, and deals with them in grave harmonious measures; in its lyrical portions, it clothes an almost austere ideal of conduct in melodies whose beauty is everlasting. The dramatic poems include 'Erechtheus,' a Greek tragedy fully as fine as 'Atalanta,' and exhibiting more of artistic restraint; the two works 'Bothwell' and 'Mary Stuart,' which complete the magnificent trilogy begun by 'Chastelard'; 'Marino Faliero,' a Venetian subject treated with splendid effect; 'Locrine,' a tragedy suggested by Milton's 'Comus,' and upon a theme dealt with by an unknown Elizabethan dramatist; and 'The Sisters,' a comparatively unimportant domestic tragedy. Strongly dramatic in spirit, although in form a narrative in rhymed couplets, the tale of 'Tristram of Lyonesse' completes the list of Mr. Swinburne's longer poetical works down to 'The Tale of Balen,' which is essentially a verse paraphrase of a section of the 'Morte d'Arthur' of Malory. The lyrical division of Mr. Swinburne's work includes two additional series of 'Poems and Ballads'; the impassioned volume of 'Songs Before Sunrise,' inspired by the Italian revolutionary movement, and dedicated to Mazzini, — a work which is probably the highest and most sustained expression of the poet's lyrical powers; the 'Songs of Two Nations,' which includes the great 'Song of Italy,' the superb 'Ode on the Proclamation of the French Republic,' and the fierce sonnets called 'Diræ'; the 'Songs of the Springtides,' whereof 'Thalassius' — a sort of spiritual autobiography, in which the poet pays the noblest of his many tributes to the memory of Landor — is the first and the greatest; the 'Studies in Song,' which

includes the wonderful lyrical group inspired 'By the North Sea'; the 'Tristram' volume, which contains, besides the titular poem, many other pieces,—among them 'A Dark Month,' the group of songs which has made their author the supreme English poet of childhood; 'A Century of Roundels'; 'A Midsummer Holiday'; and 'Astrophel.' Mention should also be made, as illustrating the lighter aspect of Mr. Swinburne's genius, of the anonymously published 'Heptalogia; or The Seven against Sense,' a collection of the cleverest parodies ever written, in which the poet travesties his own style with no less glee than the style of half a dozen of his contemporaries. If one would seek for further indications of his sense of humor, they may be found in the poem 'Disgust,' which parodies Tennyson's 'Despair,' and in the 'Report of the Proceedings on the First Anniversary Session of the Newest Shakespeare Society.'

The mere enumeration of Mr. Swinburne's works requires so much space that little remains for any general comment upon them. It should be said that he early outgrew the doctrine of «art for art's sake,» and has made his verse more and more the ally of great and worthy causes. Such ardent and whole-souled admiration of man for man as finds expression in his many poems to Landor, Hugo, and Mazzini, to say nothing of his many tributes to lesser men, is hardly paralleled in literature. And the sweep of his lyre becomes even more impressive when its strings are plucked in behalf of France crushed beneath the heel of the usurper; of Italy struggling to be free. The fierce indignation with which he inveighs against all the social, political, and religious forces that array themselves against the freedom of the body and soul of man, the glowing patriotism which fires his song when its theme is the proud heritage of achievement to which every Englishman is born, and the prophetic inspiration which imparts to him the vision of a regenerated humanity, and all the wonder that shall be when «the world's great age begins anew» and «the golden years return,»—these are indeed subjects for the noblest sort of poetical expression; and they are the very warp and woof of the many-colored verbal fabric that has come from Mr. Swinburne's loom. And with these great words spoken for mankind in the abstract there comes also a personal message, exalting the virtues of heroism, and sacrifice of self, and steadfast devotion to high impersonal ends,—a message that finds its highest embodiment in such poems as 'Super Flumina Babylonis,' and 'The Pilgrims,' and 'Thalassius'; a message that enforces as fine an ethical ideal of individual conduct as may be found anywhere in English literature.



DEDICATION

1865

THE sea gives her shells to the shingle,
The earth gives her streams to the sea;
They are many, but my gift is single,
My verses, the first fruits of me.
Let the wind take the green and the gray leaf,
Cast forth without fruit upon air;
Take rose-leaf and vine-leaf and bay-leaf
Blown loose from the hair.

The night shakes them round me in legions,
Dawn drives them before her like dreams;
Time sheds them like snows on strange regions,
Swept shoreward on infinite streams;
Leaves pallid and sombre and ruddy
Dead fruits of the fugitive years;
Some stained as with wine and made bloody,
And some as with tears.

Some scattered in seven years' traces,
As they fell from the boy that was then;
Long left among idle green places,
Or gathered but now among men;
On seas full of wonder and peril,
Blown white round the capes of the north;
Or in islands where myrtles are sterile
And loves bring not forth.

O daughters of dreams and of stories
That life is not wearied of yet,—
Faustine, Fragoletta, Dolores,
Felise and Yolande and Juliette,—
Shall I find you not still, shall I miss you,
When sleep that is true or that seems
Comes back to me hopeless to kiss you,
O daughters of dreams?

They are past as a slumber that passes,
As the dew of a dawn of old time;
More frail than the shadows on glasses,
More fleet than a wave or a rhyme.
As the waves after ebb drawing seaward,
When their hollows are full of the night,

So the birds that flew singing to me-ward
Recede out of sight.

The songs of dead seasons that wander
On wings of articulate words;
Lost leaves that the shore-wind may squander,
Light flocks of untamable birds:
Some sang to me dreaming in class-time,
And truant in hand as in tongue;
For the youngest were born of boy's pastime,
The eldest are young.

Is there shelter while life in them lingers,
Is there hearing for songs that recede,
Tunes touched from a harp with men's fingers
Or blown with boy's mouth in a reed?
Is there place in the land of your labor,
Is there room in your world of delight,
Where change has not sorrow for neighbor
And day has not night?

In their wings though the sea-wind yet quivers,
Will you spare not a space for them there,
Made green with the running of rivers
And gracious with temperate air;
In the fields and turreted cities,
That cover from sunshine and rain
Fair passions and bountiful pities
And loves without strain?

In a land of clear colors and stories,
In a region of shadowless hours,
Where earth has a garment of glories
And a murmur of musical flowers;
In woods where the spring half uncovers
The flush of her amorous face,
By the waters that listen for lovers,—
For these is there place?

For the song-birds of sorrow, that muffle
Their music as clouds do their fire;
For the storm-birds of passion, that ruffle
Wild wings in a wind of desire;
In the stream of the storm as it settles
Blown seaward, borne far from the sun,
Shaken loose on the darkness like petals
Dropt one after one?

Though the world of your hands be more gracious,
And lovelier in lordship of things
Clothed round by sweet art with the spacious
Warm heaven of her imminent wings,
Let them enter, unfledged and nigh fainting,
For the love of old loves and lost times;
And receive in your palace of painting
This revel of rhymes.

Though the seasons of man full of losses
Make empty the years full of youth,
If but one thing be constant in crosses,
Change lays not her hand upon truth;
Hopes die, and their tombs are for token
That the grief, as the joy, of them ends
Ere time that breaks all men has broken
The faith between friends.

Though the many lights dwindle to one light,
There is help if the heaven has one;
Though the skies be discrowned of the sunlight
And the earth dispossessed of the sun,
They have moonlight and sleep for repayment,
When, refreshed as a bride, and set free
With stars and sea-winds in her raiment,
Night sinks on the sea.

HYMN TO PROSERPINE

After the Proclamation in Rome of the Christian Faith

Vicisti, Galilæe

I have lived long enough, having seen one thing,—that love hath an end:
Goddess and maiden and queen, be near me now and befriend.
Thou art more than the day or the morrow, the seasons that laugh or that weep:
For these give joy and sorrow; but thou, Proserpina, sleep.
Sweet is the treading of wine, and sweet the feet of the dove;
But a goodlier gift is thine than foam of the grapes or love.
Yea, is not even Apollo, with hair and harp-string of gold,
A bitter God to follow, a beautiful God to behold?
I am sick of singing; the bays burn deep and chafe: I am fain
To rest a little from praise and grievous pleasure and pain.

For the Gods we know not of, who give us our daily breath,
We know they are cruel as love or life, and lovely as death.
O Gods dethroned and deceased, cast forth, wiped out in a day!
From your wrath is the world released, redeemed from your chains, men say.
New Gods are crowned in the city, their flowers have broken your rods:
They are merciful, clothed with pity, the young compassionate Gods.
But for me their new device is barren, the days are bare;
Things long past over suffice, and men forgotten that were.
Time and the Gods are at strife: ye dwell in the midst thereof,
Draining a little life from the barren breasts of love.
I say to you, Cease, take rest; yea, I say to you all, Be at peace,
Till the bitter milk of her breast and the barren bosom shall cease.
Wilt thou yet take all, Galilean? but these thou shalt not take:
The laurel, the palms, and the pæan, the breast of the nymphs in the brake,—
Breasts more soft than a dove's, that tremble with tenderer breath;
And all the wings of the Loves, and all the joy before death;
All the feet of the hours that sound as a single lyre,
Dropped and deep in the flowers, with strings that flicker like fire.
More than these wilt thou give, things fairer than all these things?
Nay, for a little we live, and life hath mutable wings.
A little while and we die: shall life not thrive as it may?
For no man under the sky lives twice, outliving his day.
And grief is a grievous thing, and a man hath enough of his tears:
Why should he labor, and bring fresh grief to blacken his years?
Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean; the world has grown gray from thy breath;
We have drunken of things Lethean, and fed on the fullness of death.
Laurel is green for a season, and love is sweet for a day;
But love grows bitter with treason, and laurel outlives not May.
Sleep, shall we sleep after all? for the world is not sweet in the end;
For the old faiths loosen and fall, the new years ruin and rend.
Fate is a sea without shore, and the soul is a rock that abides;
But her ears are vexed with the roar and her face with the foam of the tides.
O lips that the live blood faints in, the leavings of racks and rods!
O ghastly glories of saints, dead limbs of gibbeted Gods!
Though all men abase them before you in spirit, and all knees bend,
I kneel not, neither adore you, but standing, look to the end.
All delicate days and pleasant, all spirits and sorrows are cast
Far out with the foam of the present that sweeps to the surf of the past:

Where beyond the extreme sea-wall, and between the remote sea-gates,
Waste water washes, and tall ships founder, and deep death waits;
Where, mighty with deepening sides, clad about with the seas as with wings,
And impelled of invisible tides, and fulfilled of unspeakable things,
White-eyed and poisonous-finned, shark-toothed and serpentine-curled,
Rolls, under the whitening wind of the future, the wave of the world.
The depths stand naked in sunder behind it, the storms flee away;
In the hollow before it the thunder is taken and snared as a prey;
In its sides is the north wind bound; and its salt is of all men's tears:
With light of ruin, and sound of changes, and pulse of years;
With travail of day after day, and with trouble of hour upon hour:
And bitter as blood is the spray; and the crests are as fangs that devour;
And its vapor and storm of its steam as the sighing of spirits to be;
And its noise as the noise in a dream; and its depth as the roots of the sea;
And the height of its heads as the height of the utmost stars of the air:
And the ends of the earth at the might thereof tremble, and time is made bare.
Will ye bridle the deep sea with reins, will ye chasten the high sea with rods?
Will ye take her to chain her with chains, who is older than all ye Gods?
All ye as a wind shall go by, as a fire shall ye pass and be past;
Ye are Gods, and behold ye shall die, and the waves be upon you at last.
In the darkness of time, in the deeps of the years, in the changes of things,
Ye shall sleep as a slain man sleeps, and the world shall forget you for kings.
Though the feet of thine high-priests tread where thy lords and our forefathers trod,
Though these that were Gods are dead, and thou being dead art a God,
Though before thee the throned Cytherean be fallen, and hidden her head,—
Yet thy kingdom shall pass, Galilean, thy dead shall go down to thee dead.

Of the maiden thy mother, men sing as a goddess with grace clad around:
Thou art throned where another was king; where another was queen she is crowned.
Yea, once we had sight of another; but now she is queen, say these.
Not as thine, not as thine was our mother, a blossom of flowering seas,
Clothed round with the world's desire as with raiment, and fair as the foam,
And fleeter than kindled fire, and a goddess, and mother of Rome.

For thine came pale and a maiden, and sister to sorrow; but ours,
Her deep hair heavily laden with odor and color of flowers,
White rose of the rose-white water, a silver splendor, a flame,
Bent down unto us that besought her, and earth grew sweet with her name.
For thine came weeping, a slave among slaves, and rejected; but she
Came flushed from the full-flushed wave, and imperial, her foot on the sea,
And the wonderful waters knew her, the winds and the viewless ways,
And the roses grew rosier, and bluer the sea-blue stream of the bays.
Ye are fallen, our lords, by what token? we wist that ye should not fall.
Ye were all so fair that are broken; and one more fair than ye all.
But I turn to her still, having seen she shall surely abide in the end:
Goddess and maiden and queen, be near me now and befriend.
O daughter of earth, of my mother, her crown and blossom of birth,
I am also, I also, thy brother: I go as I came unto earth.
In the night where thine eyes are as moons are in heaven, the night where thou art,
Where the silence is more than all tunes, where sleep overflows from the heart,
Where the poppies are sweet as the rose in our world, and the red rose is white,
And the wind falls faint as it blows with the fume of the flowers of the night,
And the murmur of spirits that sleep in the shadow of Gods from afar
Grows dim in thine ears and deep as the deep dim soul of a star,
In the sweet low light of thy face, under heavens untrod by the sun,
Let my soul with their souls find place, and forget what is done and undone.
Thou art more than the Gods who number the days of our temporal breath:
For these give labor and slumber; but thou, Proserpina, death.

Therefore now at thy feet I abide for a season in silence. I know
I shall die as my fathers died, and sleep as they sleep; even so.
For the glass of the years is brittle wherein we gaze for a span;
A little soul for a little bears up this corpse which is man.
So long I endure, no longer; and laugh not again, neither weep.
For there is no God found stronger than death; and death is a sleep.

THE GARDEN OF PROSERPINE

HERE, where the world is quiet;
Here, where all trouble seems
Dead winds' and spent waves' riot
In doubtful dreams of dreams;
I watch the green field growing
For reaping folk and sowing,
For harvest-time and mowing,
A sleepy world of streams.

I am tired of tears and laughter,
And men that laugh and weep
Of what may come hereafter
For men that sow to reap:
I am weary of days and hours,
Blown buds of barren flowers,
Desires and dreams and powers
And everything but sleep.

Here life has death for neighbor,
And far from eye or ear
Wan waves and wet winds labor,
Weak ships and spirits steer:
They drive adrift, and whither
They wot not who make thither;
But no such winds blow hither,
And no such things grow here.

No growth of moor or coppice,
No heather-flower or vine,
But bloomless buds of poppies,
Green grapes of Proserpine;
Pale beds of blowing rushes
Where no leaf blooms or blushes,
Save this whereout she crushes
For dead men deadly wine.

Pale, without name or number,
In fruitless fields of corn,
They bow themselves and slumber
All night till light is born;
And like a soul belated,
In hell and heaven unmated,
By cloud and mist abated
Comes out of darkness morn.

Though one were strong as seven,
He too with death shall dwell,
Nor wake with wings in heaven,
Nor weep for pains in hell;
Though one were fair as roses,
His beauty clouds and closes;
And well though love reposes,
In the end it is not well.

Pale, beyond porch and portal,
Crowned with calm leaves, she stands
Who gathers all things mortal
With cold immortal hands;
Her languid lips are sweeter
Than love's who fears to greet her,
To men that mix and meet her
From many times and lands.

She waits for each and other,
She waits for all men born;
Forgets the earth her mother,
The life of fruits and corn;
And spring and seed and swallow
Take wing for her, and follow
Where summer song rings hollow
And flowers are put to scorn.

There go the loves that wither,
The old loves with wearier wings;
And all dead years draw thither,
And all disastrous things:
Dead dreams of days forsaken,
Blind buds that snows have shaken,
Wild leaves that winds have taken,
Red strays of ruined springs.

We are not sure of sorrow,
And joy was never sure;
To-day will die to-morrow;
Time stoops to no man's lure;
And love, grown faint and fretful,
With lips but half regretful
Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
Weeps that no loves endure.

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be,
That no life lives forever;
That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Then star nor sun shall waken,
Nor any change of light:
Nor sound of waters shaken,
Nor any sound or sight:
Nor winter leaves nor vernal,
Nor days nor things diurnal;
Only the sleep eternal
In an eternal night.

HESPERIA

Out of the golden remote wild west where the sea without shore is,
Full of the sunset, and sad, if at all, with the fullness of joy,
As a wind sets in with the autumn that blows from the region of stories,
Blows with a perfume of songs and of memories beloved from a boy,
Blows from the capes of the past oversea to the bays of the present,
Filled as with shadow of sound with the pulse of invisible feet,
Far out to the shallows and straits of the future, by rough ways or pleasant—
Is it thither the wind's wings beat? is it hither to me, O my sweet?

For thee, in the stream of the deep tide-wind blowing in with the water,
Thee I behold as a bird borne in with the wind from the west,
Straight from the sunset, across white waves whence rose as a daughter
Venus thy mother, in years when the world was a water at rest.
Out of the distance of dreams, as a dream that abides after slumber,
Strayed from the fugitive flock of the night, when the moon overhead
Wanes in the wan waste heights of the heaven, and stars without number
Die without sound, and are spent like lamps that are burnt by the dead,—
Comes back to me, stays by me, lulls me with touch of forgotten caresses,
One warm dream clad about with a fire as of life that endures:
The delight of thy face, and the sound of thy feet, and the wind of thy tresses,
And all of a man that regrets, and all of a maid that allures.

But thy bosom is warm for my face, and profound as a manifold flower,
Thy silence as music, thy voice as an odor that fades in a flame;
Not a dream, not a dream is the kiss of thy mouth, and the bountiful hour
That makes me forget what was sin, and would make me forget were it shame.
Thine eyes that are quiet, thine hands that are tender, thy lips that are loving,
Comfort and cool me as dew in the dawn of a moon like a dream;
And my heart yearns baffled and blind, moved vainly toward thee, and moving
As the refluent seaweed moves in the languid exuberant stream,—
Fair as a rose is on earth, as a rose under water in prison,
That stretches and swings to the slow passionate pulse of the sea,
Closed up from the air and the sun, but alive, as a ghost re-arisen,
Pale as the love that revives as a ghost re-arisen in me.
From the bountiful infinite west, from the happy memorial places
Full of the stately repose and the lordly delight of the dead,
Where the fortunate islands are lit with the light of ineffable faces,
And the sound of a sea without wind is about them, and sunset is red,
Come back to redeem and release me from love that recalls and represses,
That cleaves to my flesh as a flame, till the serpent has eaten his fill;

From the bitter delights of the dark, and the feverish, the furtive caresses
That murder the youth in a man or ever his heart have its will.
Thy lips cannot laugh and thine eyes cannot weep; thou art pale as a rose is,
Paler and sweeter than leaves that cover the blush of the bud:
And the heart of the flower is compassion, and pity the core it incloses,—
Pity, not love, that is born of the breath and decays with the blood.
As the cross that a wild nun clasps till the edge of it bruises her bosom,
So love wounds as we grasp it, and blackens and burns as a flame;
I have loved overmuch in my life: when the live bud bursts with the blossom,
Bitter as ashes or tears is the fruit, and the wine thereof shame.
As a heart that its anguish divides is the green bud cloven asunder;
As the blood of a man self-slain is the flush of the leaves that allure;
And the perfume as poison and wine to the brain, a delight and a wonder;
And the thorns are too sharp for a boy, too slight for a man, to endure.
Too soon did I love it, and lost love's rose; and I cared not for glory's:
Only the blossoms of sleep and of pleasure were mixed in my hair.
Was it myrtle or poppy thy garland was woven with, O my Dolores?
Was it pallor of slumber, or blush as of blood, that I found in thee fair?
For desire is a respite from love, and the flesh not the heart is her fuel;
She was sweet to me once, who am fled and escaped from the rage of her reign;
Who behold as of old time at hand as I turn, with her mouth growing cruel,
And flushed as with wine with the blood of her lovers, Our Lady of Pain.
Low down where the thicket is thicker with thorns than with leaves in the summer,
In the brake is a gleaming of eyes and a hissing of tongues that I knew;
And the lithe long throats of her snakes reach round her, their mouths overcome her,
And her lips grow cool with their foam, made moist as a desert with dew.

With the thirst and the hunger of lust though her beautiful lips be so bitter, [smile;
With the cold foul foam of the snakes, they soften and redden and
And her fierce mouth sweetens, her eyes wax wide, and her eyelashes glitter,
And she laughs with a savor of blood in her face, and a savor of guile.
She laughs, and her hands reach hither, her hair blows hither and hisses,
As a low-lit flame in a wind, back-blown till it shudder and leap:
Let her lips not again lay hold on my soul, nor her poisonous kisses,
To consume it alive and divide from thy bosom, Our Lady of Sleep.
Ah, daughter of sunset and slumber, if now it return into prison,
Who shall redeem it anew? but we, if thou wilt, let us fly;
Let us take to us, now that the white skies thrill with a moon unarisen,
Swift horses of fear or of love, take flight and depart and not die.
They are swifter than dreams, they are stronger than death; there is none that hath ridden,
None that shall ride in the dim strange ways of his life as we ride:
By the meadows of memory, the highlands of hope, and the shore that is hidden,
Where life breaks loud and unseen, a sonorous invisible tide;
By the sands where sorrow has trodden, the salt pools bitter and sterile,
By the thundering reef and the low sea-wall and the channel of years,

Our wild steeds press on the night, strain hard through pleasure and peril,
Labor and listen, and pant not or pause for the peril that nears;
And the sound of them trampling the way cleaves night as an arrow asunder;
And slow by the sandhill and swift by the down with its glimpses of grass,
Sudden and steady the music, as eight hoofs trample and thunder,
Rings in the ear of the low blind wind of the night as we pass;
Shrill shrieks in our faces the blind bland air that was mute as a maiden,
Stung into storm by the speed of our passage, and deaf where we past;
And our spirits too burn as we bound, thine holy but mine heavy-laden,
As we burn with the fire of our flight: ah, love, shall we win at the last?

IN MEMORY OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

Back to the flower-town, side by side,
The bright months bring,
New-born, the bridegroom and the bride,
Freedom and spring.

The sweet land laughs from sea to sea,
Filled full of sun;
All things come back to her, being free—
All things but one.

In many a tender wheaten plot,
Flowers that were dead
Live, and old suns revive; but not
That holier head.

By this white wandering waste of sea,
Far north, I hear
One face shall never turn to me
As once this year;

Shall never smile and turn and rest
On mine as there,
Nor one most sacred hand be prest
Upon my hair.

I came as one whose thoughts half linger,
Half run before;
The youngest to the oldest singer
That England bore.

I found him whom I shall not find
Till all grief end,
In holiest age our mightiest mind,
Father and friend.

But thou, if anything endure,
If hope there be,
O spirit that man's life left pure,
Man's death set free,—

Not with disdain of days that were,
Look earthward now:
Let dreams revive the reverend hair,
The imperial brow:

Come back in sleep; for in the life
Where thou art not

We find none like thee. Time and strife
And the world's lot

Move thee no more; but love at least
And reverent heart
May move thee, royal and released
Soul, as thou art.

And thou, his Florence, to thy trust
Receive and keep—
Keep safe his dedicated dust,
His sacred sleep.

So shall thy lovers, come from far,
Mix with thy name
As morning-star with evening-star
His faultless fame.

A FORSAKEN GARDEN

In a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland,
At the sea-down's edge between windward and lee,
Walled round with rocks as an inland island,
The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.
A girdle of brushwood and thorn incloses
The steep square slope of the blossomless bed,
Where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its roses
Now lie dead.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,
To the low last edge of the long lone land.
If a step should sound or a word be spoken,
Would a ghost not rise at the strange guest's hand?
So long have the gray bare walks lain guestless,
Through branches and briers if a man make way,
He shall find no life but the sea-wind's, restless
Night and day.

The dense hard passage is blind and stifled,
That crawls by a track none turn to climb
To the strait waste place that the years have rifled
Of all but the thorns that are touched not of time.
The thorns he spares when the rose is taken;
The rocks are left when he wastes the plain.
The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-shaken—
These remain.

Not a flower to be pressed of the foot that falls not;
As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are dry;
From the thicket of thorns whence the nightingale calls not,
Could she call, there were never a rose to reply.
Over the meadows that blossom and wither
Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song;
Only the sun and the rain come hither
All year long.

The sun burns sere and the rain dishevels
One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless breath;
Only the wind here hovers and revels
In a round where life seems barren as death.
Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping,
Haply, of lovers none ever will know,
Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping
Years ago.

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, "Look thither,"
Did he whisper?—"look forth from the flowers to the sea;
For the foam flowers endure when the rose blossoms wither,
And men that love lightly may die—but we?"
And the same wind sang and the same waves whitened,
And or ever the garden's last petals were shed,
In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that had lightened,
Love was dead.

Or they loved their life through, and then went whither?
And were one to the end; but what end who knows?
Love deep as the sea, as a rose must wither,—
As the rose-red seaweed that mocks the rose.
Shall the dead take thought for the dead to love them?
What love was ever as deep as a grave?
They are loveless now as the grass above them,
Or the wave.

All are at one now, roses and lovers,
Not known of the cliffs and the fields and the sea;
Not a breath of the time that has been, hovers
In the air now soft with a summer to be.
Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons hereafter
Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now or weep,
When as they that are free now of weeping and laughter
We shall sleep.

Here death may deal not again for ever;
Here change may come not till all change end.

From the graves they have made they shall rise up never,
Who have left naught living to ravage and rend.
Earth, stones, and thorns of the wild ground growing,—
While the sun and the rain live, these shall be;
Till a last wind's breath upon all these blowing
Roll the sea,

Till the slow sea rise and the sheer cliff crumble,
Till terrace and meadow the deep gulfs drink,
Till the strength of the waves of the high tides humble
The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink.
Here now in his triumph where all things falter,
Stretched out on the spoils that his own hand spread,
As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,
Death lies dead.

THE PILGRIMS

Who is your lady of love, O ye that pass
Singing? and is it for sorrow of that which was
That ye sing sadly, or dream of what shall be?
For gladly at once and sadly it seems ye sing.—
Our lady of love by you is unbeholden:
For hands she hath none, nor eyes, nor lips, nor golden
Treasure of hair, nor face, nor form; but we
That love, we know her more fair than anything.

Is she a queen, having great gifts to give?—
Yea, these; that whoso hath seen her shall not live
Except he serve her sorrowing, with strange pain,
Travail and bloodshedding and bitterer tears;
And when she bids die he shall surely die.
And he shall leave all things under the sky,
And go forth naked under sun and rain,
And work and wait and watch out all his years.

Hath she on earth no place of habitation?—
Age to age calling, nation answering nation,
Cries out, Where is she? and there is none to say:
For if she be not in the spirit of men,
For if in the inward soul she hath no place,
In vain they cry unto her, seeking her face,
In vain their mouths make much of her; for they
Cry with vain tongues, till the heart lives again.

O ye that follow, and have ye no repentance?
For on your brows is written a mortal sentence,
An hieroglyph of sorrow, a fiery sign,
That in your lives ye shall not pause or rest,
Nor have the sure sweet common love, nor keep
Friends and safe days, nor joy of life nor sleep.—
These have we not, who have one thing, the divine
Face and clear eyes of faith and fruitful breast.

And ye shall die before your thrones be won.—
Yea, and the changed world and the liberal sun
Shall move and shine without us, and we lie
Dead; but if she too move on earth and live,
But if the old world with all the old irons rent
Laugh and give thanks, shall we be not content?
Nay, we shall rather live, we shall not die,
Life being so little and death so good to give.

And these men shall forget you.—Yea, but we
Shall be a part of the earth and the ancient sea,
And heaven's high air august, and awful fire,
And all things good; and no man's heart shall beat
But somewhat in it of our blood once shed
Shall quiver and quicken, as now in us the dead
Blood of men slain and the old same life's desire
Plants in their fiery footprints our fresh feet.

But ye that might be clothed with all things pleasant,
Ye are foolish that put off the fair soft present,
That clothe yourselves with the cold future air;
When mother and father and tender sister and brother
And the old live love that was shall be as ye,
Dust, and no fruit of loving life shall be.—
She shall be yet who is more than all these were,
Than sister or wife or father unto us, or mother.

Is this worth life, is this, to win for wages?
Lo, the dead mouths of the awful gray-grown ages,
The venerable, in the past that is their prison,
In the outer darkness, in the unopening grave,
Laugh, knowing how many as ye now say have said,
How many, and all are fallen, are fallen and dead:
Shall ye dead rise, and these dead have not risen?—
Not we but she, who is tender and swift to save.

Are ye not weary and faint not by the way,
Seeing night by night devoured of day by day,
Seeing hour by hour consumed in sleepless fire?
Sleepless; and ye too, when shall ye too sleep?—
We are weary in heart and head, in hands and feet,
And surely more than all things sleep were sweet,
Than all things save the inexorable desire
Which whoso knoweth shall neither faint nor weep.

Is this so sweet that one were fain to follow?
Is this so sure where all men's hopes are hollow,
Even this your dream, that by much tribulation
Ye shall make whole flawed hearts, and bowed necks straight?—
Nay, though our life were blind, our death were fruitless,
Not therefore were the whole world's high hope rootless;
But man to man, nation would turn to nation,
And the old life live, and the old great world be great.

Pass on then and pass by us and let us be,
For what light think ye after life to see?
And if the world fare better, will ye know?
And if man triumph, who shall seek you and say?—
Enough of light is this for one life's span,
That all men born are mortal, but not man;
And we men bring death lives by night to sow,
That man may reap and eat and live by day.

SUPER FLUMINA BABYLONIS

By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept,
Remembering thee,
That for ages of agony hast endured, and slept,
And wouldst not see.

By the waters of Babylon we stood up and sang,
Considering thee,
That a blast of deliverance in the darkness rang,
To set thee free.

And with trumpets and thunderings and with morning song
Came up the light;
And thy spirit uplifted thee to forget thy wrong
As day doth night.

And thy sons were dejected not any more, as then
When thou wast ashamed;
When thy lovers went heavily without heart, as men
Whose life was maimed.

In the desolate distances, with a great desire,
For thy love's sake,
With our hearts going back to thee, they were filled with fire,
Were nigh to break.

It was said to us: "Verily ye are great at heart,
But ye shall bend:
Ye are bondsmen and bondswomen, to be scourged and smart,
To toil and tend."

And with harrows men harrowed us, and subdued with spears,
And crushed with shame;
And the summer and winter was, and the length of years,
And no change came.

By the rivers of Italy, by the sacred streams,
By town, by tower,
There was feasting with reveling, there was sleep with dreams,
Until thine hour.

And they slept and they rioted on their rose-hung beds
With mouths on flame,
And with love-locks vine-chapleted, and with rose-crowned heads
And robes of shame.

And they knew not their forefathers, nor the hills and streams
And words of power,
Nor the gods that were good to them, but with songs and dreams
Filled up their hour.

By the rivers of Italy, by the dry streams' beds,
When thy time came,
There was casting of crowns from them, from their young heads,
The crowns of shame.

By the horn of Eridanus, by the Tiber mouth,
As thy day rose,
They arose up and girded them to the north and south,
By seas, by snows.

As a water in January the frost confines,
Thy kings bound thee;
As a water in April is, in the new-blown vines,
Thy sons made free.

And thy lovers that looked for thee, and that mourned from far,
For thy sake dead,
We rejoiced in the light of thee, in the signal star
Above thine head.

In thy grief had we followed thee, in thy passion loved,
Loved in thy loss;
In thy shame we stood fast to thee, with thy pangs were moved,
Clung to thy cross.

By the hillside of Calvary we beheld thy blood,
Thy blood-red tears,
As a mother's in bitterness, an unebbing flood,
Years upon years.

And the north was Gethsemane, without leaf or bloom,
A garden sealed;
And the south was Aceldama, for a sanguine fume
Hid all the field.

By the stone of the sepulchre we returned to weep,
From far, from prison;
And the guards by it keeping it we beheld asleep,
But thou wast risen.

And an angel's similitude by the unsealed grave,
And by the stone;
And the voice was angelical, to whose words God gave
Strength like his own:—

"Lo, the graveclothes of Italy that are folded up
In the grave's gloom!
And the guards as men wrought upon with charmèd cup,
By the open tomb,

"And her body most beautiful, and her shining head,—
These are not here;
For your mother, for Italy, is not surely dead:
Have ye no fear.

«As of old time she spake to you, and you hardly heard,
Hardly took heed,
So now also she saith to you yet another word,
Who is risen indeed.

«By my saying she saith to you, in your ears she saith,
Who hear these things,—
Put no trust in men's royalties, nor in great men's breath,
Nor words of kings.

«For the life of them vanishes and is no more seen,
Nor no more known;
Nor shall any remember him if a crown hath been,
Or where a throne.

«Unto each man his handiwork, unto each his crown,
The just Fate gives;
Whoso takes the world's life on him and his own lays down,
He, dying so, lives.

«Whoso bears the whole heaviness of the wronged world's weight
And puts it by,
It is well with him suffering, though he face man's fate:
How should he die?

«Seeing death has no part in him any more, no power
Upon his head:
He has bought his eternity with a little hour,
And is not dead.

«For an hour, if ye look for him, he is no more found,
For one hour's space;
Then ye lift up your eyes to him and behold him crowned,—
A deathless face.

«On the mountains of memory by the world's well-springs,
In all men's eyes,
Where the light of the life of him is on all past things,
Death only dies.

«Not the light that was quenched for us, nor the deeds that were,
Nor the ancient days,
Nor the sorrows not sorrowful, nor the face most fair
Of perfect praise.»

So the angel of Italy's resurrection said,
So yet he saith;
So the son of her suffering, that from breasts nigh dead
Drew life, not death.

That the pavement of Golgotha should be white as snow,
Not red, but white;
That the waters of Babylon should no longer flow,
And men see light.

MATER TRIUMPHALIS

MOTHER of earth's time-traveling generations,
Breath of his nostrils, heart-blood of his heart,
God above all Gods worshiped of all nations,
Light above light, law beyond law, thou art.

Thy face is as a sword smiting in sunder
Shadows and chains and dreams and iron things;
The sea is dumb before thy face, the thunder
Silent, the skies are narrower than thy wings.

Angels and Gods, spirit and sense, thou takest
In thy right hand as drops of dust or dew;
The temples and the towers of time thou breakest,
His thoughts and words and works, to make them new.

All we have wandered from thy ways, have hidden
Eyes from thy glory and ears from calls they heard:
Called of thy trumpets vainly, called and chidden,
Scourged of thy speech and wounded of thy word.

We have known thee and have not known thee; stood beside thee,
Felt thy lips breathe, set foot where thy feet trod,
Loved and renounced and worshiped and denied thee,
As though thou wert but as another God.

«One hour for sleep,» we said, «and yet one other;
All day we served her, and who shall serve by night?»
Not knowing of thee, thy face not knowing, O mother,
O light wherethrough the darkness is as light.

Men that forsook thee hast thou not forsaken,
Races of men that knew not hast thou known;
Nations that slept, thou hast doubted not to waken,
Worshipers of strange Gods to make thine own.

All old gray histories hiding thy clear features,
O secret spirit and sovereign, all men's tales,
Creeds woven of men thy children and thy creatures,
They have woven for vestures of thee and for veils.

Thine hands, without election or exemption,
Feed all men fainting from false peace or strife,
O thou, the resurrection and redemption,
The Godhead and the manhood and the life.

Thy wings shadow the waters; thine eyes lighten
The horror of the hollows of the night;
The depths of the earth and the dark places brighten
Under thy feet, whiter than fire is white.

Death is subdued to thee, and hell's bands broken;
Where thou art only is heaven; who hears not thee,
Time shall not hear him; when men's names are spoken,
A nameless sign of death shall his name be.

Deathless shall be the death, the name be nameless;
Sterile of stars his twilight time of death;
With fire of hell shall shame consume him shameless,
And dying, all the night darken his death.

The years are as thy garments, the world's ages
As sandals bound and loosed from thy swift feet;
Time serves before thee, as one that hath for wages
Praise of shame only, bitter words or sweet.

Thou sayest "Well done," and all a century kindles;
Again thou sayest "Depart from sight of me,"
And all the light of face of all men dwindles,
And the age is as the broken glass of thee.

The night is as a seal set on men's faces,
On faces fallen of men that take no light,
Nor give light in the deeps of the dark places,
Blind things incorporate with the body of night.

Their souls are serpents winter-bound and frozen;
Their shame is as a tame beast, at their feet
Couched; their cold lips deride thee and thy chosen,
Their lying lips made gray with dust for meat.

Then when their time is full and days run over,
The splendor of thy sudden brow made bare
Darkens the morning; thy bared hands uncover
The veils of light and night and the awful air.

And the world naked as a new-born maiden
Stands virginal and splendid as at birth,
With all thine heaven of all its light unladen,
Of all its love unburdened all thine earth.

For the utter earth and the utter air of heaven
And the extreme depth is thine and the extreme height;
Shadows of things and veils of ages riven
Are as men's kings unkingdomed in thy sight.

Through the iron years, the centuries brazen-gated,
By the ages' barred impenetrable doors,
From the evening to the morning have we waited,
Should thy foot haply sound on the awful floors,

The floors untrodden of the sun's feet-glimmer,
The star-unstricken pavements of the night;
Do the lights burn inside? the lights wax dimmer
On festal faces withering out of sight.

The crowned heads lose the light on them: it may be
Dawn is at hand to smite the loud feast dumb;
To blind the torch-lit centuries till the day be,
The feasting kingdoms till thy kingdom come.

Shall it not come? deny they or dissemble,
Is it not even as lightning from on high
Now? and though many a soul close eyes and tremble,
How should they tremble at all who love thee as I?

I am thine harp between thine hands, O mother!
All my strong chords are strained with love of thee.
We grapple in love and wrestle, as each with other
Wrestle the wind and the unreluctant sea.

I am no courtier of thee sober-suited,
Who loves a little for a little pay.
Me not thy winds and storms nor thrones disrooted
Nor molten crowns nor thine own sins dismay.

Sinned hast thou sometime, therefore art thou sinless;
Stained hast thou been, who art therefore without stain;
Even as man's soul is kin to thee, but kinless
Thou, in whose womb Time sows the all-various grain.

I do not bid thee spare me, O dreadful mother!
I pray thee that thou spare not, of thy grace:

How were it with me then, if ever another
Should come to stand before thee in this my place?

I am the trumpet at thy lips, thy clarion
Full of thy cry, sonorous with thy breath;
The grave of souls born worms and creeds grown carrion
Thy blast of judgment fills with fires of death.

Thou art the player whose organ keys are thunders,
And I beneath thy foot the pedal prest;
Thou art the ray whereat the rent night sunders,
And I the cloudlet borne upon thy breast.

I shall burn up before thee, pass and perish,
As haze in sunrise on the red sea-line;
But thou from dawn to sunsetting shalt cherish
The thoughts that led and souls that lighted mine.

Reared between night and noon and truth and error,
Each twilight-traveling bird that trills and screams
Sickens at midday, nor can face for terror
The imperious heaven's inevitable extremes.

I have no spirit of skill with equal fingers
At sign to sharpen or to slacken strings;
I keep no time of song with gold-perched singers
And chirp of linnets on the wrists of kings.

I am thy storm-thrush of the days that darken,
Thy petrel in the foam that bears thy bark
To port through night and tempest; if thou hearken,
My voice is in thy heaven before the lark.

My song is in the mist that hides thy morning,
My cry is up before the day for thee;
I have heard thee and beheld thee and give warning,
Before thy wheels divide the sky and sea.

Birds shall wake with thee voiced and feathered fairer,
To see in summer what I see in spring;
I have eyes and heart to endure thee, O thunder-bearer,
And they shall be who shall have tongues to sing.

I have love at least, and have not fear, and part not
From thine unnavigable and wingless way;
Thou tarriest, and I have not said thou art not,
Nor all thy night long have denied thy day.

Darkness to daylight shall lift up thy pæan,
Hill to hill thunder, vale cry back to vale,
With wind-notes as of eagles Æschylean,
And Sappho singing in the nightingale.

Sung to by mighty sons of dawn and daughters,
Of this night's songs thine ear shall keep but one:
That supreme song which shook the channeled waters,
And called thee skyward as God calls the sun.

Come, though all heaven again be fire above thee;
Though death before thee come to clear thy sky:
Let us but see in his thy face who loved thee;
Yea, though thou slay us, arise and let us die.

FROM 'ATHENS'

An Ode

Ere from under earth again like fire the violet kindle,
Ere the holy buds and hoar on olive-branches bloom,
Ere the crescent of the last pale month of winter dwindle,
Shrink, and fall as falls a dead leaf on the dead month's tomb;
Round the hills whose heights the first-born olive-blossom brightened,
Round the city brow-bound once with violets like a bride,
Up from under earth again a light that long since lightened
Breaks, whence all the world took comfort as all time takes pride.
Pride have all men in their fathers that were free before them,
In the warriors that begat us free-born pride have we;
But the fathers of their spirits, how many men adore them?
With what rapture may we praise, who bade our souls be free?
Sons of Athens born in spirit and truth are all born free men:
Most of all, we, nurtured where the north wind holds his reign;
Children all we sea-folk of the Salaminian seamen,
Sons of them that beat back Persia, they that beat back Spain.
Since the songs of Greece fell silent, none like ours have risen;
Since the sails of Greece fell slack, no ships have sailed like ours:
How should we lament not, if her spirit sit in prison?
How should we rejoice not, if her wreaths renew their flowers?
All the world is sweeter, if the Athenian violet quicken;
All the world is brighter, if the Athenian sun return;

All things foul on earth wax fainter, by that sun's light stricken;
All ill growths are withered, where those fragrant flower-lights burn.
All the wandering waves of seas with all their warring waters
Roll the record on forever of the sea-fight there,
When the capes were battle's lists, and all the straits were slaughter's,
And the myriad Medes as foam-flakes on the scattering air.
Ours the lightning was that cleared the north and lit the nations,
But the light that gave the whole world light of old was she:
Ours an age or twain, but hers are endless generations:
All the world is hers at heart, and most of all are we.

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

"OF SUCH is the kingdom of heaven:"
No glory that ever was shed
From the crowning star of the seven
That crown the north world's head,

No word that ever was spoken
Of human or godlike tongue,
Gave ever such godlike token
Since human harps were strung.

No sign that ever was given
To faithful or faithless eyes,
Showed ever beyond clouds riven
So clear a Paradise.

Earth's creeds may be seventy times seven,
And blood have defiled each creed:
If of such be the kingdom of heaven,
It must be heaven indeed.

THE SALT OF THE EARTH

IF CHILDHOOD were not in the world,
But only men and women grown;
No baby-locks in tendrils curled,
No baby-blossoms blown;

Though men were stronger, women fairer,
And nearer all delights in reach,

And verse and music uttered rarer
Tones of more godlike speech;

Though the utmost life of life's best hours
Found, as it cannot now find, words;
Though desert sands were sweet as flowers,
And flowers could sing like birds:

But children never heard them, never
They felt a child's foot leap and run,—
This were a drearier star than ever
Yet looked upon the sun.

A CHILD'S FUTURE

WHAT will it please you, my darling, hereafter to be?
Fame upon land will you look for, or glory by sea?
Gallant your life will be always, and all of it free.

Free as the wind when the heart of the twilight is stirred
Eastward, and sounds from the springs of the sunrise are heard;
Free—and we know not another as infinite word.

Darkness or twilight or sunlight may compass us round,
Hate may arise up against us, or hope may confound;
Love may forsake us: yet may not the spirit be bound.

Free in oppression of grief as in ardor of joy,
Still may the soul be, and each to her strength as a toy;
Free in the glance of the man as the smile of the boy.

Freedom alone is the salt and the spirit that gives
Life, and without her is nothing that verily lives:
Death cannot slay her; she laughs upon death, and forgives.

Brightest and hardiest of roses anear and afar,
Glitters the blithe little face of you, round as a star;
Liberty bless you and keep you to be as you are.

England and liberty bless you and keep you to be
Worthy the name of their child and the sight of their sea:
Fear not at all; for a slave, if he fears not, is free.

ADIEUX À MARIE STUART

I

Queen, for whose house my fathers fought,
With hopes that rose and fell,
Red star of boyhood's fiery thought,
Farewell.

They gave their lives, and I, my queen,
Have given you of my life,
Seeing your brave star burn high between
Men's strife.

The strife that lightened round their spears
Long since fell still: so long
Hardly may hope to last in years
My song.

But still through strife of time and thought
Your light on me too fell;
Queen, in whose name we sang or fought,
Farewell.

II

There beats no heart on either border
Wherethrough the north blasts blow
But keeps your memory as a warder
His beacon-fire aglow.

Long since it fired with love and wonder
Mine, for whose April age
Blithe midsummer made banquet under
The shade of Hermitage.

Soft sang the burn's blithe notes, that gather
Strength to ring true;
And air and trees and sun and heather
Remembered you.

Old border ghosts of fight or fairy
Or love or teen,
These they forgot, remembering Mary
The Queen.

III

Queen once of Scots, and ever of yours
Whose sires brought forth for you
Their lives to strew your way like flowers,
Adieu.

Dead is full many a dead man's name,
Who died for you this long
Time past: shall this too fare the same,
My song?

But surely, though it die or live,
Your face was worth
All that a man may think to give
On earth.

No darkness cast of years between
Can darken you;
Man's love will never bid my queen
Adieu.

IV

Love hangs like light about your name
As music round the shell;
No heart can take of you a tame
Farewell.

Yet, when your very face was seen,
Ill gifts were yours for giving;
Love gat strange guerdons of my queen
When living.

Oh, diamond heart unflawed and clear,
The whole world's crowning jewel!
Was ever heart so deadly dear
So cruel?

Yet none for you of all that bled
Grudged once one drop that fell:
Not one to life reluctant said
Farewell.

V

Strange love they have given you, love disloyal,
Who mock with praise your name,
To leave a head so rare and royal
Too low for praise or blame.

You could not love nor hate, they tell us;
You had nor sense nor sting:
In God's name, then, what plague befell us
To fight for such a thing?

«Some faults the gods will give,» to fetter
Man's highest intent;
But surely you were something better
Than innocent!

No maid that strays with steps unwary
Through snares unseen,
But one to live and die for: Mary,
The Queen.

VI

Forgive them all their praise, who blot
Your fame with praise of you;
Then love may say, and falter not,
Adieu.

Yet some you hardly would forgive
Who did you much less wrong
Once; but resentment should not live
Too long.

They never saw your lip's bright bow,
Your sword-bright eyes,—
The bluest of heavenly things below
The skies.

Clear eyes that love's self finds most like
A sword-blade's blue,
A sword-blade's ever keen to strike—
Adieu.

VII

Though all things breathe or sound of fight
That yet make up your spell,
To bid you were to bid the light
Farewell.

Farewell the song says only, being
A star whose race is run;
Farewell the soul says never, seeing
The sun.

Yet, well-nigh as with flash of tears,
The song must say but so
That took your praise up twenty years
Ago.

More bright than stars or moons that vary,
Sun kindling heaven and hell,
Here, after all these years, Queen Mary,
Farewell.

LOVE AT SEA

IMITATED FROM THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

WE ARE in Love's hand to-day:
Where shall we go?
Love, shall we start or stay,
Or sail or row?
There's many a wind and way,
And never a May but May;
We are in Love's hand to-day:
Where shall we go?

Our land wind is the breath
Of sorrows kissed to death
And joys that were;
Our ballast is a rose;
Our way lies where God knows
And Love knows where.
We are in Love's hand to-day—

Our seamen are fledged Loves,
Our masts are bills of doves,
Our decks fine gold;

Our ropes are dead maids' hair,
Our stores are love-shafts fair
And manifold.
We are in Love's hand to-day—

Where shall we land you, sweet?
On fields of strange men's feet,
Or fields near home?
Or where the fire-flowers blow,
Or where the flowers of snow
Or flowers of foam?
We are in Love's hand to-day—

Land me, she says, where Love
Shows but one shaft, one dove,
One heart, one hand:
A shore like that, my dear,
Lies where no man will steer,
No maiden land.

A MATCH

IF LOVE were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or gray grief:
If love were what the rose is
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single,
Delight our lips would mingle
With kisses glad as birds are
That get sweet rain at noon:
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death,
We'd shine and snow together
Ere March made sweet the weather

With daffodil and starling
And hours of fruitful breath:
If you were life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy,
We'd play for lives and seasons
With loving looks and treasons,
And tears of night and morrow,
And laughs of maid and boy:
If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May,
We'd throw with leaves for hours
And draw for days with flowers,
Till day like night were shady
And night were bright like day:
If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain,
We'd hunt down love together,
Pluck out his flying-feather,
And teach his feet a measure,
And find his mouth a rein:
If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain.

ÉTUDE RÉALISTE

I

A baby's feet, like sea-shells pink,
Might tempt, should Heaven see meet,
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,
A baby's feet.

Like rose-hued sea-flowers toward the heat
They stretch and spread and wink
Their ten soft buds that part and meet.

No flower-bells that expand and shrink
Gleam half so heavenly sweet
As shine on life's untrodden brink
A baby's feet.

II

A baby's hands, like rosebuds furled,
Whence yet no leaf expands,
Ope if you touch, though close upcurled,
A baby's hands.

Then, even as warriors grip their brands
When battle's bolt is hurled,
They close, clenched hard like tightening bands.

No rosebuds yet by dawn impearled
Match, even in loveliest lands,
The sweetest flowers in all the world—
A baby's hands.

III

A baby's eyes, ere speech begin,
Ere lips learn words or sighs,
Bless all things bright enough to win
A baby's eyes.

Love, while the sweet thing laughs and lies,
And sleep flows out and in,
Lies perfect in their paradise.

Their glance might cast out pain and sin,
Their speech make dumb the wise;
By mute glad godhead felt within
A baby's eyes.

CARMEN SYLVA

(ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF ROUMANIA)

(1843–)

CARMEN SYLVA, the charming pen-name of the poet-queen of Roumania, is a reminiscence of the forests of Neuwied on the Rhine, where she was born December 29th, 1843. She belongs to an intellectual family: her great-uncle was a scientist, whose collection of specimens of natural history is now in New York; and her father, Prince Herman of Wied, was a man of culture, devoted to philosophic studies. The young princess grew up in an atmosphere well fitted to develop her natural gifts. Her temperament was passionate, restless, and reserved; and her imagination so active that her mother forbade the reading of novels until she was nineteen. She began to write verses in her childhood; and from her sixteenth year kept a sort of poetic diary, whose existence however was for many years a secret. Her early life was saddened by the constant illness of her father and young brother; and on the whole, sorrow is the prevailing note in her poems.

CARMEN SYLVA

After several years spent in travel, she had determined to devote herself to teaching, when she was married in 1869 to Charles of Hohenzollern, Prince of Roumania. Elizabeth entered on her new sphere with enthusiasm; thoroughly acquiring the Roumanian language, and so winning the love of her people that she is known among them as their "little mother." She founded schools, asylums, hospitals, art galleries, and art schools; and in every way strove to develop Roumanian nationality.

The death of her little daughter in 1874 led her to express her sorrow in verse. Up to this time her poems had been simply spontaneous utterances; but now she began to study the art of composition under the guidance of Alexandre, the Roumanian poet. Her poetic labors were soon interrupted by the Turko-Russian war, during which she devoted herself to work among the soldiers, and in the hospitals.

Roumania became a kingdom in 1881. Shortly before her coronation, Elizabeth published her first book,—a translation of Roumanian poems. Her first collection of original poems appeared in 1881, entitled 'Storms.' It contains four poems, the best of which is 'Sappho.' The following year she published 'Sorrow's Earthly Pilgrimage'; 'The Enchantress'; 'Jehovah,' describing the wanderings of Ahasuerus in search of God; 'A Prayer'; and 'Pensées d'une Reine' (A Queen's Thoughts),—a book of aphorisms, which won a medal of honor from the French Academy. In 1883 appeared 'From Carmen Sylva's Kingdom,'—a collection of Roumanian fairy tales and legends, a second series of which was brought out in 1887, together with 'Through the Centuries.' Another collection, 'Fairy Tales from the Pelesch,' takes its title from the stream near the beautiful royal palace in the Sinaja valley. To this year also belong 'My Rest,' a collection of songs and lyrics, in which the Queen is at her best; and 'My Rhine,' poems on places dear to her in childhood. 'My Book'—poems on Egypt—appeared in 1885. The 'Songs of Toil' were published collectively in 1891; but an English version of thirty songs was brought out in New York in 1888. Most of these had previously appeared in the Independent; and through them the Queen was first known to the American public. These original little poems show her intense sympathy for the poor, and at the same time illustrate her genius. Her greatest poetical effort, the tragedy 'Master Manole,' appeared in 1892. In collaboration with Madame Kremnitz, under the common pseudonym of Idem and Ditto, she wrote the novels 'From Two Worlds' (1885), 'Astra' (1886), 'The Outpost' (1887), and 'Idle Wanderings' (1887). With the help of Mademoiselle Vacaresco, the Queen collected Roumanian legends and tales, which were published under the title 'Tales of the Dimbovitza' in 1890.

Carmen Sylva's German is pure and beautiful, and owing to her remarkable linguistic skill, extraordinarily flexible. Her poems are full of fire and grace, and show a true musical sense. Her prose, however, has the defect of extreme brevity; and her work generally is impaired by her great facility and rapidity of composition.

The biographies of Queen Elizabeth are Mita Kremnitz's 'Carmen Sylva' (1882); 'The Life of Carmen Sylva,' by Baroness Stackelberg (fifth edition, 1889); M. Schmitz's 'Carmen Sylva' (1889); Stackelberg's 'Life of Carmen Sylva,' translated by Baroness Deichmann (1890); and 'Elizabeth of Roumania: A Study,' by Blanche Roosevelt (1891).

FODDER-TIME

From 'Songs of Toil': translated by John Eliot Bowen. The five following selections from 'Songs of Toil' are reprinted by permission of the Frederick A. Stokes Company.

How sweet the manger smells! The cows all listen
With outstretched necks, and with impatient lowing;
They greet the clover, their content now showing—
And how they lick their noses till they glisten!

The velvet-coated beauties do not languish
Beneath the morning's golden light that's breaking,
The unexhausted spring of life awaking,
Their golden eyes of velvet full of anguish.

They patiently endure their pains. Bestowing
Their sympathy, the other cows are ruing
Their unproductive udders, and renewing
At milking-time their labor and their lowing.

And now I must deceive the darling bossy,—
With hand in milk must make it suck my finger.
Its tender lips cling close like joys that linger,
And feel so warm with dripping white and flossy.

This very hand my people with devotion
Do kiss,—which paints and plays and writes, moreover,—
I would it had done naught but pile the clover
To feed the kine that know no base emotion!

THE SOWER

Beneath the mild sun vanish the vapor's last wet traces,
And for the autumn sowing the mellow soil lies steeping;
The stubble fires have faded, and ended is the reaping;
The piercing plow has leveled the rough resisting places.

The solitary sower along the brown field paces,—
Two steps and then a handful, a rhythmic motion keeping;
The eager sparrows follow, now pecking and now peeping.
He sows; but all the increase accomplished by God's grace is.

And whether frost be fatal or drought be devastating,
The blades rise green and slender for springtime winds to flutter,
As time of golden harvest the coming fall awaiting.
None see the silent yearnings the sower's lips half utter,
The carking care he suffers, distressing thoughts creating.
With steady hand he paces afield without a mutter.

THE BOATMAN'S SONG

DOWN-STREAM 'tis all by moonlight,
Up-stream at blazing noon;
Down-stream upon the ripples,
Up-stream through sandy dune.

Down-stream, the helm held loosely,
A pipe between the lips;
Up-stream, like beast one straineth
And galls the breast and hips.

What boots it that I seem like
The river's king to-day,
If to-morrow like a beggar,
Despised, I tug away?

My pleasuring leaves no furrow
Upon the water-plain;
The marks of struggling footsteps
Long in the sand remain.

THE COUNTRY LETTER-CARRIER

IT THAWS. On field and roadway the packing drifts have faded;
The service-berry drips, and the slush is deep and stale;
The clouds hang low and leaden; the evening glow is pale;
The paths gleam like a brooklet, whose bed is all unshaded.

Along the highway trudges a messenger; unaided,
He limps and halts and shivers; his bag holds little mail.—
A single wretched letter all crumpled, old, and frail—
He must push on; the village he nears now, lame and jaded.

He knocks. A timid woman admits him: «Till now, never
Had I a letter! Heavens! My boy! Quick, give it here!

He's coming! Now we're happy!» Her aged muscles quiver:
«God sent you here. Be seated and warm yourself; come near:
A share of my possessions are yours to keep forever.»
The postman limps no longer, warmed by the woman's cheer.

THE STONE-CUTTER

WE HAMMER, hammer, hammer on and on,
Day out, day in, throughout the year,
In blazing heat and tempests drear;
God's house we slowly heavenward rear—
We'll never see it done!

We hammer, hammer, hammer, might and main.
The sun torments, the rain-drops prick,
Our eyes grow blind with dust so thick;
Our name in dust, too, fadeth quick—
No glory and no gain!

We hammer, hammer, hammer ever on.
O blessed God on Heaven's throne,
Dost thou take a care of every stone
And leave the toiling poor alone,
Whom no one looks upon?

THE POST

SWIFT, swift as the wind drives the great Russian Czar,
But we of Roumania are swifter by far:
Eight horses we harness for every-day speed,
But I've driven a team of a dozen at need.
Then over the bridges we hurry along,
Through village and hamlet, with shouting and song,
With a hip-hip-hurrah! swiftly onwards we go!
The birds fly above and our horses below.

When the sun burns at noon and the dust whirls on high,
Like the leaves of the forest grown withered and dry,
We hasten along, never slacking the rein.
The wild mountain riders come down to the plain:
Their hair and their cloaks flutter free in the wind;
The sheep and the buffaloes gallop behind;

And hip-hip hurrah! boys, with horse and with man,
Like the tempest we pass — let him follow who can.

When winter is here, and the storm spirit's abroad,
Swift glideth the sledge o'er the snow-covered road;
Great drifts hide the inn and the sign-post from sight,—
'Tis an ocean of snow lying waveless and white;
The wolves' and the ravens' wild greetings we hear,
As we pass the ravine, and the precipice drear,
With a hip-hip-hurrah! From the road though we stray
No matter,—the horses will find out the way.

The rain falls in torrents; the stream, grown a flood,
Has shattered the bridge on our passage that stood.
The waters have risen — are rising yet more —
'Tis foolhardy daring to swim to the shore.
Ten pieces of gold, and I'll venture my neck:
The carriage is floating — the box-seat's the deck;
But hip-hip-hurrah! boys, so loud are our cheers
That the water flows back, for our shouting it fears.

A jest to the lad and a kiss to the lass,
We throw, while they linger, to watch as we pass;
His laugh still resounds, and her cheek is still red,
When already our bells jingle far on ahead.
Right well does our team know their silvery chime,
And we scarce slacken speed as the mountain we climb.
Then hip-hip-hurrah! boys,— nay! slowly, beware,
For steep's the descent: we must make it with care.

At midnight, the streets of the town to the tread
Of our horses resound: all the sky's glowing red;
For crowds gather round us with torches of light,
And pine-boughs all blazing, to stare at the sight.
A crack of the whip, and a cheer and a song,
Through a circle of fire we clatter along;
And hip-hip-hurrah! through the glow and the glare,
Through flowers and folk, e'er a halt we declare.

Even if I were dead, I could never lie still:
I should hasten afield over valley and hill.
I'd take the light reins and the whip in my hand,
And scarce in the saddle I'd fly through the land.

No dull, droning chant and procession for me,—
I'd turn in my coffin such doings to see;
And hip-hip-hurrah! from the bier and its gloom
I'd leap to the saddle and drive to my tomb.

DIMBOVITZA

DIMBOVITZA! Magic river,
Silver-shining, memory-haunted;
He who drinks thy crystal waters
Ne'er can quit thy shores enchanted.

Dimbovitza! all too deeply
Drank I of thy flowing river;
For my love, my inmost being,
There meseems have sunk forever.

Dimbovitza! Dimbovitza!
All my soul hast thou in keeping,
Since beneath thy banks of verdure
Lies my dearest treasure sleeping.

LONGING

I LONG to feel thy little arm's embrace,
Thy little silver-sounding voice to hear;
I long for thy warm kisses on my face,
And for thy birdlike carol, blithe and clear.

I long for every childish, loving word;
And for thy little footsteps, fairy light,
That hither, thither moved, and ever stirred
My heart with them to gladness infinite.

And for thy hair I long — that halo blest
Hanging in golden glory round thy brow.
My child, can aught such longing lull to rest?
Nay, heaven's bliss alone can end it now.

CARMEN

AND all which I here have been singing,
It is your very own!
From your deep heart its music bringing
To sad chords of your sorrows ringing,
Winning for you the crown.

Yours were the thoughts forever ranging,
You made the folk-tales true.
In this earth-day of chance and changing,
Of lives unfolding, deaths estranging,
Look, Soul! there too are you.

Perchance, when Death shall bring sad leisure,
And these pale lips are dumb,
Then you my words may better measure,
And in my true love take new pleasure;
Then will my meaning come!

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

(1840–1893)

THE restraining and fructifying power of culture receives an adequate illustration in the writings of John Addington Symonds. There are few critics of this century who approach him in catholicity of artistic taste, and sensitiveness to the claims of humanity above all other claims. He is a humanist in the true sense of the word; preferring the study of man to the study of man's works, or rather seeking always for the human element in a monument of art. He is also an exponent of the highest culture, of that self-effectuation which is the fruit of knowledge married to sympathy. In him, as in Walter Pater, liberal education has carried talent almost to the domain of creative genius — almost but not quite: he remains a critic, whose criticism is always illumination. He describes his own development in his essay on 'Culture,' when he defines culture as —

J. A. SYMONDS

«the raising of intellectual faculties to their highest potency by means of conscious training; . . . it is a psychical state, so to speak, which may be acquired by sympathetic and assimilative study. It makes a man to be something: it does not teach him to create anything. It has no power to stand in the place of nature, and to endow a human being with new faculties. It prepares him to exert his innate faculties in a chosen line of work with a certain spirit of freedom, with a certain breadth of understanding.»

Mr. Symonds's life was singularly uneventful, being devoted entirely to the quiet industries of scholarship. He inherited not a little of his literary taste from his father of the same name, who was a practicing physician at Bristol and afterwards at Clifton; and whose 'Miscellanies,' selected and edited by his son, were published in 1871. That son was born in Bristol, October 5th, 1840. In 1860 he was graduated from Balliol College, Oxford, winning the Newdigate prize. On account of ill health he lived for many years at Davos-Platz in Switzerland. He died at Rome, April 19th, 1893.

The thirty-three years between the taking of his degree and his death were occupied chiefly with study, and with the production of works of criticism. Many of these deal with Italian men of genius; with the period of the Renaissance, and with those personages in whom the Renaissance spirit found most significant embodiment. 'An Introduction to the Study of Dante,' published in 1872, was one of the first fruits of Mr. Symonds's scholarship. His poetical temperament, his sensitiveness to beauty, above all, his intense interest in human development, fitted him peculiarly to understand the temper of Italy in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. He entered with full sympathy into that highly colored, highly vitalized world, which was the product of the marriage of mediæval Faust with Helen, of the romance of Italy with the classicism of Greece.

His 'Renaissance in Italy' is a historical record of the development of this world, interspersed with subtle and penetrative criticism. This monumental book is in five parts. The first, 'The Age of the Despots,' was published in 1875; the second, 'The Revival of Learning,' in 1877; then followed 'The Fine Arts,' 'Italian Literature,' and lastly in 1886, 'The Catholic Reaction.' The comprehensiveness of this work is scarcely less remarkable than its conscientious scholarship, and its subtle insight into one of the most complex periods in modern history. He portrays a great age, as it can only be portrayed, through the medium of personality. He sees the individualism of the Renaissance expressed in Dante, in Petrarch, and in Boccaccio; he sees its strength in Michael Angelo, and its sweetness in Raphael. His 'Life of Michael Angelo' is written in this spirit of sympathetic criticism, so that it is less a historical record than a portrait of a man. His knowledge of Renaissance conditions enabled him also to breathe with freedom the glowing air of the England which brought forth the phœnix brood of the dramatists. His 'Studies of Shakespeare's Predecessors in the English Drama' are luminous with appreciation, as are also his 'Life of Sidney' and his 'Life of Ben Jonson.' The chivalry of renascent England is embodied in the one, its humanism in the other. To Mr. Symonds the man is the age.

As was natural with a student of the Renaissance, Mr. Symonds was also a student of Greek life and thought. His 'Studies of the Greek Poets' is a unique work; because it approaches the genius of Greece, as embodied in her singers, on the side of personality. It is a book requiring little scholarship in the reader, and it is therefore popular in the widest sense. It tells of the Greek poets as of men whose individuality gave color to their age. The reader is brought into contact with them rather than with remote historical conditions. Over the whole record lies the beautiful light of a fine and penetrative sympathy. The author loses readily his nineteenth-century

temper of the desire of the impossible, and enters with full harmony into the mellow objective world of Greece, into its reasonableness and its temperance. His style attains its greatest perfection in this book. It is warm and pulsating with his sympathies.

The poetical and appreciative side of Mr. Symonds's nature was not developed, however, at the expense of the purely intellectual and scientific. His culture was broad enough to make of him a complete critic, living his artistic life in the Whole as well as in the Good and in the Beautiful. Yet he maintains that the scientific spirit, the outgrowth of the rediscovery of the world, must be subordinate to the humanistic spirit, the outgrowth of the rediscovery of man. This is so because man is greater than the universe in which he lives. In his 'Essays, Speculative and Suggestive,' he has embodied much of his critical thought concerning the scientific tendencies of the century.

He is also a subtle critic of his contemporaries. His life of Shelley reveals this; as does also a chapter on Zola's 'La Bête Humaine,' in which he maintains that Zola is an idealist.

«The idealism which I have been insisting on, which justifies us in calling 'La Bête Humaine' a poem, has to be sought in the method whereby these separate parcels of the plot are woven together; and also in the dominating conception contained in the title, which gives unity to the whole work. We are not in the real region of reality, but in the region of the constructive imagination, from the first to the last line of the novel. If that be not the essence of idealism,—this working of the artist's brain, not in but on the subject-matter of the external world and human nature,—I do not know what meaning to give to the term.»

Besides the works already referred to, Mr. Symonds published 'A Study of Boccaccio,' 'A Study of Walt Whitman,' 'Studies in Italy and Greece,' a volume of poems entitled 'Many Moods,' another entitled 'New and Old,' a translation of the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, a volume of essays with the title 'In the Key of Blue,' a translation of the sonnets of Michael Angelo, 'Sketches and Studies in Italy,' 'Wine, Women, and Song: Mediæval Songs in English Verse,' and a volume of sonnets entitled 'Vagabundi Libellus.'

ITALIAN ART IN ITS RELATION TO RELIGION

From 'The Renaissance in Italy'

THE mediæval faiths were still vivid when the first Italian painters began their work; and the sincere endeavor of these men was to set forth in beautiful and worthy form the truths of Christianity. The eyes of the worshiper should no longer have a mere stock or stone to contemplate: his imagination should be helped by the dogmatic presentation of the scenes of sacred history, and his devotion be quickened by lively images of the passion of our Lord. Spirit should converse with spirit, through no veil of symbol, but through the transparent medium of art, itself instinct with inbreathed life and radiant with ideal beauty. The body and the soul, moreover, should be reconciled; and God's likeness should be once more acknowledged in the features and the limbs of man. Such was the promise of art; and this promise was in a great measure fulfilled by the painting of the fourteenth century. Men ceased to worship their God in the holiness of ugliness; and a great city called its street Glad on the birthday festival of the first picture investing religious emotion with æsthetic charm. But in making good the promise they had given, it was needful for the arts on the one hand to enter a region not wholly their own — the region of abstractions and of mystical conceptions; and on the other to create a world of sensuous delightfulness, wherein the spiritual element was materialized to the injury of its own essential quality. Spirit indeed spake to spirit, so far as the religious content was concerned; but flesh spake also to flesh in the æsthetic form. The incarnation promised by the arts involved a corresponding sensuousness. Heaven was brought down to earth, but at the cost of making men believe that earth itself was heavenly.

At this point the subject of our inquiry naturally divides into two main questions. The first concerns the form of figurative art specially adapted to the requirements of religious thought in the fourteenth century. The second treats of the effects resulting both to art and religion from the expression of mystical and theological conceptions in plastic form.

When we consider the nature of the ideas assimilated in the Middle Ages by the human mind, it is clear that art, in order to set them forth, demanded a language the Greeks had never

greatly needed, and had therefore never fully learned. To overestimate the difference from an æsthetic point of view between the religious notions of the Greeks and those which Christianity had made essential, would be difficult. Faith, hope, and charity; humility endurance, suffering; the Resurrection and the Judgment; the Fall and the Redemption; heaven and hell; the height and depth of man's mixed nature; the drama of human destiny before the throne of God;—into the sphere of thoughts like these, vivid and solemn, transcending the region of sense and corporeity, carrying the mind away to an ideal world, where the things of this earth obtained a new reality by virtue of their relation to an invisible and infinite beyond,—the modern arts in their infancy were thrust. There was nothing finite here or tangible, no gladness in the beauty of girlish foreheads or the swiftness of a young man's limbs, no simple idealization of natural delightfulness. The human body, which the figurative arts must needs use as the vehicle of their expression, had ceased to have a value in and for itself, had ceased to be the true and adequate investiture of thoughts demanded from the artist. At best it could be taken only as the symbol of some inner meaning, the shrine of an indwelling spirit nobler than itself; just as a lamp of alabaster owes its beauty and its worth to the flame it more than half conceals, the light transmitted through its scarce transparent walls.

In ancient art those moral and spiritual qualities which the Greeks recognized as truly human, and therefore divine, allowed themselves to be incarnated in well-selected types of physical perfection. The deities of the Greek mythology were limited to the conditions of natural existence; they were men and women of a larger mold and freer personality: less complex, inasmuch as each completed some one attribute; less thwarted in activity, inasmuch as no limit was assigned to exercise of power. The passions and the faculties of man, analyzed by unconscious psychology and deified by religious fancy, were invested by sculpture with appropriate forms,—the tact of the artist selecting corporeal qualities fitted to impersonate the special character of each divinity. Nor was it possible that, the gods and goddesses being what they were, exact analogues should not be found for them in idealized humanity. In a Greek statue there was enough soul to characterize the beauty of the body; to render her due meed of wisdom to Pallas, to distinguish the swiftness of Hermes

from the strength of Heracles, or to contrast the virginal grace of Artemis with the abundance of Aphrodite's charms. At the same time, the spirituality that gave its character to each Greek deity was not such that, even in thought, it could be dissociated from corporeal form. The Greeks thought of their gods as incarnate persons; and all the artist had to see to, was that this incarnate personality should be impressive in his marble.

Christianity, on the other hand, made the moral and spiritual nature of man all-essential. It sprang from an earlier religion, that judged it impious to give any form to God. The body and its terrestrial activity occupied but a subordinate position in its system. It was the life of the soul, separable from this frame of flesh, and destined to endure when earth and all this it contains has ended,—a life that was continued conflict and aspiring struggle,—which the arts, in so far as they became its instrument, were called upon to illustrate. It was the worship of a deity, all spirit, to be sought on no one sacred hill, to be adored in no transcendent shape, that they were bound to heighten. The most highly prized among the Christian virtues had no necessary connection with beauty of feature or strength of limb. Such beauty and such strength at any rate were accidental, not essential. A Greek faun could not but be graceful; a Greek hero was of necessity vigorous. But St. Stephen might be steadfast to the death without physical charm; St. Anthony might put to flight the devils of the flesh without muscular force. It is clear that the radiant physical perfection proper to the deities of Greek sculpture was not sufficient in this sphere. Again, the most stirring episodes of the Christian mythology involved pain and perturbation of the spirit; the victories of the Christian athletes were won in conflicts carried on within their hearts and souls: "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers," demoniac leaders of spiritual legions. It is therefore no less clear that the tranquillity and serenity of the Hellenic ideal, so necessary to consummate sculpture, was here out of place. How could the Last Judgment—that day of wrath when every soul, however insignificant on earth, will play the first part for one moment in an awful tragedy—be properly expressed in plastic form, harmonious and pleasing? And supposing that the artist should abandon the attempt to exclude ugliness and discord, pain and confusion, from his representation of the *Dies Iræ*, how could he succeed in setting forth by the sole

medium of the human body the anxiety and anguish of the soul at such a time? The physical form, instead of being adequate to the ideas expressed, and therefore helpful to the artist, is a positive embarrassment, a source of weakness. The most powerful pictorial or sculpturesque delineation of the Judgment, when compared with the pangs inflicted on the spirit by a guilty conscience,—pangs whereof words may render some account, but which can find no analogue in writhings of the limbs or face,—must of necessity be found a failure. Still more impossible, if we pursue this train of thought into another region, is it for the figurative arts to approach the Christian conception of God in his omnipotence and unity. Christ himself, the central figure of the Christian universe, the desired of all nations, in whom the Deity assumed a human form and dwelt with men,—is no fit subject for such art at any rate as the Greeks had perfected. The fact of his incarnation brought him indeed within the proper sphere of the fine arts; but the chief events of his life on earth removed him beyond the reach of sculpture. This is an important consideration. It is to this that our whole argument is tending. Therefore to enlarge upon this point will not be useless.

Christ is especially adored in his last act of love on Calvary; and how impossible it is to set that forth consistently with the requirements of strictly plastic art, may be gathered by comparing the passion of St. Bernard's Hymn to our Lord upon the Cross with all that Winckelmann and Hegel have so truly said about the restrained expression, dignified generality, and harmonious beauty essential to sculpture. It is the negation of tranquillity, the excess of feeling, the absence of comeliness, the contrast between visible weakness and invisible omnipotence, the physical humiliation voluntarily suffered by him that "ruled over all the angels, that walked on the pavements of heaven, whose feet were clothed with stars,"—it is all this that gives their force and pathos to these stanzas:—

Omnis vigor atque viror
Hinc recessit; non admiror:
Mors apparet in inspectu,
Totus pendens in defectu,
Attritus ægrâ macie.

Sic affectus, sic despectus,
Propter me sic interfectus,

Peccatori tam indigno
Cum amoris in te signo
Appare clarâ facie.*

We have never heard that Pheidias or Praxiteles chose Prometheus upon Caucasus for the supreme display of his artistic skill; and even the anguish expressed in the group of the 'Laocoön' is justly thought to violate the laws of antique sculpture. Yet here was a greater than Prometheus,—one who had suffered more, and on whose suffering the salvation of the human race depended,—to exclude whom from the sphere of representation in art was the same as confessing the utter impotence of art to grasp the vital thought of modern faith. It is clear that the Muses of the new age had to haunt Calvary instead of Helicon; slaking their thirst at no Castalian spring, but at the fount of tears outpoured by all creation for a stricken God. What Hellas had achieved, supplied no norm or method for the arts in this new service.

From what has hitherto been advanced, we may assert with confidence that if the arts were to play an important part in Christian culture, an art was imperatively demanded that should be at home in the sphere of intense feeling; that should treat the body as the interpreter and symbol of the soul, and should not shrink from pain and passion. How far the fine arts were at all qualified to express the essential thoughts of Christianity,—a doubt suggested in the foregoing paragraphs,—and how far, through their proved inadequacy to perform this task completely, they weakened the hold of mediæval faiths upon the modern mind, are questions to be raised hereafter. For the present it is enough to affirm that least of all the arts could sculpture, with its essential repose and its dependence on corporal conditions, solve the problem. Sculpture had suited the requirements of

* All thy strength and bloom are faded:
Who hath thus thy state degraded?
Death upon thy form is written;
See the wan worn limbs, the smitten
Breast upon the cruel tree!

Thus despised and desecrated,
Thus in dying desolated,
Slain for me, of sinners vilest,
Loving Lord, on me thou smilest:
Shine, bright face, and strengthen me!

Greek thought. It belonged by right to men who not unwillingly accepted the life of this world as final, and who worshiped in their deities the incarnate personality of man made perfect. But it could not express the cycle of Christian ideas. The desire of a better world, the fear of a worse; the sense of sin referred to physical appetites, and the corresponding mortification of the flesh; hope, ecstasy, and penitence and prayer,—imply contempt or hatred for the body, suggest notions too spiritual to be conveyed by the rounded contours of beautiful limbs, too full of struggle for statuesque tranquillity. The new element needed a more elastic medium of expression. Motives more varied, gradations of sentiment more delicate, the fugitive and transient phases of emotion, the inner depths of consciousness, had somehow to be seized. It was here that painting asserted its supremacy.

Painting is many degrees further removed than sculpture from dependence on the body in the fullness of its physical proportions. It touches our sensibilities by suggestions more indirect, more mobile, and more multiform. Color and shadow, aerial perspective and complicated grouping,—denied to sculpture, but within the proper realm of painting,—have their own significance, their real relation to feelings vaguer but not less potent than those which find expression in the simple human form. To painting, again, belongs the play of feature, indicative of internal movement, through a whole gamut of modulations inapprehensible by sculpture. All that drapery by its partial concealment of the form it clothes, and landscape by its sympathies with human sentiment, may supply to enhance the passion of the spectator, pertains to painting. This art, therefore, owing to the greater variety of means at its disposal and its greater adequacy to express emotion, became the paramount Italian art.

To sculpture in the Renaissance, shorn of the divine right to create gods and heroes, was left the narrower field of decoration, portraiture, and sepulchral monuments. In the last of these departments it found the noblest scope for its activity; for beyond the grave, according to Christian belief, the account of the striving, hoping, and resisting soul is settled. The corpse upon the bier may bear the stamp of spiritual character impressed on it in life; but the spirit, with its struggle and its passion, has escaped as from a prison-house, and flown elsewhither. The body of the dead man—for whom this world is over, and who sleeps in

peace awaiting resurrection, and thereby not wholly dead, around whose tomb watch sympathizing angels or contemplative genii — was therefore the proper subject for the highest Christian sculpture. Here if anywhere the right emotion could be adequately expressed in stone; and the molded form be made the symbol of repose, expectant of restored activity. The greatest sculptor of the modern age was essentially a poet of Death.

Painting, then, for the reasons already assigned and insisted on, was the art demanded by the modern intellect upon its emergence from the stillness of the Middle Ages. The problem, however, even for the art of painting, was not simple. The painters, following the masters of mosaic, began by setting forth the history, mythology, and legends of the Christian Church, in imagery freer and more beautiful than lay within the scope of treatment by Romanesque or Byzantine art. So far their task was comparatively easy; for the idyllic grace of maternal love in the Madonna, the pathetic incidents of martyrdom, the courage of confessors, the ecstasies of celestial joy in redeemed souls, the loveliness of a pure life in modest virgins, and the dramatic episodes of sacred story, furnish a multitude of motives admirably pictorial. There was therefore no great obstacle upon the threshold, so long as artists gave their willing service to the Church. Yet, looking back upon this phase of painting, we are able to perceive that already the adaptation of art to Christian dogma entailed concessions on both sides. Much, on the one hand, had to be omitted from the programme offered to artistic treatment, for the reason that the fine arts could not deal with it at all. Much, on the other hand, had to be expressed by means which painting in a state of perfect freedom would repudiate. Allegorical symbols, like Prudence with two faces, and painful episodes of agony and anguish, marred her work of beauty. There was consequently a double compromise, involving a double sacrifice of something precious. The faith suffered by having its mysteries brought into the light of day, incarnated in form, and humanized. Art suffered by being forced to render intellectual abstractions to the eye through figured symbols.

As technical skill increased, and as beauty, the proper end of art, became more rightly understood, the painters found that their craft was worthy of being made an end in itself, and that the actualities of life observed around them had claims upon their genius no less weighty than dogmatic mysteries. The subjects

they had striven at first to realize with all simplicity, now became the vehicles for the display of sensuous beauty, science, and mundane pageantry. The human body received separate and independent study as a thing in itself incomparably beautiful, commanding more powerful emotions by its magic than aught else that sways the soul. At the same time the external world, with all its wealth of animal and vegetable life, together with the works of human ingenuity in costly clothing and superb buildings, was seen to be in every detail worthy of most patient imitation. Anatomy and perspective taxed the understanding of the artist, whose whole force was no longer devoted to the task of bringing religious ideas within the limits of the representable. Next, when the classical revival came into play, the arts, in obedience to the spirit of the age, left the sphere of sacred subjects, and employed their full-grown faculties in the domain of myths and pagan fancies. In this way painting may truly be said to have opened the new era of culture, and to have first manifested the freedom of the modern mind. When Luca Signorelli drew naked young men for a background to his picture of the Madonna and the infant Christ, he created for the student a symbol of the attitude assumed by fine art in its liberty of outlook over the whole range of human interests. Standing before this picture in the Uffizzi, we feel that the Church, while hoping to adorn her cherished dogmas with æsthetic beauty, had encouraged a power antagonistic to her own; a power that liberated the spirit she sought to enthrall, restoring to mankind the earthly paradise from which monasticism had expelled it.

Not to diverge at this point, and to entertain the difficult problem of the relation of the fine arts to Christianity, would be to shrink from the most thorny question offered to the understanding by the history of the Renaissance. On the very threshold of the matter, I am bound to affirm my conviction that the spiritual purists of all ages — the Jews, the Iconoclasts of Byzantium, Savonarola, and our Puritan ancestors — were justified in their mistrust of plastic art. The spirit of Christianity and the spirit of figurative art are opposed, not because such art is immoral, but because it cannot free itself from sensuous associations. It is always bringing us back to the dear life of earth, from which the faith would sever us. It is always reminding us of the body which piety bids us to forget. Painters and sculptors glorify that which saints and ascetics have mortified. The

masterpieces of Titian and Correggio, for example, lead the soul away from compunction, away from penitence, away from worship even, to dwell on the delight of youthful faces, blooming color, graceful movement, delicate emotion. Nor is this all: religious motives may be misused for what is worse than merely sensuous suggestiveness. The masterpieces of the Bolognese and Neapolitan painters, while they pretend to quicken compassion for martyrs in their agony, pander to a bestial blood-lust lurking in the darkest chambers of the soul. Therefore it is that piety, whether the piety of monastic Italy or of Puritan England, turns from these æsthetic triumphs as from something alien to itself. When the worshiper would fain ascend on wings of ecstasy to God the infinite, ineffable, unrealized, how can he endure the contact of those splendid forms, in which the lust of the eye and the pride of life, professing to subserve devotion, remind him rudely of the goodliness of sensual existence? Art, by magnifying human beauty, contradicts these Pauline maxims: "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain;" "Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth;" "Your life is hid with Christ in God." The sublimity and elevation it gives to carnal loveliness are themselves hostile to the spirit that holds no truce or compromise with the flesh. As displayed in its most perfect phases, in Greek sculpture and Venetian painting, art dignifies the actual mundane life of man; but Christ, in the language of uncompromising piety, means everything most alien to this mundane life,—self-denial, abstinence from fleshly pleasure, the waiting for true bliss beyond the grave, seclusion even from social and domestic ties. "He that loveth father and mother more than me, is not worthy of me." "He that taketh not his cross and followeth me, is not worthy of me." It is needful to insist upon these extremest sentences of the New Testament, because upon them was based the religious practice of the Middle Ages, more sincere in their determination to fulfill the letter and embrace the spirit of the Gospel than any succeeding age has been.

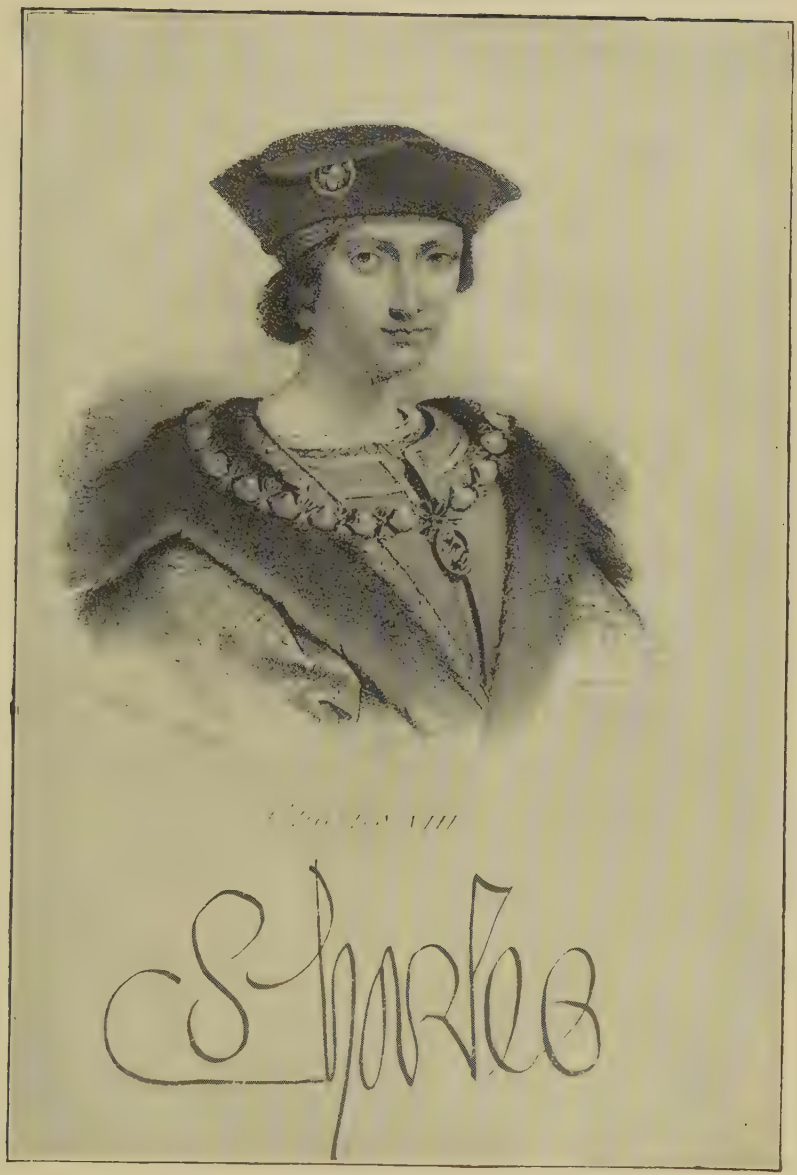
If then there really exists this antagonism between fine art glorifying human life and piety contemning it, how came it, we may ask, that even in the Middle Ages the Church hailed art as her coadjutor? The answer lies in this: that the Church has always compromised. When the conflict of the first few centuries of Christianity had ended in her triumph, she began to mediate between asceticism and the world. Intent on absorbing all existent

elements of life and power, she conformed her system to the Roman type, established her service in basilicas and pagan temples, adopted portions of the antique ritual, and converted local genii into saints. At the same time she utilized the spiritual forces of monasticism, and turned the mystic impulse of ecstatics to account. The Orders of the Preachers and the Begging Friars became her militia and police; the mystery of Christ's presence in the Eucharist was made an engine of the priesthood; the dreams of Paradise and Purgatory gave value to her pardons, interdictions, jubilees, indulgences, and curses. In the Church the spirit of the cloister and the spirit of the world found neutral ground, and to the practical accommodation between these hostile elements she owed her wide supremacy. The Christianity she formed and propagated was different from that of the New Testament, inasmuch as it had taken up into itself a mass of mythological anthropomorphic elements. Thus transmuted and materialized, thus accepted by the vivid faith of an unquestioning populace, Christianity offered a proper medium for artistic activity. The whole first period of Italian painting was occupied with the endeavor to set forth in form and color the popular conceptions of a faith at once unphilosophical and unspiritual, beautiful and fit for art by reason of the human elements it had assumed into its substance. It was natural, therefore, that the Church should show herself indulgent to the arts, which were effecting in their own sphere what she had previously accomplished; though purists and ascetics, holding fast by the original spirit of their creed, might remain irreconcilably antagonistic to their influence. The Reformation, on the contrary, rejecting the whole mass of compromises sanctioned by the Church, and returning to the elemental principles of the faith, was no less naturally opposed to fine arts; which after giving sensuous form to Catholic mythology, had recently attained to liberty and brought again the gods of Greece.

A single illustration might be selected from the annals of Italian painting, to prove how difficult even the holiest minded and most earnest painter found it to effect the proper junction between plastic beauty and pious feeling. Fra Bartolommeo, the disciple of Savonarola, painted a Sebastian in the cloister of S. Marco; where it remained until the Dominican confessors became aware, through the avowals of female penitents, that this picture was a stumbling-block and snare to souls. It was then removed, and what became of it we do not know for certain. Fra

Bartolommeo undoubtedly intended this ideal portrait of the martyr to be edifying. St. Sebastian was to stand before the world as the young man, strong and beautiful, who endured to the end, and won the crown of martyrdom. No other ideas but those of heroism, constancy, or faith, were meant to be expressed: but the painter's art demanded that their expression should be eminently beautiful; and the beautiful body of the young man distracted attention from his spiritual virtues to his physical perfections. A similar maladjustment of the means of plastic art to the purposes of religion would have been impossible in Hellas, where the temples of Erôs and of Phœbus stood side by side; but in Christian Florence the craftsman's skill sowed seeds of discord in the souls of the devout.

This story is but a coarse instance of the separation between piety and plastic art. In truth, the difficulty of uniting them in such a way that the latter shall enforce the former lies far deeper than its powers of illustration reach. Religion has its proper end in contemplation and in conduct. Art aims at presenting sensuous embodiment of thoughts and feelings with a view to intellectual enjoyment. Now, many thoughts are incapable of sensuous embodiment; they appear as abstractions to the philosophical intellect or as dogmas to the theological understanding. To effect an alliance between art and philosophy or art and theology, in the specific region of either religion or speculation, is therefore an impossibility. In like manner there are many feelings which cannot properly assume a sensuous form; and these are precisely religious feelings, in which the soul abandons sense, and leaves the actual world behind, to seek her freedom in a spiritual region. Yet while we recognize the truth of this reasoning, it would be unscientific to maintain that until they are brought into close and inconvenient contact, there is direct hostility between religion and the arts. The sphere of the two is separate; their aims are distinct: they must be allowed to perfect themselves each after its own fashion. In the large philosophy of human nature, represented by Goethe's famous motto, there is room for both, because those who embrace it bend their natures neither wholly to the pietism of the cloister nor to the sensuality of art. They find the meeting-point of art and of religion in their own humanity; and perceive that the antagonism of the two begins when art is set to do work alien to its nature, and to minister to what it does not naturally serve.


Charles

THE INVASION OF ITALY BY CHARLES VIII. OF FRANCE

From 'History of the Renaissance in Italy'

WHAT was this beautiful land in the midst of which the French found themselves,—a land whose marble palaces were thronged with cut-throats in disguise, whose princes poisoned while they smiled, whose luxuriant meadows concealed fever, whose ladies carried disease upon their lips? To the captains and the soldiery of France, Italy already appeared a splendid and fascinating Circe, arrayed with charms, surrounded with illusions, hiding behind perfumed thickets her victims changed to brutes, and building the couch of her seduction on the bones of murdered men. Yet she was so beautiful that, halt as they might for a moment and gaze back with yearning on the Alps that they had crossed, they found themselves unable to resist her smile. Forward they must march through the garden of enchantment; henceforth taking the precaution to walk with drawn sword, and like Orlando in Morgana's park, to stuff their casques with roses that they might not hear the siren's voice too clearly. It was thus that Italy began the part she played through the Renaissance for the people of the North. 'The White Devil of Italy' is the title of one of Webster's best tragedies. A white devil,—a radiant daughter of sin and death, holding in her hands the fruit of the knowledge of good and evil, and tempting the nations to eat,—this is how Italy struck the fancy of the men of the sixteenth century. She was feminine, and they were virile; but she could teach and they must learn. She gave them pleasure; they brought force. The fruit of her embraces with the nations was the spirit of modern culture, the genius of the age in which we live.

Two terrible calamities warned the Italians with what new enemies they had to deal. Twice at the commencement of the invasion did the French use the sword which they had drawn to intimidate the sorceress. These terror-striking examples were the massacres of the inhabitants of Rapallo on the Genoese Riviera, and of Fivizzano in Lunigiana. Soldiers and burghers, even prisoners and wounded men in the hospitals, were butchered, first by the Swiss and German guards, and afterwards by the French, who would not be outdone by them in energy. It was thus that the Italians, after a century of bloodless battles and parade campaigning, learned a new art of war, and witnessed the first act

of those Apocalyptic tragedies which were destined to drown the peninsula with French, Spanish, German, Swiss, and native blood.

Meanwhile the French host had reached Parma; traversing, all through the golden autumn weather, those plains where mulberry and elm are married by festoons of vines above a billowy expanse of maize and corn. From Parma placed beneath the northern spurs of the Apennines, to Sarzana on the western coast of Italy, where the marbles of Carrara build their barrier against the Tyrrhene Sea, there leads a winding barren mountain pass. Charles took this route with his army, and arrived in the beginning of November before the walls of Sarzana. Meanwhile we may well ask what Piero de' Medici had been doing, and how he had fulfilled his engagement with Alfonso. He had undertaken, it will be remembered, to hold the passes of the Apennines upon this side. To have embarrassed the French troops among those limestone mountains, thinly forested with pine and chestnut trees, and guarded here and there with ancient fortresses, would have been a matter of no difficulty. With like advantages, 2000 Swiss troops during their wars of independence would have laughed to scorn the whole forces of Burgundy and Austria. But Piero, a feeble and false tyrant, preoccupied with Florentine factions, afraid of Lucca, and disinclined to push forward into the territory of the Sforza, had as yet done nothing when the news arrived that Sarzana was on the point of capitulation. In this moment of peril he rode as fast as horses could carry him to the French camp, besought an interview with Charles, and then and there delivered up to him the keys of Sarzana and its citadel, together with those of Pietra Santa, Librafratte, Pisa, and Leghorn. Any one who has followed the sea-coast between Pisa and Sarzana can appreciate the enormous value of these concessions to the invader. They relieved him of the difficulty of forcing his way along a narrow belt of land, which is hemmed in on one side by the sea, and on the other by the highest and most abrupt mountain range in Italy. To have done this in the teeth of a resisting army and beneath the walls of hostile castles would have been all-but impossible. As it was, Piero cut the Gordian knot by his incredible cowardice, and for himself gained only ruin and dishonor. Charles, the foe against whom he had plotted with Alfonso and Alexander, laughed in his face, and marched at once into Pisa. The Florentines, whom he had hitherto engaged in an unpopular policy, now rose in fury.

expelled him from the city, sacked his palace, and erased from their memory the name of Medici except for execration. The unsuccessful tyrant, who had proved a traitor to his allies, to his country, and to himself, saved his life by flying first to Bologna and thence to Venice, where he remained in a sort of polite captivity — safe, but a slave — until the Doge and his council saw which way affairs would tend.

On the 9th of November, Florence after a tyranny of fifty years, and Pisa after the servitude of a century, recovered their liberties, and were able to reconstitute republican governments. But the situation of the two States was very different. The Florentines had never lost the name of liberty, which in Italy at that period meant less the freedom of the inhabitants to exercise self-government than the independence of the city in relation to its neighbors. The Pisans on the other hand had been reduced to subjection by Florence; their civic life had been stifled, their pride wounded in the tenderest point of honor, their population decimated by proscription and exile. The great sin of Florence was the enslavement of Pisa; and Pisa in this moment of anarchy burned to obliterate her shame with bloodshed. The French, understanding none of the niceties of Italian politics, and ignorant that in giving freedom to Pisa they were robbing Florence of her rights, looked on with wonder at the citizens who tossed the lion of the tyrant town into the Arno, and took up arms against its officers. It is sad to witness this last spasm of the long-suppressed passion for liberty in the Pisans, while we know how soon they were reduced again to slavery by the selfish sister State, herself too thoroughly corrupt for liberty. The part of Charles — who espoused the cause of the Pisans with blundering carelessness, pretended to protect the new republic, and then abandoned it a few months later to its fate — provokes nothing but the languid contempt which all his acts inspire.

After the flight of Piero and the proclamation of Pisan liberty, the King of France was hailed as savior of the free Italian towns. Charles received a magnificent address from Savonarola, who proceeded to Pisa, and harangued him as the chosen vessel of the Lord and the deliverer of the Church from anarchy. At the same time the friar conveyed to the French King a courteous invitation from the Florentine republic to enter their city and enjoy their hospitality. Charles, after upsetting Piero de' Medici with the nonchalance of a horseman in the tilting-yard,

and restoring the freedom of Pisa for a caprice, remained as devoid of policy and as indifferent to the part assigned him by the prophet as he was before. He rode, armed at all points, into Florence on November 17th, and took up his residence in the palace of the Medici. Then he informed the elders of the city that he had come as conqueror and not as guest, and that he intended to reserve to himself the disposition of the State.

It was a dramatic moment. Florence, with the Arno flowing through her midst, and the hills around her gray with olive-trees, was then even more lovely than we see her now. The whole circuit of her walls remained, nor had their crown of towers been leveled yet to make resistance of invading force more easy. Brunelleschi's dome and Giotto's tower and Arnolfo's Palazzo and the Loggie of Orcagna gave distinction to her streets and squares. Her churches were splendid with frescoes in their bloom, and with painted glass over which as yet the injury of but a few brief years had passed. Her palaces, that are as strong as castles, overflowed with a population cultivated, polished, elegant, refined, and haughty. This Florence, the city of scholars, artists, intellectual sybarites, and citizens in whom the blood of the old factions beat, found herself suddenly possessed as a prey of war by flaunting Gauls in their outlandish finery, plumed Germans, kilted Kelts, and particolored Swiss. On the other hand, these barbarians awoke in a terrestrial paradise of natural and æsthetic beauty. Which of us who has enjoyed the late gleams of autumn in Valdarno, but can picture to himself the revelation of the inner meaning of the world, incomprehensible yet soul-subduing, which then first dawned upon the Breton bowmen and the bulls of Uri? Their impulse no doubt was to pillage and possess the wealth before them, as a child pulls to pieces the wonderful flower that has surprised it on some mountain meadow. But in the very rudeness of desire they paid a homage to the new-found loveliness of which they had not dreamed before.

Charles here as elsewhere showed his imbecility. He had entered and laid hands on hospitable Florence like a foe. What would he now do with her? — reform the republic — legislate — impose a levy on the citizens, and lead them forth to battle? No. He asked for a huge sum of money, and began to bargain. The Florentine secretaries refused his terms. He insisted. Then Piero Capponi snatched the paper on which they were written,

and tore it in pieces before his eyes. Charles cried, "I shall sound my trumpets." Capponi answered, "We will ring our bells." Beautiful as a dream is Florence; but her sombre streets, overshadowed by gigantic belfries and masked by grim brown palace fronts, contained a menace that the French King could not face. Let Capponi sound the tocsin, and each house would become a fortress, the streets would be barricaded with iron chains, every quarter would pour forth men by hundreds well versed in the arts of civic warfare. Charles gave way, covering with a bad joke the discomfiture he felt: *Ah, Ciappon, Ciappon, voi siete un mal Ciappon!* The secretaries beat down his terms. All he cared for was to get money. He agreed to content himself with 120,000 florins. A treaty was signed, and in two days he quitted Florence.

Hitherto Charles had met with no serious obstacle. His invasion had fallen like the rain from heaven; and like rain, as far as he was concerned, it ran away to waste. Lombardy and Tuscany, the two first scenes in the pageant displayed by Italy before the French army, had been left behind. Rome now lay before them, magnificent in desolation: not the Rome which the Farnesi and Chigi and Barberini have built up from the quarried ruins of amphitheatres and baths, but the Rome of the Middle Ages; the city crowned with relics of a pagan past, herself still pagan, and holding in her midst the modern Antichrist. The progress of the French was a continued triumph. They reached Siena on the second of December. The Duke of Urbino and the lords of Pesaro and Bologna laid down their arms at their approach. The Orsini opened their castles. Virginio, the captain-general of the Aragonese army and grand constable of the kingdom of Naples, hastened to win for himself favorable terms from the French sovereign. The Bagliono betook themselves to their own rancors in Perugia. The Duke of Calabria retreated. Italy seemed bent on proving that cowardice and selfishness and incapacity had conquered her. Viterbo was gained; the Ciminian heights were traversed; the Campagna, bounded by the Alban and the Sabine hills, with Rome a bluish cloud upon the lowlands of the Tiber, spread its solemn breadth of beauty at the invader's feet. Not a blow had been struck when he reached the Porta del Popolo, upon the 31st of December, 1494. At three o'clock in the afternoon began the entry of the French army. It was nine at night before the last soldiers, under the flaring

light of torches and flambeaux, defiled through the gates, and took their quarters in the streets of the Eternal City. The gigantic barbarians of the cantons, flaunting with plumes and emblazoned surcoats, the chivalry of France splendid with silk mantles and gilded corslets, the Scotch guard in their wild costume of kilt and philibeg, the scythe-like halberds of the German lanzknechts, the tangled elf-locks of stern-featured Bretons, stamped an ineffaceable impression on the people of the South. On this memorable occasion, as in a show upon some holiday, marched past before them specimens and vanguards of all those legioned races which were soon to be too well at home in every fair Italian dwelling-place. Nothing was wanting to complete the symbol of the coming doom but a representative of the grim, black, wiry infantry of Spain.

THE GENIUS OF GREEK ART

From 'Studies of the Greek Poets.' Published by Harper & Brothers

The Greeks had no past; "no hungry generations trod them down:" whereas the multitudinous associations of immense antiquity envelop all our thoughts and feelings. "O Solon, Solon," said the priest of Egypt, "you Greeks are always children!" The world has now grown old; we are gray from the cradle onwards, swathed with the husks of outworn creeds, and rocked upon the lap of immemorial mysteries. The travail of the whole earth, the unsatisfied desires of many races, the anguish of the death and birth of successive civilizations, have passed into our souls. Life itself has become a thousandfold more complicated and more difficult for us than it was in the springtime of the world. With the increase of the size of nations, poverty and disease and the struggle for bare existence have been aggravated. How can we, then, bridge over the gulf which separates us from the Greeks? How shall we, whose souls are aged and wrinkled with the long years of humanity, shake hands across the centuries with those young-eyed, young-limbed, immortal children? Can we make criticism our Medea,—bid the magnificent witch pluck leaves and flowers of Greek poetry and art and life, distilling them for us to bathe therein, and regenerate our youth like Æson?

Like a young man newly come from the wrestling-ground, anointed, chapleted, and very calm, the Genius of the Greeks appears before us. Upon his soul there is yet no burden of the world's pain; the creation that groaneth and travaileth together has touched him with no sense of anguish, nor has he yet felt sin. The pride and the strength of adolescence are his: audacity and endurance, swift passions and exquisite sensibilities, the alternations of sublime repose and boyish noise, grace, pliancy, and stubbornness and power, love of all fair things and radiant in the world, the frank enjoyment of the open air, free merriment, and melancholy well beloved. Of these adolescent qualities, of this clear and stainless personality, this conscience whole and pure and reconciled to nature, what survives among us now? The imagination must be strained to the uttermost before we can begin to sympathize with such a being. The blear-eyed mechanic, stifled in a hovel of our sombre Northern towns, canopied through all the year with smoke, deafened with wheels that never cease to creak, stiffened by toil in one cramped posture, oblivious of the sunlight and green fields, could scarcely be taught even to envy the pure, clear life of art made perfect in humanity, which was the pride of Hellas. His soul is gladdened, if at all, by a glimpse of celestial happiness far off. The hope that went abroad across the earth so many centuries ago has raised his eyes to heaven. How can he comprehend a mode of existence in which the world itself was adequate to all the wants of the soul, and when to yearn for more than life affords was reckoned a disease?

We may tell of blue Ægean waves, islanded with cliffs that seem less real than clouds, whereon the temples stand, burning like gold in sunset or turning snowy fronts against the dawn. We may paint high porches of the gods, resonant with music and gladdened with choric dances; or describe perpetual sunshine and perpetual ease,—no work from year to year that might degrade the body or impair the mind, no dread of hell, no yearning after heaven, but summer-time of youth and autumn of old age and loveless death bewept and bravely borne. The life of the schools, the theatre, the wrestling-ground, the law courts; generous contests on the Pythian or Olympian plains; victorious crowns of athletes or of patriots; Simonidean epitaphs and funeral orations of Pericles for fallen heroes; the prize of martial prowess or poetic skill; the honor paid to the pre-eminence of beauty,—all

these things admit of scholar-like enumeration. Or we may recall by fancy the olive groves of the Academy; discern Hymettus pale against the burnished sky, and Athens guarded by her glistening goddess of the mighty brow,— Pallas, who spreads her shield and shakes her spear above the labyrinth of peristyles and pediments in which her children dwell. Imagination can lead us to the plane-trees on Cephisus's shore, the labors of the husbandmen who garner dues of corn and oil, the galleys in Peiræan harborage. Or with the Lysis and the Charmides beneath our eyes, we may revisit the haunts of the wrestlers and the runners; true-born Athenians, fresh from the bath and crowned with violets,— chaste, vigorous, inured to rhythmic movements of the passions and the soul.

Yet after all, when the process of an elaborate culture has thus been toilsomely accomplished, when we have trained our soul to sympathize with that which is so novel and so strange and yet so natural, few of us can fairly say that we have touched the Greeks at more than one or two points. *Novies Styx interfusa coercet:* between us and them crawls the nine times twisted stream of death. The history of the human race is one; and without the Greeks we should be nothing. But just as an old man of ninety is not the same being as the boy of nineteen,— nay, cannot even recall to memory how and what he felt when the pulse of manhood was yet gathering strength within his veins,— even so now, civilized humanity looks back upon the youth of Hellas, and wonders what she was in that blest time.

A few fragments yet remain from which we strive to reconstruct the past. Criticism is the product of the weakness as well as of the strength of our age. In the midst of our activity, we have so little that is artistically salient or characteristic in our life that we are not led astray by our own individuality, or tempted to interpret the past wrongly by making it square with the present. Impartial clearness of judgment in scientific research, laborious antiquarian zeal, methodic scrupulousness in preserving the minutest details of local coloring, and an earnest craving to escape from the dreary present of commonplace routine and drudgery into the spirit-stirring freedom of the past,— these are qualities of the highest value which our century has brought to bear upon history. They make up in some measure for our want of the creative faculties which more productive but less scientific ages have possessed, and enable those who have

but little original imagination to enjoy imaginative pleasures at second hand, by living as far as may be in the clear light of antique beauty.

The sea, the hills, the plains, the sunlight of the South, together with some ruins which have peopled Europe with phantoms of dead art and the relics of Greek literature, are our guides in the endeavor to restore the past of Hellas. Among rocks golden with broom-flowers, murmurous with bees, burning with anemones in spring and oleanders in summer, and odorous through all the year with thyme, we first assimilate the spirit of the Greeks. It is here that we divine the meaning of the myths, and feel those poems that expressed themselves in marble 'mid the temples of the gods to have been the one right outgrowth from the sympathy of man, as he was then, with nature. In the silence of mountain valleys thinly grown with arbutus and pine and oak, open at all seasons to pure air, and breaking downwards to the sea, we understand the apparition of Pan to Pheidippides, we read the secret of a nation's art that aimed at definition before all things. The bay of Naples, the coast of Sicily, are instinct with the sense of those first settlers, who, coasting round the silent promontories, ran their keels upon the shelving shore, and drew them up along the strand, and named the spot Neapolis or Gela. The boys of Rome were yet in the wolf's cavern. Vesuvius was a peaceful hill on which the olive and the vine might slumber. The slopes of Pozzuoli were green with herbs, over which no lava had been poured. Wandering about Sorrento, the spirit of the Odyssey is ours. Those fishing-boats with lateen sail are such as bore the heroes from their ten-years' toil at Troy. Those shadowy islands caught the gaze of Æneas straining for the promised land. Into such clefts and rents of rock strode Herakles and Jason when they sought the golden apples and the golden fleece. Look down. There gleam the green and yellow dragon scales, coiled on the basement of the hills, and writhing to each curve and cleavage of the chasm. Is it a dream? Do we in fact behold the mystic snake, or in the twilight do those lustrous orange-trees deceive our eyes? Nay, there are no dragons in the ravine — only thick boughs and burnished leaves and snowy bloom and globes of glittering gold. Above them on the cliff sprout myrtle rods, sacred to love; myrtle branches, with which the Athenians wreathed their swords in honor of Harmodius. Lilies and jonquils and hyacinths stand,

each straight upon his stem,—a youth, as Greeks imagined, slain by his lover's hand, or dead for love of his own loveliness, or cropped in love's despite by death that is the foe of love. Scarlet and white anemones are there: some born of Adonis's blood, and some of Aphrodite's tears. All beauty fades; the flowers of earth, the bloom of youth, man's strength, and woman's grace, all wither and relapse into the loveless and inexorable grave. This the Greeks knew, mingling mirth with melancholy, and love with sadness, their sweetest songs with elegiac melodies.

Beneath the olive-trees, among the flowers and ferns, move stately maidens and bare-chested youths. Their eyes are starry-softened or flash fire, and their lips are parted to drink in the breath of life. Some are singing in the fields an antique, world-old monotone of song. Was not the lay of Linus, the burden of *μακραὶ ταὶ δρύες ὦ Μενάλκα* (High are the oak-trees, O Menalcas), some such canzonet as this? These late descendants of Greek colonists are still beautiful—like moving statues in the sunlight and the shadow of the boughs. Yonder tall, straight girl, whose pitcher, poised upon her head, might have been filled by Electra or Chrysothemis with lustral waters for a father's tomb, carries her neck nobly as a Fate of Pheidias. Her body sways upon the hips, where rests her modeled arm; the ankle and the foot are sights to sit and gaze at through a summer's day. And where, if not here, shall we meet with Hylas and Hyacinth, with Ganymede and Hymenæus, in the flesh? As we pass, the laughter and the singing die away. Bright dresses and pliant forms are lost. We stray onward through the sheen and shade of olive branches.

The olive was Athene's gift to Hellas, and Athens carved its leaves and berries on her drachma with the head of Pallas and her owl. The light which never leaves its foliage, silvery beneath and sparkling from the upper surface of burnished green; the delicacy of its stem, which in youth and middle and old age retains the distinction of finely accentuated form; the absence of sombre shadow on the ground beneath its branches,—might well fit the olive to be the symbol of the purity of classic art. Each leaf is cut into a lance-head of brilliancy, not jagged or fanciful or woolly like the foliage of Northern trees. There is here no mystery of darkness, no labyrinth of tortuous shade, no conflict of contrasted forms. Excess of light sometimes fatigues the eye amid those airy branches, and we long for the repose of gloom

to which we are accustomed in our climate. But gracefulness, fertility, power, radiance, pliability, are seen in every line. The spirit of the Greeks itself is not more luminous and strong and subtle. The color of the olive-tree, again, is delicate. Its pearly grays and softened greens in no wise interfere with the lustre which is the true distinction of the tree. Clear and faint like Guido's colors in the Ariadne of St. Luke's at Rome, distinct as the thought in a Greek epigram, the olive branches are relieved against the bright blue of the sea. The mountain slopes above are clothed by them with light as with a raiment; clinging to knoll and vale and winding creek, rippling in hoary undulations to the wind, they wrap the hills from feet to flank in lucid haze. Above the olives shine bare rocks in steady noon, or blush with dawn and evening. Nature is naked and beautiful beneath the sun,—like Aphrodite, whose raiment falls waist downward to her sandals on the sea, but whose pure breasts and forehead are unveiled.

Nature is thus the first, chief element by which we are enabled to conceive the spirit of the Greeks. The key to their mythology is here. Here is the secret of their sympathies, the well-spring of their deepest thoughts, the primitive potentiality of all they have achieved in art. What is Apollo but the magic of the sun whose soul is light? What is Aphrodite but the love charm of the sea? What is Pan but the mystery of nature, the felt and hidden want pervading all? What, again, are those elder, dimly discovered deities, the Titans and the brood of Time, but forces of the world as yet beyond the touch and ken of human sensibilities? But nature alone cannot inform us what that spirit was. For though the Greeks grew up in scenes which we may visit, they gazed on them with Greek eyes, eyes different from ours; and dwelt upon them with Greek minds, minds how unlike our own! Unconsciously, in their long and unsophisticated infancy, the Greeks absorbed and assimilated to their own substance that loveliness which it is left for us only to admire. Between them and ourselves—even face to face with mountain, sky, and sea, unaltered by the lapse of years—flow the rivers of Death and Lethe and New Birth, and the mists of thirty centuries of human life are woven like a veil. To pierce that veil, to learn even after the most partial fashion how they transmuted the splendors of the world into æsthetic forms, is a work which involves the further interrogation of their sculpture and their literature.

RAVENNA

From 'Sketches in Italy'

The Emperor Augustus chose Ravenna for one of his two naval stations, and in course of time a new city arose by the sea-shore, which received the name of Portus Classis. Between this harbor and the mother city a third town sprang up, and was called Cæsarea. Time and neglect, the ravages of war, and the encroaching powers of nature, have destroyed these settlements, and nothing now remains of the three cities but Ravenna. It would seem that in classical times Ravenna stood, like modern Venice, in the centre of a huge lagoon, the fresh waters of the Ronco and the Po mixing with the salt waves of the Adriatic round its very walls. The houses of the city were built on piles; canals instead of streets formed the means of communication, and these were always filled with water artificially conducted from the southern estuary of the Po. Round Ravenna extended a vast morass, for the most part under shallow water, but rising at intervals into low islands like the Lido or Murano or Torcello which surround Venice. These islands were celebrated for their fertility: the vines and fig-trees and pomegranates, springing from a fat and fruitful soil, watered with constant moisture, and fostered by a mild sea wind and liberal sunshine, yielded crops that for luxuriance and quality surpassed the harvests of any orchards on the mainland. All the conditions of life in old Ravenna seem to have resembled those of modern Venice: the people went about in gondolas; and in the early morning, barges laden with fresh fruit or meat and vegetables flocked from all quarters to the city of the sea. Water also had to be procured from the neighboring shore; for as Martial says, a well at Ravenna was more valuable than a vineyard. Again, between the city and the mainland ran a long low causeway all across the lagoon, like that on which the trains now glide into Venice. Strange to say, the air of Ravenna was remarkably salubrious: this fact, and the ease of life that prevailed there, and the security afforded by the situation of the town, rendered it a most desirable retreat for the monarchs of Italy during those troublous times in which the empire nodded to its fall. Honorius retired to its lagoons for safety; Odoacer, who dethroned the last Cæsar of the West, succeeded him; and was in turn supplanted by Theodoric the Ostrogoth. Ravenna, as we see it now, recalls the peaceful and half Roman

rule of the great Gothic king. His palace, his churches, and the mausoleum in which his daughter Amalasuntha laid the hero's bones, have survived the sieges of Belisarius and Astolphus, the conquest of Pepin, the bloody quarrels of iconoclasts with the children of the Roman Church, the mediæval wars of Italy, the victory of Gaston de Foix; and still stand gorgeous with marbles and mosaics in spite of time and the decay of all around them.

As early as the sixth century, the sea had already retreated to such a distance from Ravenna that orchards and gardens were cultivated on the spot where once the galleys of the Cæsars rode at anchor. Groves of pines sprang up along the shore, and in their lofty tops the music of the wind moved like the ghost of waves and breakers plunging upon distant sands. This Pinetum stretches along the shore of the Adriatic for about forty miles, forming a belt of variable width between the great marsh and the tumbling sea. From a distance the bare stems and velvet crowns of the pine-trees stand up like palms that cover an oasis on Arabian sands; but at a nearer view the trunks detach themselves from an inferior forest growth of juniper and thorn and ash and oak, the tall roofs of the stately firs shooting their breadth of sheltering greenery above the lower and less sturdy brushwood. It is hardly possible to imagine a more beautiful and impressive scene than that presented by these long alleys of imperial pines. They grow so thickly one behind another that we might compare them to the pipes of a great organ, or the pillars of a Gothic church, or the basaltic columns of the Giant's Causeway. Their tops are ever green, and laden with the heavy cones from which Ravenna draws considerable wealth. Scores of peasants are quartered on the outskirts of the forest, whose business it is to scale the pines and rob them of their fruit at certain seasons of the year. Afterwards they dry the fir-cones in the sun, until the nuts which they contain fall out. The empty husks are sold for firewood, and the kernels in their stony shells reserved for exportation. You may see the peasants — men, women, and boys — sorting them by millions, drying and sifting them upon the open spaces of the wood, and packing them in sacks to send abroad through Italy. The *pinocchi*, or kernels, of the stone-pine are largely used in cookery, and those of Ravenna are prized for their good quality and aromatic flavor. When roasted or pounded, they taste like a softer and more mealy kind

of almonds. The task of gathering this harvest is not a little dangerous. They have to cut notches in the straight shafts, and having climbed often to the height of eighty feet, to lean upon the branches and detach the fir cones with a pole — and this for every tree. Some lives, they say, are yearly lost in the business.

As may be imagined, the spaces of this great forest form the haunt of innumerable living creatures. Lizards run about by myriads in the grass. Doves coo among the branches of the pines, and nightingales pour their full-throated music all day and night from thickets of white-thorn and acacia. The air is sweet with aromatic scents: the resin of the pine and juniper, the may-flowers and acacia blossoms, the violets that spring by thousands in the moss, the wild roses and faint honeysuckles which throw fragrant arms from bough to bough of ash or maple, join to make one most delicious perfume. And though the air upon the neighboring marsh is poisonous, here it is dry, and spreads a genial health. The sea wind murmuring through these thickets at nightfall or misty sunrise conveys no fever to the peasants stretched among their flowers. They watch the red rays of sunset flaming through the columns of the leafy hall, and flaring on its fretted rafters of entangled boughs; they see the stars come out, and Hesper gleam, an eye of brightness, among dewy branches; the moon walks silver-footed on the velvet tree-tops, while they sleep beside the camp fires; fresh morning wakes them to the sound of birds and scent of thyme and twinkling of dew-drops on the grass around. Meanwhile ague, fever, and death have been stalking all night long about the plain, within a few yards of their couch, and not one pestilential breath has reached the charmed precincts of the forest.

You may ride or drive for miles along green aisles between the pines in perfect solitude; and yet the creatures of the wood, the sunlight and the birds, the flowers and tall majestic columns at your side, prevent all sense of loneliness or fear. Huge oxen haunt the wilderness — gray creatures, with mild eyes and spreading horns and stealthy tread. Some are patriarchs of the forest, the fathers and the mothers of many generations who have been carried from their sides to serve in plows or wagons on the Lombard plain. Others are yearling calves, intractable and ignorant of labor. In order to subdue them to the yoke, it is requisite to take them very early from their native glades, or else they chafe and pine away with weariness. Then there is a sullen

canal, which flows through the forest from the marshes to the sea; it is alive with frogs and newts and snakes. You may see these serpents basking on the surface among thickets of the flowering rush, or coiled about the lily leaves and flowers,—lithe monsters, slippery and speckled, the tyrants of the fen.

It is said that when Dante was living at Ravenna he would spend whole days alone among the forest glades, thinking of Florence and her civil wars, and meditating cantos of his poem. Nor have the influences of the pine wood failed to leave their trace upon his verse.

VENICE

VENICE, thou Siren of sea cities, wrought
By mirage, built on water, stair o'er stair,
Of sunbeams and cloud shadows, phantom-fair,
With naught of earth to mar thy sea-born thought!
Thou floating film upon the wonder-fraught
Ocean of dreams! Thou hast no dream so rare
As are thy sons and daughters,—they who wear
Foam flakes of charm from thine enchantment caught.
O dark-brown eyes! O tangles of dark hair!
O heaven-blue eyes, blonde tresses where the breeze
Plays over sunburned cheeks in sea-blown air!
Firm limbs of molded bronze! frank debonair
Smiles of deep-bosomed women! Loves that seize
Man's soul, and waft her on storm melodies!

THE NIGHTINGALE

I WENT a-roaming through the woods alone,
And heard the nightingale that made her moan.

Hard task it were to tell how dewy-still
Were flowers and ferns and foliage in the rays
Of Hesper, white amid the daffodil
Of twilight flecked with faintest chrysoprase;
And all the while, embowered in leafy bays,
The bird prolonged her sharp soul-thrilling tone.

I went a-roaming through the woods alone,
And heard the nightingale that made her moan.

But as I stood and listened, on the air
Arose another voice, more clear and keen,
That startled silence with a sweet despair,
And stilled the bird beneath her leafy screen:
The star of Love, those lattice boughs between,
Grew large and leaned to listen from his zone.

I went a-roaming through the woods alone,
And heard the nightingale that made her moan.

The voice, methought, was neither man's nor boy's,
Nor bird's nor woman's, but all these in one:
In Paradise perchance such perfect noise
Resounds from angel choirs in unison,
Chanting with cherubim their antiphon
To Christ and Mary on the sapphire throne.

I went a-roaming through the woods alone,
And heard the nightingale that made her moan.

Then down the forest aisles there came a boy,
Unearthly pale, with passion in his eyes;
Who sang a song whereof the sound was joy,
But all the burden was of love that dies
And death that lives,—a song of sobs and sighs,
A wild swan's note of Death and Love in one.

I went a-roaming through the woods alone,
And heard the nightingale that made her moan.

Love burned within his luminous eyes, and Death
Had made his fluting voice so keen and high,
The wild wood trembled as he passed beneath,
With throbbing throat singing, Love-led, to die;
Then all was hushed, till in the thicket nigh
The bird resumed her sharp soul-thrilling tone.

I went a-roaming through the woods alone,
And heard the nightingale that made her moan.

But in my heart and in my brain the cry,
The wail, the dirge, the dirge of Death and Love,
Still throbs and throbs, flute-like, and will not die,
Piercing and clear the night-bird's tune above,—
The aching, anguished wild swan's note, whereof
The sweet sad flower of song was overblown.

I went a-roaming through the woods alone,
And heard the nightingale that made her moan.

FAREWELL

It is buried and done with,
The love that we knew:
Those cobwebs we spun with
Are beaded with dew.

I loved thee; I leave thee:
To love thee was pain;
I dare not believe thee,
To love thee again.

Like spectres unshriven
Are the years that I lost;
To thee they were given
Without count of cost.

I cannot revive them
By penance or prayer:
Hell's tempest must drive them
Through turbulent air.

Farewell, and forget me;
For I too am free
From the shame that beset me,
The sorrow of thee.

THE FEET OF THE BELOVED

Fear not to tread,—it is not much
To bless the meadow with your touch:
Nay, walk unshod; for as you pass,
The dust will take your feet like grass.
Oh dearest melodies, oh beat
Of musically moving feet!
Stars that have fallen from the sky
To sparkle where you let them lie;
Blossoms, a new and heavenly birth,
Rocked on the nourishing breast of earth;
Dews that on leaf and petal fling
Multitudinous quivering;
Winged loves with light and laughter crowned:
Kind kisses pressed upon the ground!

EYEBRIGHT

As a star from the sea new risen,
  As the waft of an angel's wing,
As a lark's song heard in prison,
  As the promise of summer in spring,

She came to me through the stillness,
  The shadows that ring me round,
The dungeon of years and illness
  Wherein my spirit is bound.

She came with her eyes love-laden,
  Her laughter of lily and rose,—
A fragile and flower-like maiden,
  In the season of frosts and snows.

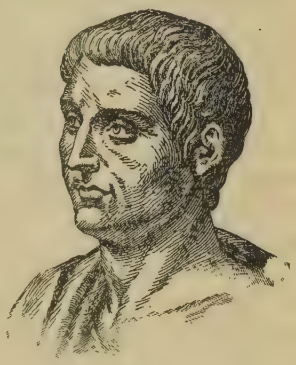
She smiled, and the shades departed;
  She shone, and the snows were rain:
And he who was frozen-hearted
  Bloomed up into love again.

TACITUS

(55 ?–?)

BY CHARLES E. BENNETT

PUBLIUS CORNELIUS TACITUS (the prænomen Publius, long a matter of dispute, is now definitely assured) was born about 55 A. D. The place of his birth is quite uncertain: by some scholars this honor has been assigned to the Umbrian town Interamna, by others to Rome; but neither of these views rests upon any adequate foundation. Of the details of his life we are but scantily informed. In his 'Dialogus de Oratoribus' he tells us that when a youth he attached himself to Marcus Aper and Julius Secundus, the forensic leaders of his day. Whether he also enjoyed the instruction of Quintilian, the famous rhetorician, is a matter of doubt. In the year 78 he married the daughter of Agricola, governor of Britain. Subsequently he filled the offices of quæstor under Titus, of prætor under Domitian, and of consul (year 97) under Nerva. From the year 100 on, he appears to have held no public trust, but to have devoted himself exclusively to his literary labors. His death probably occurred shortly after the publication of the 'Annals' (115–117 A. D.).



TACITUS

WORKS

1. The 'Dialogus de Oratoribus.' Tacitus's earliest work was probably published about 81 A. D., and gives an account of a discussion at which the writer represents himself as having been present some seven years previously. The chief disputants are Aper and Messalla; the theme is the quality of contemporary eloquence. Aper maintains that the new oratory really marks a great advance upon that of preceding epochs: it is brilliant and attractive, where the earlier oratory was dull and tedious. An audience of to-day, Aper declares, would not tolerate such speakers. Even Cicero, with all his fame, was not free from the faults of his day; and was worthy of admiration only in his later speeches.

In reply to Aper, Messalla vigorously defends the oratory of the Ciceronian era, and arraigns contemporary eloquence as disfigured by meretricious embellishment. To Messalla's mind the prime cause of this decadence is neglect in the training of the young. Formerly the mother personally superintended the education of her children; now these are given over to irresponsible slaves and nurses. Again, in the earlier days, a young man preparing himself for the profession of oratory was wont to attach himself to some eminent advocate or jurist; and so to acquire the mastery of his art by practical experience. To-day, Messalla complains, it is the fashion merely to declaim artificial show-pieces in the schools.

Secundus and Maternus, who share in the discussion, urge also changed political conditions as another important reason for the decline of eloquence. Under the republic there had been an active political life and keen strife of parties; under the empire the fortunes of the State were directed by a single head. What wonder then that eloquence had declined, when the causes that created it were no longer in existence!

In its fine dramatic setting, its profound grasp of the moving causes in Roman civilization, and in its elevated diction, the 'Dialogus' is a consummate literary masterpiece; Wolf well recognized its merits and its charm when he characterized it as an *aureus libellus* (golden little book).

2. The 'Agricola.' Between the publication of the 'Dialogus' and of the 'Agricola' seventeen years intervened. Of this period fifteen years were occupied by the reign of Domitian, under whom freedom of speech had been rigorously suppressed. The accession of Nerva, however, in 96 A. D., followed by that of Trajan at the beginning of 98, was the augury of a new era; and encouraged Tacitus to publish his 'Life of Agricola' in the latter year. Agricola, Tacitus's father-in-law, had died in 93; and it is quite possible that Tacitus's account of his life was written in the months immediately following that event, and then withheld from publication until the dawn of a more auspicious period. How keenly Tacitus had felt the intellectual and moral servitude enforced upon his countrymen by Domitian's rule is made clear by a passage of remarkable power contained in the preface to this work (here quoted).

The best years of Agricola's life had been spent in the service of his country, and for the most part in the field. His most conspicuous successes were achieved in Britain. He had been appointed governor of that province in 78, and remained there seven years. In the course of his administration he had not only reduced the entire island to subjection, as far north as the highlands of Scotland, but had also established the Roman civilization among the Britons. All these achievements are pictured in glowing colors and with signal

affection by the writer. Tacitus's apostrophe to his departed father-in-law (here quoted), is a lofty and impressive illustration of the writer's genius.

3. The 'Germania.' This was published in 98 A. D., the same year as the 'Agricola.' It is a brief treatise on the geography, peoples, and institutions of the Germans. The larger portion of the work — and by far the most interesting — is devoted to a consideration of those customs and institutions which are common to the Germans as a whole; such as their political organization, their military system, the courts, religion, dwellings, clothing, marriage, amusements, slavery, and industrial occupations. The remainder of the work treats of the location of the separate tribes, and of the institutions peculiar to each.

The purpose of the 'Germania' has been differently conceived by different critics. Some have thought that Tacitus's object was, by holding before his countrymen a picture of the Germans, to mark the contrast between the two civilizations, German and Roman, and to commend the rugged simplicity of the one as opposed to the degeneracy of the other. Others have regarded the treatise as a political pamphlet, written in support of Trajan, and intended to justify the attention which that prince was then bestowing upon the problems presented by the tribes of the North. Yet others have thought that the work was prepared as an introduction to the extensive historical writings which Tacitus had already projected.

But there are serious objections to each of these views; moreover, it seems improbable that the 'Germania' was written with any «tendency» or purpose beyond the natural and obvious one of acquainting its readers with accurate details of German geography and institutions. The German people had long been known to the Romans, and for a century and a half had furnished a more or less constant opposition to the Roman arms. Nor was the subject new: Cæsar, Livy, Pliny, and others, had given detailed accounts of this interesting and important race. That Tacitus, therefore, should have undertaken a fresh presentation of their situation and customs, seems perfectly natural, without resort to the theory of a special extraneous motive. Whatever its original purpose, the 'Germania' must be recognized as a mine of authentic information concerning the ancient Germans, and as a source of the first importance for all modern study of Germanic institutions.

4. The 'Histories.' In the preface to the 'Agricola,' Tacitus had already announced his purpose of writing the history of the reigns of Domitian, Nerva, and Trajan. Later, this plan was modified. The new project embraced the history of the imperial period from the death of Augustus to the death of Domitian, — a space of eighty-two

years. This period naturally fell into two eras: the former that of the Julian-Claudian dynasties (from the accession of Tiberius to the death of Nero), the latter that of the Flavian dynasty (Vespasian to Domitian), including the transition period of turmoil during the brief reigns of Galba, Otho, and Vitellius. It was the latter of these two eras that Tacitus treated first, giving to the work the title 'Historiæ.' The events he describes had all occurred within his own memory, and many within the range of his own observation and experience. The entire work consisted probably of twelve books, published at intervals between 104 and 109 A. D. Of these twelve books only the first four, and half of the fifth, have come down to us. The preserved portions begin with the accession of Galba, and carry the history only to the beginning of the reign of Vespasian. A vivid picture is given in this narrative of the stormy events of the years 68 and 69; including the murder of Galba, the defeat and suicide of Otho, the overthrow of Vitellius, the accession of Vespasian, along with the formidable insurrection of the Batavians under Civilis. But the descriptions are almost exclusively military. There is less of the fine psychological analysis which appears later as a striking characteristic of the 'Annals.' Doubtless this feature may have been more prominent in the lost books of the 'Histories' (6–12), which covered the reigns of Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian. One of the most interesting portions of the extant books is the account of the Jews, given at the beginning of Book v. The description of the siege and capture of Jerusalem by Titus is unfortunately lost.

5. The 'Annals.' The second part of Tacitus's programme embraced a history of the earlier period, from the accession of Tiberius to the death of Nero (14–68 A. D.). The exact title of this work was 'Ab Excessu Divi Augusti' (From the Decease of the Divine Augustus); but owing to the treatment of events year by year, Tacitus himself alludes to his work as 'Annals,' and this designation has become the current one. The 'Annals,' like the 'Histories,' was probably published in installments, about 115–117 A. D. The entire work in all likelihood consisted of eighteen books. These eighteen seem to have been devoted, in groups of six, to three epochs: the first six to the reign of Tiberius; the next six to the reigns of Caligula and Claudius; the concluding six to the reign of Nero. Large portions of the work have been lost. Books 7–10, along with 17 and 18, have disappeared completely; while extensive gaps occur in several of the others. The portions which we still have, deal with the reign of Tiberius, the concluding years of the reign of Claudius, and the reign of Nero down to 66 A. D. The account of Caligula is entirely lost.

The 'Annals' is universally regarded as Tacitus's ripest and greatest work. While nominally a history of the times, it is in reality a

series of masterly character sketches of figures of commanding interest and importance: the emperors, their advisers, their opponents, the members of the imperial family.

In his psychological analyses, Tacitus can hardly be regarded as free from prejudice and partisanship; in the case of most of the emperors and their consorts, he sees no good trait, recognizes no worthy motive. On the other hand, he is at times guilty of undue idealization; as in the case of Germanicus, who, though popular with the soldiers and the people, seems to have been deficient both in force of character and in military genius.

Tacitus's pictures, however, while overdrawn, give us in the main an accurate view of the imperial court: they exhibit the tyranny, cruelty, and wantonness of successive sovereigns, the servility of the courtiers, the degradation of the Senate, and the general demoralization of the aristocracy, in colors as powerful as they are sombre. It is greatly to be regretted that none of the ameliorating influences and tendencies of the imperial régime receive recognition at Tacitus's hands. The contemporary social, industrial, and commercial prosperity are completely ignored: it is the dark side only that is revealed in his pages.

Tacitus's Style.—The artistic form in which Tacitus clothed the products of his genius is not only unique in itself, but also exhibits a striking development from his earliest work to his latest. In the 'Dialogus' he is manifestly under the influence of Cicero. The 'Agricola' and 'Germania,' published seventeen years later, show an almost complete emancipation from this early model. The strong individuality of the writer now reveals itself in greater condensation, in frequent boldness of word and phrase, and in sombre earnestness of thought; Sallust's influence is particularly noticeable at this stage. In the 'Histories' and in the 'Annals' we note the fullest culmination of Tacitus's stylistic development. What in the 'Agricola' and 'Germania' was a tendency, has become in the 'Histories,' and especially in the 'Annals,' a pervading characteristic. Short incisive sentences follow each other in quick succession: a single phrase or a single word is often as pregnant with meaning as a paragraph in another writer; poetic expressions abound (Virgil's influence being particularly noticeable); while a lofty moral earnestness dominates the whole.

This striking contrast of style between Tacitus's earliest and latest work is unparalleled in Roman literature; and for a long time tended to cast doubt on the authenticity of the 'Dialogus.' It is not, however, without a parallel in other literatures; and the difference between Carlyle's 'Life of Schiller' and his 'Frederick the Great'

has been aptly compared with that between the 'Dialogus' and the 'Annals.'

Bibliography.—The best editions of the works of Tacitus are,—for the 'Dialogus,' Gudeman (Boston, 1894); for the 'Agricola' and 'Germania,' Furneaux (Oxford, 1891, 1896); for the 'Annals,' the same editor (Oxford, 1884, 1891); for the 'Histories,' Spooner (Oxford, 1890). The best English translation is by Church and Brodribb (London, 1885, 1888).

Chas. E. Bennett

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN

From 'A Dialogue on Oratory'

Who does not know that eloquence and all other arts have declined from their ancient glory, not from dearth of men, but from the indolence of the young, the carelessness of parents, the ignorance of teachers, and neglect of the old discipline? The evils which first began in Rome soon spread through Italy, and are now diffusing themselves into the provinces. But your provincial affairs are best known to yourselves. I shall speak of Rome, and of those native and home-bred vices which take hold of us as soon as we are born, and multiply with every stage of life, when I have first said a few words on the strict discipline of our ancestors in the education and training of children. Every citizen's son, the child of a chaste mother, was from the beginning reared, not in the chamber of a purchased nurse, but in that mother's bosom and embrace; and it was her special glory to study her home and devote herself to her children. It was usual to select an elderly kinswoman of approved and esteemed character to have the entire charge of all the children of the household. In her presence it was the last offense to utter an unseemly word or to do a disgraceful act. With scrupulous piety and modesty she regulated not only the boy's studies and occupations, but even his recreations and games. Thus it was, as tradition says, that the mothers of the Gracchi, of Cæsar, of Augustus,—Cornelia, Aurelia, Atia,—directed their children's education and reared the greatest of sons. The strictness of

the discipline tended to form in each case a pure and virtuous nature, which no vices could warp, and which would at once with the whole heart seize on every noble lesson. Whatever its bias, — whether to the soldier's or the lawyer's art, or to the study of eloquence,— it would make that its sole aim, and imbibe it in its fullness.

But in our day we intrust the infant to a little Greek servant-girl, who is attended by one or two — commonly the worst of all the slaves — creatures utterly unfit for any important work. Their stories and their prejudices from the very first fill the child's tender and uninstructed mind. No one in the whole house cares what he says or does before his infant master. Even parents themselves familiarize their little ones, not with virtue and modesty, but with jesting and glib talk; which lead on by degrees to shamelessness, and to contempt for themselves as well as for others. Really I think that the characteristic and peculiar vices of this city — a liking for actors and a passion for gladiators and horses — are all-but conceived in the mother's womb. When these occupy and possess the mind, how little room has it left for worthy attainments! Few indeed are to be found who talk of any other subjects in their homes; and whenever we enter a class-room, what else is the conversation of the youths? Even with the teachers, these are the more frequent topics of talk with their scholars. In fact, they draw pupils, not by strictness of discipline or by giving proof of ability, but by assiduous court and cunning tricks of flattery.

DOMITIAN'S REIGN OF TERROR

From the 'Agricola'

We have read that the panegyrics pronounced by Arulenus Rusticus on Pætus Thrasea, and by Herennius Senecio on Priscus Helvidius, were made capital crimes; that not only their persons but their very books were objects of rage, and that the triumvirs were commissioned to burn in the forum those works of splendid genius. They fancied, forsooth, that in that fire the voice of the Roman people, the freedom of the Senate, and the conscience of the human race were perishing; while at the same time they banished the teachers of philosophy, and exiled every noble pursuit, that nothing good might anywhere confront them. Certainly we showed a magnificent example of

patience; as a former age had witnessed the extreme of liberty, so we witnessed the extreme of servitude, when the informer robbed us of the interchange of speech and hearing. We should have lost memory as well as voice, had it been as easy to forget as to keep silence.

Now at last our spirit is returning. And yet, though at the dawn of a most happy age Nerva Cæsar blended things once irreconcilable,— sovereignty and freedom; though Nerva Trajan is now daily augmenting the prosperity of the time, and though the public safety has not only our hopes and good wishes, but has also the certain pledge of their fulfillment,— still, from the necessary condition of human frailty, the remedy works less quickly than the disease. As our bodies grow but slowly, perish in a moment, so it is easier to crush than to revive genius and its pursuits. Besides, the charm of indolence steals over us, and the idleness which at first we loathed we afterwards love. What if during those fifteen years,— a large portion of human life,— many were cut off by ordinary casualties, and the ablest fell victims to the Emperor's rage, if a few of us survive,— I may almost say, not only others but our own selves survive, though there have been taken from the midst of life those many years which brought the young in dumb silence to old age, and the old almost to the very verge and end of existence! Yet we shall not regret that we have told, though in language unskillful and unadorned, the story of past servitude, and borne our testimony to present happiness. Meanwhile this book, intended to do honor to Agricola my father-in-law, will, as an expression of filial regard, be commended, or at least excused.

APOSTROPHE TO AGRICOLA

From the 'Agricola'

Thou wast indeed fortunate, Agricola, not only in the splendor of thy life, but in the opportune moment of thy death. Thou submittedst to thy fate, so they tell us who were present to hear thy last words, with courage and cheerfulness, seeming to be doing all thou couldst to give thine Emperor full acquittal. As for me and thy daughter, besides all the bitterness of a father's loss, it increases our sorrow that it was not permitted us to watch over thy failing health, to comfort thy weakness, to satisfy ourselves with those looks, those embraces

Assuredly we should have received some precepts, some utterances, to fix in our inmost hearts. This is the bitterness of our sorrow, this the smart of our wound: that from the circumstance of so long an absence thou wast lost to us four years before. Doubtless, best of fathers, with the most loving wife at thy side, all the dues of affection were abundantly paid thee; yet with too few tears thou wast laid to thy rest, and in the light of thy last day there was something for which thine eyes longed in vain.

If there is any dwelling-place for the spirits of the just; if, as the wise believe, noble souls do not perish with the body,—rest thou in peace; and call us, thy family, from weak regrets and womanish laments to the contemplation of thy virtues, for which we must not weep nor beat the breast. Let us honor thee not so much with transitory praises as with our reverence; and if our powers permit us, with our emulation. That will be true respect, that the true affection of thy nearest kin. This too is what I would enjoin on daughter and wife: to honor the memory of that father, that husband, by pondering in their hearts all his words and acts, by cherishing the features and lineaments of his character rather than those of his person. It is not that I would forbid the likenesses which are wrought in marble or in bronze; but as the faces of men, so all similitudes of the face are weak and perishable things, while the fashion of the soul is everlasting,—such as may be expressed not in some foreign substance, or by the help of art, but in our own lives. Whatever we loved, whatever we admired in Agricola, survives, and will survive in the hearts of men, in the succession of the ages, in the fame that waits on noble deeds. Over many, indeed, of those who have gone before, as over the inglorious and ignoble, the waves of oblivion will roll: Agricola, made known to posterity by history and tradition, will live for ever.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE GERMANS

From the ‹Germania›

Government. Influence of Women

They choose their kings by birth, their generals for merit. These kings have not unlimited or arbitrary power, and the generals do more by example than by authority. If they are energetic, if they are conspicuous, if they fight in the front, they

lead because they are admired. But to reprimand, to imprison, even to flog, is permitted to the priests alone; and that not as a punishment, or at the general's bidding, but as it were, by the mandate of the god whom they believe to inspire the warrior. They also carry with them into battle certain figures and images taken from their sacred groves. And what most stimulates their courage is that their squadrons or battalions, instead of being formed by chance or by a fortuitous gathering, are composed of families and clans. Close by them too are those dearest to them, so that they hear the shrieks of women, the cries of infants. *They* are to every man the most sacred witnesses of his bravery—*they* are his most generous applauders. The soldier brings his wounds to mother and wife, who shrink not from counting or even demanding them, and who administer both food and encouragement to the combatant.

Tradition says that armies already wavering and giving way have been rallied by women, who, with earnest entreaties and bosoms laid bare, have vividly represented the horrors of captivity; which the Germans fear with such extreme dread on behalf of their women, that the strongest tie by which a State can be bound is the being required to give, among the number of hostages, maidens of noble birth. They even believe that the sex has a certain sanctity and prescience; and they do not despise their counsels, or make light of their answers. In Vespasian's days we saw Veleda, long regarded by many as a divinity. In former times too they venerated Aurinia, and many other women; but not with servile flatteries or with sham deification.

Deities

Mercury is the deity whom they chiefly worship; and on certain days they deem it right to sacrifice to him even with human victims. Hercules and Mars they appease with more lawful offerings. Some of the Suevi also sacrifice to Isis. Of the occasion and origin of this foreign rite I have discovered nothing but that the image, which is fashioned like a light galley, indicates an imported worship. The Germans, however, do not consider it consistent with the grandeur of celestial beings to confine the gods within walls, or to liken them to the form of any human countenance. They consecrate woods and groves; and they apply the names of deities to the abstraction which they see only in spiritual worship.

Auguries and Method of Divination

Augury and divination by lot no people practice more diligently. The use of the lots is simple. A little bough is lopped off a fruit-bearing tree, and cut into small pieces; these are distinguished by certain marks, and thrown carelessly and at random over a white garment. In public questions the priest of the particular State, in private the father of the family, invokes the gods; and with his eyes towards heaven, takes up each piece three times, and finds in them a meaning according to the mark previously impressed on them. If they prove unfavorable, there is no further consultation that day about the matter; if they sanction it, the confirmation of augury is still required. For they are also familiar with the practice of consulting the notes and the flight of birds. It is peculiar to this people to seek omens and monitions from horses. Kept at the public expense, in these same woods and groves are white horses, pure from the taint of earthly labor; these are yoked to a sacred car, and accompanied by the priest and the king, or chief of the tribe, who note their neighings and snortings. No species of augury is more trusted, not only by the people and by the nobility, but also by the priests; who regard themselves as the ministers of the gods, and the horses as acquainted with their will. They have also another method of observing auspices, by which they seek to learn the result of an important war. Having taken, by whatever means, a prisoner from the tribe with whom they are at war, they pit him against a picked man of their own tribe, each combatant using the weapons of their country. The victory of the one or the other is accepted as an indication of the issue.

Councils

About minor matters the chiefs deliberate, about the more important the whole tribe. Yet even when the final decision rests with the people, the affair is always thoroughly discussed by the chiefs. They assemble, except in the case of a sudden emergency, on certain fixed days, either at new or at full moon; for this they consider the most auspicious season for the transaction of business. Instead of reckoning by days as we do, they reckon by nights; and in this manner fix both their ordinary and their legal appointments. Night they regard as bringing on day. Their

freedom has this disadvantage,—that they do not meet simultaneously or as they are bidden, but two or three days are wasted in the delays of assembling. When the multitude think proper, they sit down armed. Silence is proclaimed by the priests, who have on these occasions the right of keeping order. Then the king or the chief—according to age, birth, distinction in war, or eloquence—is heard, more because he has influence to persuade than because he has power to command. If his sentiments displease them, they reject them with murmurs; if they are satisfied, they brandish their spears. The most complimentary form of assent is to express approbation with their weapons.

Punishments. Administration of Justice

In their councils an accusation may be preferred, or a capital crime prosecuted. Penalties are distinguished according to the offense. Traitors and deserters are hanged on trees; the coward, the unwarlike, the man stained with abominable vices, is plunged into the mire of the morass, with a hurdle put over him. This distinction in punishment means that crime, they think, ought in being punished to be exposed, while infamy ought to be buried out of sight. Lighter offenses, too, have penalties proportioned to them: he who is convicted is fined in a certain number of horses or of cattle. Half of the fine is paid to the king or to the State, half to the person whose wrongs are avenged and to his relatives. In these same councils they also elect the chief magistrates, who administer law in the cantons and the towns. Each of these has a hundred associates chosen from the people, who support him with their advice and influence.

Training of the Youth

They transact no public or private business without being armed. It is not, however, usual for any one to wear arms till the State has recognized his power to use them. Then in the presence of the council one of the chiefs, or the young man's father, or some kinsman, equips him with a shield and a spear. These arms are what the "toga" is with us,—the first honor with which youth is invested. Up to this time he is regarded as a member of a household, afterwards as a member of the commonwealth. Very noble birth or great services rendered by

the father secure for lads the rank of a chief; such lads attach themselves to men of mature strength and of long-approved valor. It is no shame to be seen among a chief's followers. Even in his escort there are gradations of rank, dependent on the choice of the man to whom they are attached. These followers vie keenly with each other as to who shall rank first with his chief; the chiefs as to who shall have the most numerous and the bravest followers. It is an honor as well as a source of strength to be thus always surrounded by a large body of picked youths: it is an ornament in peace and a defense in war. And not only in his own tribe but also in the neighboring States it is the renown and glory of a chief to be distinguished for the number and valor of his followers; for such a man is courted by embassies, is honored with presents, and the very prestige of his name often settles a war.

Warlike Ardor of the People

When they go into battle, it is a disgrace for the chief to be surpassed in valor, a disgrace for his followers not to equal the valor of the chief. And it is an infamy and a reproach for life to have survived the chief, and returned from the field. To defend, to protect him, to ascribe one's own brave deeds to his renown, is the height of loyalty. The chief fights for victory; his vassals fight for their chief. If their native State sinks into the sloth of prolonged peace and repose, many of its noble youths voluntarily seek those tribes which are waging some war: both because inaction is odious to their race, and because they win renown more readily in the midst of peril, and cannot maintain a numerous following except by violence and war. Indeed, men look to the liberality of their chief for their war-horse and their blood-stained and victorious lance. Feasts and entertainments — which, though inelegant, are plentifully furnished — are their only pay. The means of this bounty come from war and rapine. Nor are they as easily persuaded to plow the earth and to wait for the year's produce, as to challenge an enemy and earn the honor of wounds. Nay, they actually think it tame and stupid to acquire by the sweat of toil what they might win by their blood.

Habits in Time of Peace

Whenever they are not fighting, they pass much of their time in the chase, and still more in idleness, giving themselves up to sleep and to feasting; the bravest and the most warlike doing nothing, and surrendering the management of the household, of the home, and of the land, to the women, the old men, and all the weakest members of the family. They themselves lie buried in sloth: a strange combination in their nature, that the same men should be so fond of idleness, so averse to peace. It is the custom of the States to bestow by voluntary and individual contribution on the chiefs a present of cattle or of grain, which, while accepted as a compliment, supplies their wants. They are particularly delighted by gifts from neighboring tribes; which are sent not only by individuals but also by the State, such as choice steeds, heavy armor, trappings, and neck-chains. We have now taught them to accept money also.

Arrangement of their Towns. Subterranean Dwellings

It is well known that the nations of Germany have no cities, and that they do not even tolerate closely contiguous dwellings. They live scattered and apart, just as a spring, a meadow, or a wood has attracted them. Their villages they do not arrange in our fashion,—with the buildings connected and joined together, —but every person surrounds his dwelling with an open space, either as a precaution against the disasters of fire, or because they do not know how to build. No use is made by them of stone or tile: they employ timber for all purposes, rude masses without ornament or attractiveness. Some parts of their buildings they stain more carefully, with a clay so clear and bright that it resembles painting, or a colored design. They are wont also to dig out subterranean caves, and pile on them great heaps of dung, as a shelter from winter, and as a receptacle for the year's produce; for by such places they mitigate the rigor of the cold. And should an enemy approach, he lays waste the open country, while what is hidden and buried is either not known to exist, or else escapes him from the very fact that it has to be searched for.

Marriage Laws

Their marriage code is strict, and indeed no part of their manners is more praiseworthy. Almost alone among barbarians they are content with one wife; except a very few among them, and these not from sensuality, but because their noble birth procures for them many offers of alliance. The wife does not bring a dower to the husband, but the husband to the wife. The parents and relatives are present, and pass judgment on the marriage gifts, gifts not meant to suit a woman's taste, nor such as a bride would deck herself with, but oxen, a caparisoned steed, a shield, a lance, and a sword. With these presents the wife is espoused, and she herself in her turn brings her husband a gift of arms. This they count their strongest bond of union, these their sacred mysteries, these their gods of marriage. Lest the woman should think herself to stand apart from aspirations after noble deeds and from the perils of war, she is reminded by the ceremony which inaugurates marriage that she is her husband's partner in toil and danger, destined to suffer and to dare with him alike both in peace and in war. The yoked oxen, the harnessed steed, the gift of arms, proclaim this fact. She must live and die with the feeling that she is receiving what she must hand down to her children neither tarnished nor depreciated, what future daughters-in-law may receive, and may be so passed on to her grandchildren.

Thus with their virtue protected they live uncorrupted by the allurements of public shows or the stimulant of feastings. Clandestine correspondence is equally unknown to men and women. . . . The loss of chastity meets with no indulgence: neither beauty, youth, nor wealth will procure the culprit a husband. No one in Germany laughs at vice, nor do they call it the fashion to corrupt or to be corrupted. Still better is the condition of those States in which only maidens are given in marriage, and where the hopes and expectations of a bride are then finally terminated. They receive one husband, as having one body and one life, that they may have no thoughts beyond, no further-reaching desires, that they may love not so much the husband as the married state. To limit the number of their children or to destroy any of their subsequent offspring is accounted infamous; and good habits are here more effectual than good laws elsewhere.

SCENE OF THE DEFEAT OF VARUS

From the 'Annals.' Translation of Church and Brodribb

Not far hence lay the forest of Teutoburgium; and in it the bones of Varus and the legions, by report still unburied.

Germanicus upon this was seized with an eager longing to pay the last honor to those soldiers and their general; while the whole army present was moved to compassion by the thought of their kinsfolk and friends, and indeed, of the calamities of wars and the lot of mankind. Having sent on Cæcina in advance to reconnoitre the obscure forest passes, and to raise bridges and causeways over watery swamps and treacherous plains, they visited the mournful scenes, with their horrible sights and associations. Varus's first camp, with its wide circumference and the measurements of its central space, clearly indicated the handiwork of three legions. Further on, the partially fallen rampart and the shallow fosse suggested the inference that it was a shattered remnant of the army which had there taken up a position. In the centre of the field were the whitening bones of men, as they had fled or stood their ground, strewn everywhere or piled in heaps. Near, lay fragments of weapons and limbs of horses, and also human heads, prominently nailed to trunks of trees. In the adjacent groves were the barbarous altars on which they had immolated tribunes and first-rank centurions. Some survivors of the disaster who had escaped from the battle or from captivity, described how this was the spot where the officers fell, how yonder the eagles were captured, where Varus was pierced by his first wound, where too by the stroke of his own ill-starred hand he found for himself death. They pointed out too the raised ground from which Arminius had harangued his army, the number of gibbets for the captives, the pits for the living, and how in his exultation he had insulted the standards and eagles.

SERVILITY OF THE SENATE

From the 'Annals'

As for the Senate, it was no part of their anxiety whether dishonor fell on the extreme frontiers of the empire. Fear at home had filled their hearts; and for this they sought relief in sycophancy. And so, although their advice was asked

on totally different subjects, they decreed an altar to Clemency; an altar to Friendship; and statues round them to Cæsar and Sejanus, both of whom they earnestly begged with repeated entreaties to allow themselves to be seen in public. Still, neither of them would visit Rome or even the neighborhood of Rome: they thought it enough to quit the island and show themselves on the opposite shores of Campania. Senators, knights, a number of the city populace, flocked thither, anxiously looking to Sejanus; approach to whom was particularly difficult, and was consequently sought by intrigue and by complicity in his counsels. It was sufficiently clear that his arrogance was increased by gazing on this foul and openly displayed servility. At Rome indeed hurrying crowds are a familiar sight, and from the extent of the city no one knows on what business each citizen is bent: but there, as they lounged in promiscuous crowds in the fields or on the shore, they had to bear day and night alike the patronizing smiles and the supercilious insolence of hall-porters, till even this was forbidden them; and those whom Sejanus had not deigned to accost or to look on, returned to the capital in alarm, while some felt an evil joy, though there hung over them the dreadful doom of that ill-starred friendship.

DEATH AND CHARACTER OF TIBERIUS

From the 'Annals'

On the 15th of March, his breath failing, he was believed to have expired; and Caius Cæsar was going forth with a numerous throng of congratulating followers to take the first possession of the empire, when suddenly news came that Tiberius was recovering his voice and sight, and calling for persons to bring him food to revive him from his faintness. Then ensued a universal panic; and while the rest fled hither and thither, every one feigning grief or ignorance, Caius Cæsar, in silent stupor, passed from the highest hopes to the extremity of apprehension. Marco, nothing daunted, ordered the old emperor to be smothered under a huge heap of clothes; and all to quit the entrance-hall.

And so died Tiberius in the seventy-eighth year of his age. Nero was his father, and he was on both sides descended from the Claudian house; though his mother passed by adoption, first

into the Livian, then into the Julian family. From earliest infancy, perilous vicissitudes were his lot. Himself an exile, he was the companion of a proscribed father; and on being admitted as a stepson into the house of Augustus, he had to struggle with many rivals, so long as Marcellus and Agrippa, and subsequently Caius and Lucius Cæsar, were in their glory. Again, his brother Drusus enjoyed in a greater degree the affection of the citizens. But he was more than ever on dangerous ground after his marriage with Julia, whether he tolerated or escaped from his wife's profligacy. On his return from Rhodes he ruled the emperor's now heirless house for twelve years; and the Roman world, with absolute sway, for about twenty-three. His character too had its distinct periods. It was a bright time in his life and reputation while under Augustus he was a private citizen or held high offices; a time of reserve and crafty assumption of virtue, as long as Germanicus and Drusus were alive. Again, while his mother lived, he was a compound of good and evil; he was infamous for his cruelty, though he veiled his debaucheries, while he loved or feared Sejanus. Finally he plunged into every wickedness and disgrace, when, fear and shame being cast off, he simply indulged his own inclinations.

THE GREAT FIRE AT ROME, AND NERO'S ACCUSATION OF THE CHRISTIANS

From the 'Annals'

A DISASTER followed — whether accidental or treacherously contrived by the emperor is uncertain, as authors have given both accounts; worse, however, and more dreadful than any which have ever happened to this city by the violence of fire. It had its beginning in that part of the Circus which adjoins the Palatine and Cælian hills, where amid the shops containing inflammable wares, the conflagration both broke out, and instantly became so fierce and so rapid from the wind that it seized in its grasp the entire length of the Circus. For here there were no houses fenced in by solid masonry, or temples surrounded by walls, or any other obstacle to interpose delay. The blaze in its fury ran first through the level portions of the city, then rising to the hills, while it again devastated every place below them; it outstripped all preventive measures, so rapid was

the mischief and so completely at its mercy the city, with those narrow winding passages and irregular streets which characterized old Rome. Added to this were the wailings of terror-stricken women, the feebleness of age, the helpless inexperience of childhood; the crowds who sought to save themselves or others, dragging out the infirm or waiting for them, and by their hurry in the one case, by their delay in the other, aggravating the confusion. Often while they looked behind them, they were intercepted by flames on their side or in their face. Or if they reached a refuge close at hand, when this too was seized by the fire they found that even places which they had imagined to be remote were involved in the same calamity. At last, doubting what they should avoid or whither to betake themselves, they crowded the streets or flung themselves down in the fields; while some who had lost their all, even their very daily bread, and others out of love for the kinsfolk whom they had been unable to rescue, perished, though escape was open to them. And no one dared to stop the mischief, because of incessant menaces from a number of persons who forbade the extinguishing of the flames; or because again others openly hurled brands, and kept shouting that there was one who gave them authority,—either seeking to plunder more freely, or obeying orders.

Nero at this time was at Antium, and did not return to Rome until the fire approached his house, which he had built to connect the palace with the gardens of Mæcenas. It could not however be stopped from devouring the palace, the house, and everything around it. However, to relieve the people, driven out homeless as they were, he threw open to them the Campus Martius and the public buildings of Agrippa, and even his own gardens; and raised temporary structures to receive the destitute multitude. Supplies of food were brought up from Ostia and the neighboring towns, and the price of corn was reduced to three sesterces a peck. These acts, though popular, produced no effect; since a rumor had gone forth everywhere that, at the very time when the city was in flames, the Emperor appeared on a private stage and sang of the destruction of Troy, comparing present misfortunes with the calamities of antiquity

Such indeed were the precautions of human wisdom. The next thing was to seek a means of propitiating the gods; and recourse was had to the Sibylline Books, by the direction of which prayers were offered to Vulcanus, Ceres, and Proserpina.

Juno too was entreated by the matrons; first in the Capitol, then on the nearest part of the coast, whence water was procured to sprinkle the fane and image of the goddess. And there were sacred banquets and nightly vigils celebrated by married women. But all human efforts. all the lavish gifts of the Emperor, and the propitiations of the gods, did not banish the sinister belief that the conflagration was the result of an order. Consequently, to get rid of the report, Nero fastened the guilt and inflicted the most exquisite tortures on a class hated for their abominations, called Christians by the populace. Christus, from whom the name had its origin, suffered the extreme penalty during the reign of Tiberius at the hands of one of our procurators, Pontius Pilatus; and a most mischievous superstition, thus checked for the moment, again broke out not only in Judæa, the first source of the evil, but even in Rome, where all things hideous and shameful from every part of the world find their centre and become popular. Accordingly an arrest was first made of all who pleaded guilty; then upon their information, an immense multitude was convicted, not so much of the crime of firing the city as of hatred against mankind. Mockery of every sort was added to their deaths. Covered with the skins of beasts, they were torn by dogs and perished; or were nailed to crosses, or were doomed to the flames and burnt, to serve as a nightly illumination when daylight had expired.

Nero offered his gardens for the spectacle, and was exhibiting a show in the Circus, while he mingled with the people in the dress of a charioteer, or stood aloft on a car. Hence, even for criminals who deserved extreme and exemplary punishment, there arose a feeling of compassion; for it was not, as it seemed, for the public good, but to glut one man's cruelty, that they were being destroyed.

TAHITIAN LITERATURE

The Teva Poets: Notes on a Poetic Family in Tahiti

BY JOHN LA FARGE

N THE Home of the Ogre I pillowed my head;
I followed in safety the Path of the Dead;
With the Sons of the Shark I lived as a guest;
I saw float before me the Isles of the Blest.

I have bathed in the sea where the Siren still sleeps;
The Kiss of the Queen is still red on my lips;
My hands touched the Tree with the Branchings of Gold,—
For a season I lived in the Order of Old.

IT IS a part of the charm of little Tahiti, or Otaheite, whose double island is not more than a hundred miles about, that it has been the type of the oceanic island in story.

With its discovery begins the interest that awoke Europe by the apparent realization of man in his earliest life — a life that recalled the silver if not the golden age. Here men and women made a beautiful race, living free from the oppression of nature, and at first sight also free from the cruel and terrible superstitions of many savage tribes. I have known people who could recall the joyous impression made upon them by these stories of new paradises, only just opened; and both Wallis's and Bougainville's short and official reports are bathed in a feeling of admiration, that takes no definite form, but refers both to the people and the place and the gentleness of the welcome.

The state of nature had just then been the staple reference in the polemic literature of the century about to close. The refined and dry civilization of the few was troubled by the confused sentiments, the dreams, and the obscure desires of the ignorant and suffering many. Their inarticulate voice was suddenly phrased by Rousseau. With that cry came in the literary belief in the natural man, in the possibility of analyzing the foundations of government and civilization, in the perfectibility of the human race and its persistent goodness when freed from the weight of society's blunders and oppressions.

Later, Byron:—

«—the happy shores without a law,
Where all partake the earth without dispute,
And bread itself is gathered as a fruit;
Where none contest the fields, the woods, the streams:
The goldless age, where gold disturbs no dreams.»

There is no doubt that at the moment of the discovery our islanders had reached the full extent of their civilization; that, numerous, splendid, and untainted in their physical development, they seemed to live in a facility of existence, in an absence of anxiety emphasized by their love of pleasure and fondness for society,—by a simplicity of conscience which found no fault in what we reprobate,—in a happiness which is not and could not be our own. The «pursuit of happiness» in which these islanders were engaged, and in which they seemed successful, is the catchword of the eighteenth century.

People were far then from the cruel ideas of Hobbes; and the more amiable views of the nature of man, and of his rights, echo in the sentimentality of the last century like the sound of the island surf about Tahiti.

The name recalls so many associations of ideas, so much romance of reading, so much of the history of thought, that I find it difficult to disentangle the varying strands of the threads. There are many boyish recollections behind the charm of Melville's 'Omoo' and Stoddard's 'Idylls,' or even the mixed pleasure of Loti's 'Marriage.'

I believe too that my feelings are intensified because they are directed towards an island, a word, a thing of all time marked by man as something wherein to place the ideal, the supernatural, the home of the blest, the abode of the dead, the fountain of eternal youth, as in Heine's song about the island of Bimini:—

«Little birdling Colibri,
Lead us thou to *Tahiti!*»

Captain Cook and Bougainville and Wallis first appealed to me with the name of Otaheite or Tahiti; and I remember the far-away missionary stories and the pictures of their books, the shores fringed with palm-trees, the strange, impossible mountain peaks, the half-classical figures of natives, and the eighteenth-century costumes of the gallant discoverers. And I remember grewsome pictures in which figure human sacrifices and deformed idols, and still the skirts of the uniform of Captain Cook. Long ago there lay, by a Newport wharf, an old hulk, relic of former days. We were told that this had been one of the ships of Captain Cook,—the once famous Endeavor. Here

was the end of her romance; now slowly rotted the keel that had plowed through new seas, and first touched the shores of races disconnected from time immemorial.

On that little ship, enormous to her eyes, had been Oberea, the princess, the Queen of Otaheite, whose name comes up in the stories of Wallis or of Cook, and early in the first missionary voyages.

Oberea was the tall woman of commanding presence, who, undismayed, with the freedom of a person accustomed to rule, visited Wallis on board of his ship, soon after his first arrival and the attempt at attacking him (July 1767). She, you may remember too, carried him, a sick man, in her arms, as easily as if he had been a child. I remember her in the engraving, stepping towards Wallis, with a palm branch in her hand, while he stands with gun in hand at the head of his marines.

And do you remember the parting: how the Queen could not speak for tears; how she sank inconsolable on the stern of her canoe, without noticing the presents made her; and how the gallant captain's eyes filled with tears? Surely this is no ordinary story,—this sentimental end of an official record of discovery.

When Wallis arrived in June 1767, Tahiti and its neighboring island Moorea were under the rule of a chief, Amo or Aamo, as he is called by Wallis and Cook. He was their great chief,—a word we have managed to translate as king. It was a moment of general peace; and the "happy islanders" enjoyed, in a "terrestrial paradise," pleasures of social life, of free intercourse, whose description even at this day reads with a charm of impossible amenity. The wonderful island, striking in its shape, so beautiful apparently that each successive traveler has described it as the most beautiful of places, was prepared to offer to the discoverer expecting harsh and savage sights, a race of noble proportion, of great elegance of form, accustomed to most courteous demeanor, and speaking one of the softest languages of man. Even the greatest defects of the Polynesian helped to make the exterior picture of amiability and ease of life still more grateful. The harsher side added to the picture the interest of mystery and contradiction. Just as Wallis left one side of the island, Bougainville the Frenchman came up to the other, different in its make, different in the first attitude of the natives, but with the same story of gracious kindness and feminine bounty; so that the Frenchman called it the New Cytherea, and carried home images of pastoral, idyllic life in a savage Eden, where all was beautiful, and untainted by the fierceness and greed imposed upon natural man by artificial civilization. So strong was the impression produced by what he had to say, and by the elaborations of Diderot and the encyclopædists, that the keen and critical analysis of his own mistakes in judgment

which Bougainville affixed to his 'Journal,' was, as he complained, passed over, because people wished to have their minds made up.

Last of all came Captain Cook, whose name has absorbed all others. Twice he visited Tahiti, and helped to fix in European minds the impression of a state nearer to nature, which the thought of the day insisted upon.

That early figure of Purea (Oberea), the queen for whom Wallis shed tears in leaving, remains the type of the South Sea woman. With Cook she is also inseparably associated; and the anger of the first missionaries with her only serves to complete and certify the character.

Her residence and that of her husband Amo was at Papara, on the south shore of Tahiti. Both belonged to a family whose ancestors were gods; and they lived a ceremonial life recalling, at this extreme of civilization, the courtesies, the adulation, the flattery, the superstitious veneration, of the East.

This family and its allies had reigned in these islands and in the others for an indefinite period. The names of their ancestors, the poetry commemorating them, were still sung long after the white man had helped to destroy their supremacy.

Now Oberea was the great-great-grand-aunt of the old chiefess Arii Taimai, or Hinarii (Mother of Chiefs), whom I visited in her country home. This great lady, the greatest in all the islands, is the last link of the old and new. With her will go all sorts of traditions and habits; and both she and her daughter, Queen Marau, were very affable and entertaining, telling us legends and stories. The mother of our old chiefess was known by at least thirteen different names, each of which was a title, each of which conveyed land: so for instance she was Marama in the island of Moorea, and owned almost all of it; so she was Aromaiterai in Papara. This investiture would be received by a child, as child to a chief, and it would be carried to the family temple to be made sacred, as was done in this case,—thirteen different temples having received the child, the mother of our chiefess. She repeated to us, with curious cadences and intonations unknown to the people here to-day, some of the forms of salutation through which a visitor addressed the honored person that he visited, or was addressed by him. These words gave names and surnames, and references to past history, and made out the proper titles to descent. They were recited in the form of a lamentation, and there were pauses, she said, when the speaker was supposed to weep; and in committing them to memory, she learned also when this wailing was to come. Once, she said, she had visited the island Raiatea with her friend, the famous late queen, Pomare, to call upon the queen of that island; and Queen Pomare, less versed than herself,

asked her to speak these salutations for her, as they walked along upon their official visit. «It was difficult,» said the old lady: «I had to walk just so, and to repeat all this at the same time, without an error, and at the proper places to lament.» For our hostess is a lady of the greatest family,—of greater family than Queen Pomare's, though her affection for her prevents her saying what she thinks.

The famous Queen Pomare's name was known to all sea-going people in that half of the globe. She was the Pomare of Melville's 'Omoo' and of Loti's 'Marriage.' The Pomares date only from the time of Cook. They were slowly wresting the power from the Tevas by war, and by that still more powerful means, marriage. The old lady Hinaarii is the chiefess representing that great line of the Teva, alongside of which the Pomares—the kings through the foreigner—are new people. Some years ago King Kalakaua of Hawaii had wished to obtain the traditions and genealogies of her family; but the old lady had never been favorable. This, the earliest of the traditions of the family, was told me at different times by Queen Marau; so that in many cases what little I shall quote will be the very words of our royal historian.

The great ancestress Hototu, from whom come all the Tevas, was the first queen of Vaieri. She married Temanutunu, the first king of Punauia. (Temanutunu means *Bird that Let Loose the Army.*) This was at the time when gods and men and animals were not divided as they are to-day, or when, as in the Greek stories, the gods took the shapes of men or beasts. . . . In the course of time this king left the island, and made an expedition to the far-away Pomotu. It is said that he went to obtain the precious red feathers that have always had a mysterious value to South Sea Islanders, and that he meant them for the *maroura* or royal red girdle of his son. The investiture with the girdle, red or white according to circumstances, had the same value as our form of crowning, and took place in the ancestral temples. While the king was far away in the pursuit of these red feathers, to be gathered perhaps one by one, the queen Hototu traveled into the adjoining country of Papara, and there met the mysterious personage Paparuiia. This wonderful creature, half man, half fish, recalls the god of Raratonga, who himself recalled to the missionaries the god Dagon. With Paparuiia, or Tino-iia as he was also called, the queen was well pleased; so that from them was born a son who later was called Teva. But this is anticipating. While the king was still away, his dog Pihoro returned; and finding the queen he ran up to her and fawned upon her, to the jealous disgust of Tino-iia, one half of whom said to the other, «She cares for that dog more than for me.» Then he arose and departed in anger,—telling her, however, that she would bear a son whom she should

call Teva: that for this son he had built a temple at Mataua, and that there he should wear the *maro tea*, the white or yellow girdle; his mother the queen, and her husband the king, being the only ones that had the right to the *maroura*, the red maro or girdle—for which, you will remember, the king was hunting. Then he departed, and was met by Temanutunu, the king, who entreated him to return; but he refused, saying that his wife was a woman too fond of dogs.

When I asked if he never came back, the queen told me that since that day the man-fish had been seen many times.

When I asked about the old divinity of the family, the shark, I was told that he still frequents—harmless to his friends—the water inside the reef; changing his size when he comes in or out, because of the small passage.

The old songs that she orders to be sung to us are not hymns but *himenes*, a name now applied to all choral singing. The mode of singing has not changed for its being church music—it is the South Sea chant: a buzzing bass *brum-brum* that sounds almost instrumental, and upon this ground a brocading of high, shrill cadencing, repeated indefinitely, and ending always in a long *i-é-e—i-é-e*,—a sound that we first heard in Hawaii, and afterwards as an accompaniment to the paddling of Samoan boats.

I shall transcribe in prose some of the poems that are woven into the story of the family. . . . Some of these form parts of methods of addresses; that is to say, of the poems or words recited upon occasions of visiting, or that serve as tribe-cries and slogans. Such for instance are the verses connected with the name of Tauraatua that are handed down. The explanations may confuse it; but they make it all the more authentic, because all songs handed down and familiar must receive varying glosses. Where one sees, for instance, a love-song, another sees a song of war. The chief, Tauraatua, of that far-back day was enamored of a fair maiden whose name was Maraeura, and lived with or near her. This poem, which is an appeal to him to return to duty or to home, or to wake him from a dream, is supposed to be the call of the bird messenger and his answer. The bird messenger (*euriri*) repeats the places and names of things most sacred to the chief,—his mount, his cape, his temple. To which the chief answers that he will look at his mistress's place or person on the shore.

«Tauraatua, living in the house of Roa,»
(Says) the bird that has flown to the *rua rua*,
«Papara is a land of heavy leaves that drag down the branches.
Go to Teva; at Teva is thy home,
Thy golden land.
The mount that rises yonder
Is thy Mount Tamaiti.

The point that stands on the shore is
Thy Outumanomano.
It is the crowning of a king that makes sacred
Teriitere of Tooarai»

(the chief's name as ruling over Papara).

(*Answer.*)

«Then let me push away the golden leaves
Of the *rua rua*,
That I may see the twin buds of Maraeura
On the shore.»

Tati, the brother of Queen Marau, takes another view of the poem, regarding as frivolous the feminine connection, and giving the whole a martial character. His version ends with this, which is fine enough:—

«Tauraatua is swifter than the one who carries the fort.
He is gone and he is past before even the morning star was up.
The grass covering the cliff is trampled by Tauraatua.»

Every point, the proverb says, has a chief. A poem traditional in the family gives expression to the value of these points—to the attachment to and desire to be near them again—in the mind of an exile, Aromaiterai, who had been sent into the neighboring peninsula and forbidden to make himself known. From his place of exile he could see across the water the land of Papara with its hills and cape. The poem which he composed, and which is dear to the Tevas, revealed his identity:—

LAMENT OF AROMAITERAI

From Mataaoe I look to my own land Tianina,
My mount Tearatupu, my valley Temaite,
My «drove of pigs» on the great mountain.
The dews have fallen on the mountain,
And they have spread my cloak.
Rains, clear away that I may look at my home!
Aue! alas! the wall of my dear land.
The two thrones of Mataoa open their arms to me Temarii.
No one will ever know how my heart yearns for my mount of Tamaiti.

Tiaapuaa (Drove of Pigs) was the name of certain trees growing along the edge of the mountain Moarahi. The profile against the sky suggested—and the same trees, or others in the same position to-day as I looked at them, did make—a procession along the ridge.

The "cloak" of the family is the rain; the Tevas are "the children of the mist." Not so many years ago one of the ladies objected to some protection from rain for her son who was about to land in some ceremony: "Let him wear his cloak," she said.

By the "two thrones" I understand two of the hills that edge the valley.

I have received from Queen Marau three poems: one about a girl asked to wed an old chief; one in honor of King Pomare. The third, a song of reproof, cherished by the Teva as a protest against fate, explains how the dissensions among the different branches of the eight clans of Teva allowed them to become a prey to the rising power of the Purionu clans headed by Pomare.

Jno. La Farge

SONG OF REPROOF

AT THE BEGINNING OF THE WARS BETWEEN TEVA AND PURIONU, IN 1768, A YEAR BEFORE THE COMING OF COOK

A standard is raised at Tooarai,
Like the crash of thunder
And flashes of lightning.
The rays of the midday sun
Surround the standard of the king,
The king of the thousand skies.
Honor the standard
Of the king of the thousand skies!

A standard is raised at Matahihae,
In the presence of Vehiatua.
The rebels Teieie and Tetumanua,
They broke the king's standard,
And Oropaa is troubled.
If your crime had but ended there!
The whole land is laid prostrate.

Thou art guilty, O Vehiatua,
Of the standard of thy king,
Broken by the people of Taiarapu,
By whom we are all destroyed.
Thou bringest the greatest of armies
To the laying of stones
Of the temple of Mahaiatea. . . .

Thou hast sinned, O Purahi,
Thou hast broken the standard of the king.
Taiarapu has caused
The destruction of us all.
The approach of the front rank
Has loosened the decoration.
One murderous hand is stretched,
And another murderous hand:
Two armies in and two out.
If you had but listened
To the command of Amo
Calling to the Oropaa—
"Let us take our army
By canoe and by land!
We have only to fear
Matitaupe and the dry reef of the Purionu.

"There we will die the death
Of Pairi Temaharu and Pahupua."
The coming of the great army of Taiarapu
Has swept Papara away,
And drawn its mountains with it.
Thou hast sinned, Purahi,
Thou and Taiarapu.
Thou hast broken the standard of the king,
And hast caused the destruction of us all.

SOLILOQUY OF TEURA, A BEAUTY, ASKED TO WED PUNU, AN OLD CHIEF

THE golden rays of the sky grow wider and wider.
What is this wind, Teura, that makes the shadows fall upon thee?
Thy heart beats fast, Teura; it takes away thy breath.
I see a rock approaching: it is my lord Punu Teraiatua.
I hurry with fright, I fall paralyzed with fear of his love.
I step and I stop; I should advance, and I hesitate.
I would give myself up to death at the cave Tiare.
In what way can I find death? [like the sky
Oh to die six deaths! I would give a golden leaf glistening
Rather than that his love should come to me Teura.
There are but seven times for love and eight for death.
I am ill, aweary, fretting at the love that is given me.
I would rather die than return it.

SONG FOR THE CROWNING OF POMARE

THE sky flashes like a torch that is thrown.
It is the welcome of the surroundings.
Tahiti trembles.
It is the coming of thy king from Hawiri,
Wearing his girdle of scarlet feathers.
Welcome Pomare,
King of many isles.
Thou hast put down
The elder power of Matue.
Thou goest outside of the reefs of Hitiaa.
At Vaiatis is thy house.
Thou wilt go to the shores of Tautira,
But thou wilt long for the murmurs of the Pare.
Thou wilt go and thou wilt find the little pass at Paite;
It is like the seat of Pomare.
Courage, Paite, it is the crowning!
Courage at the power of Pomare!
Pomare is the king who has been turned to light
With the consent of the god.
Courage, Pare, it is the crowning of thy king!

[The above article with the translations are from the informal note-book of Mr. La Farge.]

HIPPOLYTE ADOLPHE TAINE

(1828–1893)

BY FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE

Few writers of our time have exercised, not only in France but outside of France, a greater influence than Taine; and at first this seems strange, when one considers superficially the nature of his works. Even though he has written an excellent 'History of English Literature,' and has shown rare powers of mind in his 'Origins of Contemporary France,' there are many histories of the French Revolution, some of which are based on better information or are no less eloquent than his; there are some less tedious to read: and what can we say of Shakespeare, of Milton, of Dryden, or of Shelley, that would be new enough, after so much that others have said, to modify ever so little the thought of a whole generation? But let us look a little closer and more attentively: we ought to join to the 'History of English Literature' and 'Origins of Contemporary France' a book like 'The Philosophy of Art,' or like the book 'On the Intelligence'; in these books it is necessary to grasp, in the midst of the diversity of subjects, the points in common. And one then sees how true it is that more than a treatise on the matter in hand, and over and above being a history of the French Revolution or an analysis of the power of comprehension, all these works are applications, examples, or "illustrations," of a method conceived as universal or universally applicable, having for its object to separate the principles of critical judgment from the variations of individual opinion. It is this that makes the greatness of Taine's work, and it is this that explains his far-reaching influence. It is this, no less, that is meant by those who profess to see in him not a "critic," nor a "historian," but a "philosopher." And finally, it is from this point of view, at once very general and very particular, that he must be seen to be appreciated at his true worth.

H. A. Taine

Taine's life was uneventful. Born at Vouziers, in the Ardennes mountains, in 1828; entered at the École Normale of Paris in 1848; a provincial professor, obliged to send in his resignation on account of his independent spirit and freedom of thought; professor of æsthetics and the history of art at the École des Beaux-Arts; indifferent to outside affairs and superior to most of the vanities that beset mankind,—Taine is of that small number of writers who live solely in order to think, and who, according to Flaubert's phrase, have seen in their surroundings, in history, or even in the universe itself, only "what could contribute to the perfecting personally of their intelligence." It is moreover entirely unnecessary, in tracing a portrait of him that shall resemble him, to linger over useless details, or to republish trivial anecdotes concerning him which contain nothing characteristic, and would not help us to know him better. We should go directly to the point, and keep in view solely that which, together with his literary gift, was of unique interest in him,—I mean the evolution of his thought.

Apparently there was something disconcerting in it, and it is even a sufficiently curious fact, that in his last years he counted among his adversaries some of his most ardent admirers of former times, and on the other hand among his supporters those very ones against whom his first works were employed somewhat like a machine of war. Nay more, in his 'Origins of Contemporary France,' when, after showing at the outset—and according to his expression—that the abuses of the old order of things had made the France of 1789 uninhabitable, he had next assailed with still more violence the religion of the Revolution and of the Napoleonic idolatry, it may be said that he would have turned against him the entire thinking world of France, if two things had not protected him: the brilliance of his talent and his evident sincerity. It was not he, however, who had changed! No more was it his adversaries nor his admirers, nor even the trend of ideas or the spirit of the times. But in going to the bottom of his first principles he had himself seen unexpected results developing from them; and in contact with the better-known reality, these principles in their turn bending and modifying themselves, but not undergoing a fundamental change. What resemblance is there between the acorn and the oak, between a grain and a stalk of wheat, between the worm and the chrysalis? And yet one proceeds from the other. And can we say that they are not the same?

His first ambition, summed up in a celebrated phrase become almost proverbial,—"Vice and virtue are products like vitriol and sugar,"—had been to communicate to the sciences called moral and political that absolute certainty which, like all the scholars and philosophers of his generation, he was accustomed to attribute to the

physical or natural sciences; and in fact, this is what he tried to do in his essay on 'La Fontaine and his Fables' (1855), in his essay on Titus Livius (1856), in his 'Historical and Critical Essays' (1856–58), and above all in his 'History of English Literature' (1863). Starting with the principle that "Moral things, like physical things, have appendages and conditions," he proposed to determine them and to show (the examples are his own) that between a yoke-elm hedge of Versailles, a decree of Colbert, and a tragedy of Racine, there are relations that enable us to recognize in them so many manifestations, not involuntary but yet unconscious, of the same general state of mind. To-day nothing seems simpler, or rather more commonplace. Scarcely less so appears the analysis that he has given of the elements or factors of that state of mind: the Race, the Environment, the Moment. We all admit that between the 'Merry Wives of Windsor' and 'Tartuffe' there is an initial and fundamental difference; which means that Shakespeare was an Englishman who wrote for English people, and Molière a Frenchman who wrote for French people. We are equally able to conceive without the least difficulty that the court of Louis XIV. did not in all points resemble that of Elizabeth, and that consequently the pleasures of an Essex and a Leicester were differently ordered from those of a Guiche and a Lauzun. And finally, we have no difficulty in understanding that to all these differences must be added still another; namely, that of the *moment*, or of the change that takes place from one century or from one generation to another in the general civilization of the world. It is not possible to reason before and after Descartes in the same way; and the discoveries or inventions of Newton have fundamentally modified the very substance of the human intellect. If it happened that some dilettanti doubted this, still it is precisely what Taine has demonstrated with an abundance of illustrations, a wealth of knowledge,—literary, historical, philosophical, scientific,—with an incomparable vigor and brilliancy of style. If he has "invented" nothing, in the somewhat rough sense in which this word is used elsewhere, and if the theory of environments for example goes back at least to Hippocrates, he has set the seal of talent on inventions that had not yet received it; he has popularized them, made them familiar even to those who do not understand them; and so mingled them with the current of ideas that they have become anonymous, and to-day we must make an effort of history and of justice if we would restore to him what may be called their literary paternity.

How is it then that in their time they stirred up so much opposition and from so many sides? For while recognizing the worth of the writer, there was about 1860 an almost universal protest against the philosopher. One reproached him for his pantheism, another for

his materialism, a third for his fatalism. The French Academy, intimidated by the public outcry, dared not crown the 'History of English Literature.' The saying was now applied to Taine which is employed in France against all innovators; namely, that "whatever was true in his doctrine was not new, and whatever was found to be new in it was false." A turbulent and blundering prelate, Monseigneur Dupanloup, Bishop of Orléans, made himself conspicuous by the violence of his attacks,—one might call them invectives. The last representatives of official ecclesiasticism, whom also Taine had treated with great severity, several years before, in his book on 'The French Philosophers' (1857), made up a chorus, so to speak, with the archbishop. And finally, for nothing more than having wished to give literary criticism a basis less fragile and above all less fluctuating than individual impression, or because he tried, as we said, to determine the conditions of objective critical judgment, Taine was classed in the camp of "dangerous spirits" and "freethinkers." A little more and he would have been accused of bringing on the destruction of society. What then had he said other or more than what we have just said, and how had it been understood?

The truth is that in all times, threatened interests are apt to deceive themselves in their choice of defensive weapons,—and fortunately! for after all, what would become of us if all conquerors were as able to keep as to capture?—but they are rarely deceived as to the bearing of the attacks that are directed against them. And in truth I do not think that at this epoch Taine had yet pronounced the enlightening word, nor had he yet perceived all the consequences of his doctrine—and we shall soon see why: but his adversaries had perfectly understood that thenceforth his design was to "solder the moral sciences to the natural sciences,"—or, to use a better word, to identify them; and if his attitude in the presence of the "products of the human intellect" was not that of a materialist, they did not err in taking it for that of a naturalist. Let the naturalist study the tiger or the sheep, he is equally unbiased and feels the same kind of interest in either case; and the first step in his science is to forget that man is the tiger's lamb. No more does he change his habit of mind, still less his method, when instead of the rose or the violet it is belladonna or digitalis that he studies. In like manner proceeded the author of the 'History of English Literature.' He excluded from his research every consideration of an æsthetic or moral order, retaining only what he saw in it that was natural or physical. He delivered, properly speaking, no judgment upon 'Othello,' nor upon 'Hamlet,' and still less upon Shakespeare; he expressed no personal opinion whatever, nor indeed any opinion at all. In fact, it is not an opinion to believe that two and two make

four, and that a ruminant and a carnivorous animal have not the same kind of teeth. He analyzed only; he resolved combinations of forces into their elements. He classified feelings and ideas, as a series of ethers or alcohols is made. Before a canvas of Rembrandt or a sculpture of Donatello he made an abstraction of art emotion or moral sentiment. His intellect alone was occupied with it. And what was the result of this method, if it did not, as in natural history, reduce to the same level all the "products of the human intellect"? This is the meaning of the phrase, "Vice and virtue are products like vitriol and sugar." Just as sugar and vitriol contain nothing irreducible by chemical analysis, so neither vice nor virtue contains anything inaccessible to ideological analysis. This Taine's adversaries thoroughly understood; and if we would find the reasons for their exasperation against him, we need only consider what was the scope of the affirmation.

In fact, since for at least six thousand years the destiny of the human species has differed profoundly from that of all the other animal species, what principle would serve as a basis for applying to the study of mankind the same processes that are applied in that of the animal creation? Here is a very simple question to which no one has yet given a satisfactory answer: "The mistake of all moralists," Spinoza had said in his 'Ethics,' "is to consider man in nature as an empire within an empire;" and such precisely is the opinion of Taine, as well as of all those who confound the history of nature and that of humanity. But they have never proved that they had the right to confound them; and when they have shown, what is not difficult to understand, that we form a part of nature, they forget, on the other hand, that we are excepted from nature by all the characteristics that constitute the normal definition of humanity. To be a man is precisely not to be a brute; and better still, that which we call nature in the animal is imperfection, vice, or crime in the man. "Vitium hominis natura pecoris" (The depravity of man is the nature of the herd).

This is the first point: now for the second. Suppose we should succeed in reducing ourselves completely to what is absolutely animal in us; suppose our industries to be only a prolongation of the industry of the bee or of the ant, and our very languages a continuation of the beast's cry or the bird's song: our arts and our literatures would always be human things, uniquely, purely human, and consequently things not to be reasoned about independently and outside of the emotion that they offer to our sensibility; since that emotion is not merely their object, but also their excuse for being and their historical origin. There is no "natural" architecture or painting: these are the invention of man,—human in their principle, human in

their development, human in their object. Let us put it still more strongly: If some day humanity should disappear altogether, the material of science would exist exactly as before. The worlds would continue to roll through space, and the eternal geometry, impossible to be conceived by us, would continue no less to obey its own laws. But what would become of art? and if there is no doubt that the very notion of it would be blotted out with humanity, what is that method which, the better to study its "dependences and conditions," begins by abstracting it, isolating it, and as it were severing it from the most evident, the straitest and strictest of those dependences?

This is just what Taine, who was a sincere and loyal spirit, could scarcely fail sooner or later to perceive. He had just been appointed professor of Æsthetics and of the History of Art at the École des Beaux-Arts; and to rise to the height of his task, by completing his art education, this man who formerly had been fed only on Greek and Latin had begun by visiting the museums of Italy. This was a revelation to him; proof of which may be found in the pages, themselves so full of color, of his 'Journey to Italy' (1866). But above all, his very method had in this way been utterly transformed. He perceived the impossibility of being ideological in painting, and consequently of treating in the same manner a geological crust and a masterpiece of art. Behold an impossibility. A poor writer — a writer who writes badly, incorrectly, tediously, pretentiously, with no feeling either for art or for the genius of his language — can say things true, things useful, things profound; and we know examples of such writers. But one does not think in colors; and what sort of a painter is it who can neither draw nor paint, and what can we say is left of such a painter? Natural history and physiology have no hold here, but talent is indispensable. A critical judgment, then, can only be delivered by expressing certain preferences; and the history of art is essentially qualitative. Taine knew this, or rather he succumbed to it; and from year to year, in the four works which have since been united under the common title of 'The Philosophy of Art,' he was observed to relinquish the naturalist's impartiality which he had affected till then, and re-establish against himself the reality of that æsthetic criterion that he had so energetically denied.

In this regard, the 'Philosophy of Art,' which is not the best-known portion of his work, is not the least interesting, nor the least characteristic. In it he is far from abandoning his theory of the Race, the Milieu, the Moment; on the contrary, his theory of Greek architecture and Dutch painting ought to be reckoned among the number of his most admirable generalizations. No more did he relinquish the aid of natural history; on the contrary, he has nowhere more skillfully drawn support from Cuvier, from Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire,

from Darwin. It was even yet upon the basis of natural history, upon the principles of the permanence of characteristics and of the convergence of effects, that he tried to found his classifications. But after all that, when he reached his conclusion, truth was too strong for him; and the supreme criterion by which he thought that the value of a work should be judged, was what he himself called the "degree of beneficence of its character." So much had not been asked of him: and here it may be observed that none of those French philosophers whom he had so ridiculed had said more nor as much; neither Théodore Jouffroy, nor Victor Cousin himself in his famous book—'Of the True, of the Beautiful, of the Good.' They had simply arrived at analogous conclusions by wholly different roads. Have I any need to show that the beneficence of the characteristic is a human criterion if ever there was one,—purely human,—I should say almost sociological? But it is perhaps more important to note that there was no contradiction in the evolution of Taine's thought. He had simply and consistently recognized that art, being made for man and by man, cannot be studied as we study natural objects; which are not at all our work, and concerning which the Christian, the spiritualist, in fact everybody, can very well say or believe that they were made for us—but not the naturalist.

Nevertheless, while the thought of Taine was thus developing itself, certain of his disciples adhered closely to his 'Critical and Historical Essays,' and drew from them the theory of literary naturalism. This is not the place to set it forth, still less to discuss it. But the important thing to note is, that the disciples were right in believing that they were applying the principle of the master; and on his side the master was no more in error than they, when he protested that those were not his principles. He had gone beyond them, but he had surely taught them; and just this was the whole of the misunderstanding. His followers had stopped half-way from the summit that their master had toiled to reach. They stayed where they were, while he continued his journey. One last step remained for him to take; and this he accomplished by devoting his last years to the 'Origins of Contemporary France' (1875–1894), and particularly in writing his 'Old Régime' and the first volume of his 'Revolution.'

It is commonly said, apropos of this, that the events of 1870, and above all those of 1871, were a kind of crisis for Taine,—depriving him of his former lucidity of impressions, and taking away at the same stroke his liberty of judgment. This may be: but on the one hand, nothing is less certain; and on the other, in spite of all that could be said, there is no more opposition or contradiction between the author of the 'Origins of Contemporary France' and that of the

'Philosophy of Art,' than between the author of the 'Philosophy of Art' and that of the 'History of English Literature.' We readily accuse a writer of contradicting himself when we fail to perceive the reason of the progress of his ideas; and to reproach him for defective logic, it suffices us that his own has a wider scope than ours. In fact, the 'Origins of Contemporary France' is clearly the work of the same systematic and vigorous mind as the 'Critical and Historical Essays.' But just as in passing from the history of ideas to the history of works, Taine had recognized the necessity of an æsthetic criterion, so also he was obliged to recognize, in passing from the history of works to the history of deeds, the necessity of a moral criterion. There lay all the difference: and yet again, to make sure that there is no contradiction, we have only to recall what was the principal object of his inquiry; namely, "On what grounds can a critical judgment be formed?" and to extract this certainty from the variations and caprices of individual opinions.

I am far from sharing, for my part, the opinions of Taine regarding the French Revolution; and I think that on the whole, if he has ruthlessly and profitably set before us naked, as it were, some of its worst excesses as well as its most essential characteristics, he has nevertheless judged it imperfectly. He has taken into consideration neither the generosity of its first transport, nor the tragic circumstances in the midst of which it was forced to develop, nor the fecundity of some of the ideas that have spread from it through the world. He has judged Napoleon no better. This is because he was without what is called in France the "military fibre." And finally I think that he has imperfectly judged contemporary France. For while he has carefully pointed out some of the faults that are unhappily ours, he has scarcely accounted to the race for other qualities which are nevertheless also its own,—its endurance, its flexibility, its spirit of order and economy; I will even say its wisdom, and that underlying good sense which from age to age, and for so many years now, have repaired the errors of our governments.

But from the point of view that I have chosen, I have no need of dwelling upon the particular opinions of Taine; and not having expressed my own upon his Shakespeare or upon his Rubens, I shall not express them upon his Napoleon. I merely say that in attempting history he has been compelled to see that men cannot be treated like abstractions, and that to speak truth the moral sciences are decidedly not natural sciences. He has been obliged to admit to himself that the verities here were constituted after another order, and could not be reached by the same means. In his endeavor to explain, in some of the most beautiful pages he ever wrote, the genesis, the slow and successive formation, the laborious formation, of

the ideas of conscience and of honor, he was unable to find either a «physical basis» or an «animal origin» for them. He became equally aware that there were no beautiful crimes nor beautiful monsters, as he had believed in the days of his youth; and he felt that to affect, in the presence of the massacres of September or of the Reign of Terror, the serene indifference of the chemist in his laboratory, was not to serve the cause of science, but to betray that of humanity. And as he was accused of contradicting himself in this point, I well know that he yielded to the weakness of recording, in some sort, his old and his new principles. «This volume, like those that have preceded it,» he wrote in 1884, in the 'Preface' to the third volume of his 'Revolution,' «is written only *for the lovers of moral zoölogy, for the naturalists of the intellect*, . . . and not for the public, which has taken its stand and made up its mind concerning the Revolution.» Only he forgot to tell us what a «naturalist of the intellect» is, and what above all is «moral zoölogy.» He might as well have spoken of «immaterial physics»! But he deceived himself strangely if he did not believe that he had «written for the public,» and with the purpose of changing our preconceived opinion (*parti pris*), whatever it was, toward the Revolution, or of trying to substitute his own for it. Why did he not simply say that the more closely he studied human acts, the better he saw their distinguishing and original character; that without abandoning any of his former principles, he had simply bent their first rigidity to the exigencies of the successive problems that he had studied; and that after cruelly ridiculing at the outset the subordination of all questions to the moral question, he had himself gone over to that side? If this was an avowal that cost him little, perhaps, it is nevertheless the philosophical significance of his 'Origins of Contemporary France,' and it is the last limit of the evolution of his thought.

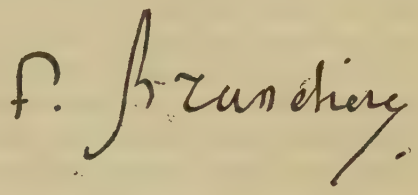
It is moreover in this way that the unity of his system and the extent of his influence are explicable. No, I repeat that he did not contradict himself at all, if his object was to determine what might be called the concrete conditions of objective knowledge; and such indeed was his object, or at least, the result of his work. In literature first, then in art, and finally in history, he wished to set a foundation for the certainty; and — let us reiterate it — «separate the reality of things from the fluctuations of individual opinion.» If all the world agree in placing Shakespeare above Addison, 'Coriolanus' or 'Julius Cæsar' above 'Cato,' and all the world prefers the methods of government of Henry IV. to those of Robespierre, there are reasons for it which are not merely sentimental, but positive; and out of the midst of school or party controversy, Taine desired to draw the evidence of them and an incontestable formula for them.

And in truth, he himself yielded more than once to the attraction of the subject he chose at first only as material for experiments. So it sometimes happens that a naturalist lingers in admiration over an animal he meant only to dissect. Taine likewise forgot his theories at times in the presence of Raphael and Michael Angelo, of Rembrandt or of Rubens, and he even forgot that he was a theorist. But neither is his 'History of English Literature' properly speaking, a history of English literature, nor his 'Origins of Contemporary France' a history of the Revolution: they are only a demonstration of the objectivity of the critical judgment by means of the history of the Revolution or of English literature.

To feel convinced of this, it is enough to read those of his works that I have not yet mentioned: his 'Essay on Titus Livius,' his 'Journey to the Pyrenees,' his 'Thomas Graindorge,' his 'Notes on England,' or his 'Note-Books of Travel.' Not only does he never lose sight in them of his principal object, but in all that he sees or in all that is told him, he notes or retains only what is in accordance with his critical preoccupations. A landscape to him is not a landscape, but a *milieu;* and a characteristic custom is not a characteristic custom for him, but a commentary on the race. In the museums of Italy as in the streets of London, he sees only «permanences of qualities» or «convergences of effects.» If it happens that he becomes interested in the spectacle of things, he repents of it and recovers himself. Facts are for him only materials; and they have value in his eyes only in so far as they enter into the construction of his edifice. And doubtless this is why not only the English do not admit the truth of his 'Notes on England,' but the French still less the truth of those that he set down in his 'Note-Books of Travel.'

On the other hand, here is the very reason for the range and depth of his influence, if in all that we have just said of him we need change only a few words in order to say it of an Auguste Comte, of a Hegel, or of a Spinoza. These are great names, I am well aware! But when I consider what before Taine were those ideas that he has marked with the seal of his literary genius, so hard at times, but so vigorous; when I recall in what a nebulous state, so to speak, they floated in the mind; and when I see to what degree they now form the substance of contemporary thought,—their merit, that cannot be contested, is to have recreated methods; and though there are other merits in the history of thought, there are none greater. There lay his honor, and there rests his claim to glory. *He has renewed the methods of criticism.* It is this that the future will not forget. One can discuss the value of his opinions, literary, æsthetic, historical; one can refuse to take him for guide,—combat him, refute him perhaps; and one may prefer to his manner of writing, so powerful and

so telling, often charged with too many colors, and generally too emphatic, the manner of such-and-such of his contemporaries,— the treacherous charm of Sainte-Beuve, the fleeting grace of Renan: but no one more than he is certain of having «made an epoch»; and to grasp the full meaning of this phrase, it suffices to reckon, in the history of the literatures, how many there are to whom it can be applied!



CHARACTERISTICS OF THE ENGLISH MIND

From 'Notes on England'

THE interior of an English head may not unaptly be likened to one of Murray's Handbooks, which contains many facts and few ideas; a quantity of useful and precise information, short statistical abridgments, numerous figures, correct and detailed maps, brief and dry historical notices, moral and profitable counsels in the guise of a preface,—no view of the subject as a whole, none of the literary graces,—a simple collection of well-authenticated documents, a convenient memorandum for personal guidance during a journey. A Frenchman requires that everything and every piece of writing should be cast in a pleasing form; an Englishman is satisfied if the substance be useful. A Frenchman loves ideas in and for themselves; an Englishman employs them as instruments of mnemonics or of prevision. . . .

The impression produced is the same if we consider in turn the journals, the reviews, and the oratory of the two nations. The special correspondent of an English journal is a sort of photographer who forwards proofs taken on the spot; these are published untouched. Sometimes indeed there are discrepancies between the arguments in the leading articles and the statements in the letter. The latter are always extremely lengthy and detailed: a Frenchman would abridge and lighten them; they leave on him a feeling of weariness: the whole is a jumble; it is a badly hewn and unwieldy block. The editor of a French journal is bound to help his correspondent, to select from his materials what is essential, to pick out from the heap the three or four

notable anecdotes, and to sum up the whole in a clear idea, embodied in a telling phrase. Nor is the difference less perceptible if their great quarterlies and our reviews are contrasted. An article in ours, even an article on science or political economy, must possess an exordium, a peroration, a plan; every one in the Revue des Deux Mondes commences with an exposition of general ideas. With them, facts, figures, and technical details predominate: their articles are exceedingly heavy, excepting in the hands of a Macaulay; they are excellent quarries filled with solid but unshapen stones, requiring additional workmanship in order to fit them for general use. Moreover, in Parliament and public meetings, English eloquence is hampered by documents, while French eloquence evaporates in theories.

English education tends to produce this result. . . . Recently, however, new discoveries and Continental methods of education have gained entrance: still, even at this day, the system of education is better fitted for strengthening than for expanding the mind; graduates leave the universities as they leave a course of gymnastics, bringing away with them no conception whatever of man or the world. Besides, there is one ready-made, and very acceptable, which a young man has no difficulty in adopting. In France no fixed limit bounds his thoughts: the Constitution, ten times altered, has no authority; the religion is that of the Middle Ages; the old forms are in discredit, the new are merely chalked out. From the age of sixteen he is assailed by doubt; he oscillates: if he has any brains, his most pressing need is to construct for himself a body of convictions, or at least of opinions. In England the mold is prepared; the religion is almost rational, and the Constitution excellent; awakening intelligence there finds the broad lines of future beliefs already traced. The necessity for erecting a complete habitation is not felt; the utmost that appears wanting relates to the enlargement of a Gothic window, the cleansing of a cellar, the repair of a staircase. English intellect, being less unsettled, less excited, is less active, because it has not skepticism for a spur.

Through all channels, open from infancy to the close of life, exact information flows into an English head as into a reservoir. But the proximity of these waters does not yet suffice to explain their abundance: there is a slope which invites them, an innate disposition peculiar to the race,—to wit, the liking for facts, the love of experiment, the instinct of induction, the longing for certitude. Whoever has studied their literature and their philosophy,

from Shakespeare and Bacon to the present day, knows that this inclination is hereditary, and appertains to the very character of their minds; that it is bound up with their manner of comprehending truth. According to them the tree must be judged by its fruit, and speculation proved by practice; they do not value a truth unless it evokes useful applications. Beyond practical truths lie only vain chimeras. Such is man's condition: a restricted sphere, capable of enlargement, but always walled in; a sphere within which knowledge must be acquired, not for its own sake, but in order to act,— science itself being valuable only to the office which verifies it and for the purpose which it serves.

That being granted, it appears to me that the ordinary furnishing of an English head becomes discernible. As well as I can judge, an educated Englishman possesses a stock of facts three or four times in excess of that possessed by a Frenchman of corresponding position,— at least in all that relates to language, geography, political and economical truths, and the personal impressions gained in foreign parts by contact with men and living objects. On the other hand, it frequently happens that the Englishman turns his big trunk to less account than the Frenchman does his little bag. This is perceptible in many books and reviews; the English writer, though very well informed, being limited in his range. Nothing is rarer among them than free and full play of the soaring and expanding intellect. Determined to be prudent, they drag their car along the ground over the beaten track; with two or three exceptions, not one now makes readers think. More than once, when in England, after having conversed with a man, I was surprised at his store of knowledge, alike varied and sound, and also to find him so deficient in ideas. At this moment I can recall five or six who were so largely endowed as to be entitled to take general views. They paused, however, half-way, arriving at no definite conclusion. They did not even experience a desire to co-ordinate their knowledge in a sort of system: they possessed only partial and isolated ideas; they did not feel either the inclination or the power to connect them together under a philosophical conception. Their language bears the best witness to this, it being extremely difficult to translate somewhat lofty abstractions into English. Compared with French, and above all with German, it is what Latin is to Greek. . . . Their library of words is wanting in an entire row of compartments,— namely, the upper ones; they have no ideas wherewith to fill them.

TYPICAL ENGLISH MEN AND WOMEN

From 'Notes on England'

At bottom the essential thing in a country is man. Since my arrival I have made a collection of types, and I class them with those I had collected last year. . . . Arranged in groups, the following are those which have struck me most:—

First, the robust individual, largely and solidly built, the fine colossus, at times six feet high and broad in proportion. This is very common among soldiers, notably among the Life Guards, a select body of men. Their countenance is fresh and blooming, their flesh magnificent; it might be supposed they had been chosen for an exhibition of human products, like picked prize beets and cauliflowers. They have a fund of good-humor, sometimes of good-nature, generally of awkwardness. . . . In point of mass they are monuments; but there may be too much of a good thing, and movement is so essential to matter! Other monuments, rather less tall, but even fresher and more varnished, are the servants of a great house. They wear white cravats with large faultless bows, scarlet or canary-colored knee-breeches; they are magnificent in shape and amplitude—their calves especially are enormous. . . . The coachmen are prodigiously broad-shouldered and well developed: how many yards of cloth must be required to clothe such figures? These are the favorites of creation, the best fed, the most easy-going, all chosen and picked in order to act as specimens of the nation's physique. . . .

There is the same athletic and full-fleshed type among the gentlemen; I know four or five specimens among my acquaintances. Sometimes the excess of feeding adds a variety. This was true of a certain gentleman in my railway carriage on the Derby day: large ruddy features, with flabby and pendent cheeks, large red whiskers, blue eyes without expression, an enormous trunk in a short light jacket, noisy respiration; his blood gave a tinge of pink to his hands, his neck, his temple, and even underneath his hair: when he compressed his eyelids, his physiognomy was as disquieting and heavy as that seen in the portraits of Henry VIII.; when in repose, in presence of this mass of flesh, one thought of a beast for the butcher, and quietly computed twenty stone of meat. Toward fifty, owing to the effect of the same diet seasoned with port wine, the figure and the face are spoiled, the teeth protrude, the physiognomy is distorted, and they turn to horrible and tragical caricature.

The last variety is seen among the common people, where spirits take the place of port, among other places in the low streets which border the Thames: several apoplectic and swollen faces, whereof the scarlet hue turns almost to black; worn-out, blood-shot eyes like raw lobsters; the brute brutalized. Lessen the quantity of blood and fat, while retaining the same bone and structure, and increasing the countrified look; large and wild beard and mustache, tangled hair, rolling eyes, truculent muzzle, big knotted hands — this is the primitive Teuton issuing from his woods: after the portly animal, after the overfed animal, comes the fierce animal, the English bull.

All this is rare enough; these are the extremes of type. Much more common is the laboring animal: the great bony body, full of protuberances and projections, not well set up, ungainly, clumsy, slightly automatic, but of strong build, and as capable of resistance as of effort. It is not less common among gentlemen, clergymen, the liberal professions, than among the people. . . .

Place in this powerful frame of bones and muscles the lucid, calm, active intelligence developed by special education, or by complete education, and you will have the fine variety of the same type: the serious, capable man, worthy of commanding, in whom during the hour of need one may and one ought to place confidence, who will accomplish difficult tasks. In spick-span new clothes, in too light a dress, the disparity between the habit and its wearer is not far from being grotesque. But fancy him on the bridge of a vessel, in battle,— or simply in a counting-house at the head of twenty clerks, on the bench and pronouncing decisions, governing fortunes or lives,— he will be beautiful, morally beautiful. This body can contain the soul without succumbing.

Many of the women have the same power of growth and structure, more frequently indeed than in France; out of every ten young girls one is admirable, and upon five or six a naturalist painter would look with pleasure. On horseback especially, and in full gallop, they are amazons; not only by their skill and the firmness of their seat, but on account of their figure and their health. In their presence one thinks of the natural form of life. Grecian and gymnastic. Yesterday one of them in a drawing-room, tall, with well-developed bust and shoulders, blooming cheeks, active, and without too much expression, seemed to me to be made to live in the avenues of a park, or in the great hall of a castle, like her sister the antique statue, in the free air of

the mountains, or under the portico of a temple upon the seashore; neither the one nor the other could breathe in our small Parisian dwellings. The mauve silk of the dress follows the form from the neck to the hips, descends and spreads forth like a lustrous wave: in order to depict her as a goddess it would require the palette of Rubens, his rosy red spread over a tint of milk, his large masses of flesh fixed by one dash of the brush; only here the contour is more severe, and the head is nobler. Yet, even when the physiognomy and the form are commonplace the whole satisfies the mind: a solid bony structure, and upon it healthy flesh, constitute what is essential in a living creature. . . .

There are two probable causes: the one, which is of a special character,—the hereditary conformation of the race; the other, which is the custom of open-air living and bodily exercise. A review spoke recently about the rude, unfeeling health which slightly startles delicate foreign ladies, and attributes it to riding on horseback and the long walks which English ladies take in the country. To these advantages are joined several inconveniences: the fair complexion is easily and quickly spoilt; in the case of many young ladies, the nose reddens early; they have too many children, and this deteriorates them. You marry a blonde, slender, and clear-complexioned woman: ten years afterwards you will perhaps have at your side a housekeeper, a nurse, a sitting hen. I have in my mind two or three of these matrons, broad, stiff, and destitute of ideas; red face, eyes the color of blue china, huge white teeth — forming the tricolor flag. In other cases the type becomes exaggerated: one sees extraordinary asparagus-sticks planted in spreading dresses. Moreover, two out of every three have their feet shod with stout masculine boots; and as to the long projecting teeth, it is impossible to train oneself to endure them. Is this a cause, or an effect, of the carnivorous régime? The too ornate and badly adjusted dress completes these disparities. It consists of violet or dark-crimson silks, of grass-green flowered gowns, blue sashes, jewelry — the whole employed sometimes to caparison gigantic jades who recall discharged heavy-cavalry horses, sometimes vast well-hooped butts which burst in spite of their hoops. Of this cast was a lady in Hyde Park one of these days, on horseback, followed by her groom. She was fifty-five, had several chins, the rest in proportion, an imperious and haughty mien; the whole shook at the slightest trot, and it was hard not to laugh.

THE RACE CHARACTERS EXPRESSED IN ART

From 'Art in the Netherlands.' Copyright 1870, by Leypoldt & Holt

LET us consider the common characteristics of the Germanic race, and the differences by which it is opposed to the Latin race. Physically we find a whiter and softer skin, generally speaking; blue eyes, often of a porcelain or pale hue, paler as you approach the north, and sometimes glassy in Holland; hair of a flaxy blond, and with children, almost white. The body is generally large, but thick-set or burly, heavy and inelegant. In a similar manner the features are apt to be irregular; especially in Holland, where they are flabby, with projecting cheek-bones and strongly marked jaws. They lack, in short, sculptural nobleness and delicacy. You will rarely find the features regular, like the numerous pretty faces of Toulouse and Bordeaux, or like the spirited and handsome heads which abound in the vicinity of Rome and Florence. You will much oftener find exaggerated features, incoherent combinations of form and tones, curious fleshy protuberances, so many natural caricatures. Taking them for works of art, living forms testify to a clumsy and fantastic hand through their more incorrect and weaker drawing.

Observe now this body in action, and you will find its animal faculties and necessities of a grosser kind than among the Latins: matter and mass seem to predominate over motion and spirit; it is voracious and even carnivorous. Compare the appetite of an Englishman, or even a Hollander, with that of a Frenchman or an Italian: those among you who have visited the countries can call to mind the public dinner-tables,—and the quantities of food, especially meat, tranquilly swallowed several times a day by a citizen of London, Rotterdam, or Antwerp. In English novels people are always lunching; the most sentimental heroine, at the end of the third volume, having consumed an infinite number of buttered muffins, cups of tea, bits of chicken, and sandwiches. The climate contributes to this: in the fogs of the North, people could not sustain themselves, like a peasant of the Latin race, on a bowl of soup or a piece of bread flavored with garlic, or on a plate of macaroni. For the same reason the German is fond of potent beverages. . . .

Enter, in Amsterdam, one of these little shops, garnished with polished casks, where glass after glass is swallowed of white,

yellow, green, and brown brandy, strengthened with pepper and pimento. Place yourself at nine o'clock in the evening in a Brussels brewery, near a dark wooden table, around which the hawkers of crabs, salted rolls, and hard-boiled eggs circulate: observe the people quietly seated there, each one intent on himself; sometimes in couples, but generally silent, smoking, eating, and drinking bumpers of beer, which they now and then warm up with a glass of spirits: you can understand sympathetically the strong sensation of heat and animal plenitude they feel in their speechless solitude, in proportion as superabundant solid and liquid nourishment renews in them the living substance, and as the whole body partakes in the gratification of the satisfied stomach.

One point more of their exterior remains to be shown, which especially strikes people of southern climes, and that is the sluggishness and torpidity of their impressions and movements. . . . Many a time have I passed before a shop-window to contemplate some rosy, placid, and candid face,—a mediæval madonna making up the fashions. It is the very reverse of this in our land and in Italy, where the grisette's eyes seem to be gossiping with the chairs for lack of something better, and where a thought, the moment it is born, translates itself into gesture. In Germanic lands the channels of sensation and expression seem to be obstructed: delicacy, impulsiveness, and readiness of action, appear impossible; a southerner has to exclaim at their awkwardness and lack of adroitness. . . .

In brief, the human animal of this race is more passive and more gross than the other. One is tempted to regard him as inferior on comparing him with the Italian or southern Frenchman, so temperate, so quick intellectually, who is naturally apt in expression, in chatting and in pantomime, possessing taste and attaining to elegance; and who without effort, like the Provençals of the twelfth and the Florentines of the fourteenth century, become cultivated, civilized, and accomplished at the first attempt. . . .

This same reason and this same good sense establish and maintain amongst them diverse descriptions of social engagements, and first the conjugal bond. . . . But very lately, a wealthy and noble Hollander named to me several young ladies of his family who had no desire to see the great Exposition, and who remained at home whilst their husbands and brothers visited

Paris. A disposition so calm and so sedentary diffuses much happiness throughout domestic life; in the repose of curiosity and of desire, the ascendency of pure ideas is much greater; the constant presence of the same person not being wearisome, the memory of plighted faith, the sentiment of duty and of self-respect, easily prevails against temptations which elsewhere triumph because they are elsewhere more powerful.

I can say as much of other descriptions of association, and especially of the free assemblage. This, practically, is a very difficult thing. To make the machine work regularly without obstruction, those who compose it must have calm nerves and be governed by the end in view. One is expected to be patient in a "meeting," to allow himself to be contradicted and even vilified, await his turn for speaking, reply with moderation, and submit twenty times in succession to the same argument enlivened with figures and documentary facts. It will not answer to fling aside the newspaper the moment its political interest flags, nor take up politics for the pleasure of discussion and speech-making, nor excite insurrections against officials the moment they become distasteful, which is the fashion in Spain and elsewhere. You yourselves have some knowledge of a country where the government has been overthrown because inactive and because the nation felt ennui. Among Germanic populations, people meet together not to talk but to act: politics is a matter to be wisely managed; they bring to bear on it the spirit of business: speech is simply a means, while the effect, however remote, is the end in view. They subordinate themselves to this end, and are full of deference for the persons who represent it. How unique! Here the governed respect the governing; if the latter prove objectionable they are resisted, but legally and patiently; if institutions prove defective, they are gradually reformed without being disrupted. Germanic countries are the patrimony of free parliamentary rule. . . . To act in a body, no one person oppressing another, is a wholly Germanic talent, and one which gives them such an empire over matter; through patience and reflection they conform to the laws of physical and human nature, and instead of opposing them profit by them.

If now from action we turn to speculation,—that is to say, to the mode of conceiving and figuring the world,—we shall find the same imprint of this thoughtful and slightly sensualistic genius. The Latins show a decided taste for the external and

decorative aspect of things, for a pompous display feeding the senses and vanity, for logical order, outward symmetry, and pleasing arrangement,—in short, for form. The Germanic people, on the contrary, have rather inclined to the inward order of things, to truth itself,—in fact, to the fundamental. Their instinct leads them to avoid being seduced by appearances, to remove mystery, to seize the hidden even when repugnant and sorrowful, and not to eliminate or withhold any detail, even when vulgar and unsightly. Among the many products of this instinct, there are two which place it in full light through the strongly marked contrast in each of form and substance; namely, literature and religion. The literatures of Latin populations are classic, and nearly or remotely allied to Greek poesy, Roman eloquence, the Italian Renaissance, and the age of Louis XIV.; they refine and ennoble, they embellish and prune, they systematize and give proportion. Their latest masterpiece is the drama of Racine, who is the painter of princely ways, court proprieties, social paragons, and cultivated natures; the master of an oratorical style, skillful composition, and literary elegance. The Germanic literatures, on the contrary, are romantic: their primitive source is the 'Edda' and the ancient sagas of the north; their greatest masterpiece is the drama of Shakespeare,—that is to say, the crude and complete representation of actual life, with all its atrocious, ignoble, and commonplace details, its sublime and brutal instincts, the entire outgrowth of human character displayed before us, now in a familiar style bordering on the trivial, and now poetic even to lyricism, always independent of rule, incoherent, excessive, but of an incomparable force, and filling our souls with the warm and palpitating passion of which it is the outcry. . . .

This race, thus endowed, has received various imprints, according to the various conditions of its abiding-place. Sow a number of seeds of the same vegetable species in different soils, under various temperatures, and let them germinate, grow, bear fruit and reproduce themselves indefinitely, each on its own soil, and each will adapt itself to its soil, producing several varieties of the same species so much the more distinct as the contrast is greater between the diverse climates. Such is the experience of the Germanic race in the Netherlands. Ten centuries of habitation have done their work: the end of the Middle Ages shows us that in addition to its innate character, there is an acquired character. . . .

The country is an outflow of mighty waters, which, as they reach it, become sluggish and remain stagnant for want of a fall. Dig a hole anywhere and water comes. Examine the landscapes of Van der Neer and you will obtain some idea of the vast sluggish streams, which, on approaching the sea, become a league wide, and lie asleep, wallowing in their beds like some huge, flat, slimy fish, turbid and feebly glimmering with scaly reflections. The plain is oftentimes below their level, and it is only protected by levées of earth. You feel as if some of them were going to give way; a mist is constantly rising from their surfaces, and at night a dense fog envelops all things in a bluish humidity. Follow them down to the sea, and here a second and more violent inundation, arising from the daily tides, completes the work of the first. The northern ocean is hostile to man. Look at the 'Estacade' of Ruysdael, and imagine the frequent tempests casting up ruddy waves and monstrous foaming billows on the low, flat band of earth, already half submerged by the enlargement of the rivers. . . .

Here there had to be good sound heads, a capacity to subject sensation to thought, to endure patiently ennui and fatigue, to accept privation and labor in view of a remote end,— in short, a Germanic race; meaning by this, men organized to co-operate together, to toil, to struggle, to begin over and over again and ameliorate unceasingly, to dike streams, to oppose tides, to drain the soil, to turn wind, water, flats, and argillaceous mud to account, to build canals, ships, and mills, to make brick, raise cattle, and organize various manufacturing and commercial enterprises. The difficulty being very great, the mind was absorbed in overcoming it; and turned wholly in this direction, was diverted from other things. To subsist, to obtain shelter, food, and raiment, to protect themselves against cold and damp, to accumulate stores and lay up wealth, left the settlers no time to think of other matters: the mind got to be wholly positive and practical. . . .

Compared with other nations of the same stock, and with a genius no less practical, the denizen of the Netherlands appears better balanced and more capable of being content. We do not see in him the violent passions, the militant disposition, the overstrained will, the bulldog instincts, the sombre and grandiose pride, which three permanent conquests and the secular establishment of political strife have implanted in the English; nor that

restless and exaggerated desire for action which a dry atmosphere, sudden changes from heat to cold, a surplus electricity, have implanted in the Americans of the United States. He lives in a moist and equable climate: one which relaxes the nerves and develops the lymphatic temperament, which moderates the insurrections, explosions, and impetuosity of the spirit; soothing the asperities of passion, and diverting the character to the side of sensuality and good-humor. . . .

All circumstances, moral and physical, their geographical and political state, the past and the present, combine to one end,—namely, the development of one faculty and one tendency at the expense of the rest, shrewd management and temperate emotions, a practical understanding and limited desires; they comprehend the amelioration of outward things, and this accomplished they crave no more.

Consider their work: its perfection and lacunæ indicate at once the limits and the power of their intellect. The profound philosophy which is so natural in Germany, and the elevated poetry which flourishes in England, they lack. They fail to overlook material things and positive interests in order to yield to pure speculation, to follow the temerities of logic, to attenuate the delicacy of analysis, and to bury themselves in the depths of abstraction. They ignore that spiritual turmoil, those eruptions of suppressed feeling, which give to style a tragic accent; and that vagabond fancy, those exquisite and sublime reveries, which outside of life's vulgarities reveal a new universe. . . . They are epicureans as well as gourmands in the matter of comfortable living; regularly, calmly, without heat or enthusiasm, they glean up every pleasing harmony of savor, sound, color, and form that arises out of their prosperity and abundance, like tulips on a heap of compost. All this produces good sense somewhat limited, and happiness somewhat gross. . . .

Such, in this country, is the human plant; we have now to examine its art, which is the flower. Among all the branches of the Germanic trunk, this plant alone has produced a complete flower; the art which develops so happily and so naturally in the Netherlands proves abortive with the other Germanic nations, for the reason that this glorious privilege emanates from the national character as we have just set it forth.

To comprehend and love painting requires an eye sensitive to forms and to colors, and without education or apprenticeship, one

which takes pleasure in the juxtaposition of tones, and is delicate in the matter of optical sensations; the man who would be a painter must be capable of losing himself in viewing the rich consonance of red and green, in watching the diminution of light as it is transformed into darkness, and in detecting the subtle hues of silks and satins, which according to their breaks, recesses, and depths of fold, assume opaline tints, vague luminous gleams, and imperceptible shades of blue. The eye is epicurean like the palate, and painting is an exquisite feast served up to it. For this reason it is that Germany and England have had no great pictorial art. In Germany the too great domination of abstract ideas has left no room for the sensuousness of the eye. . . .

One of the leading merits of this art is the excellence and delicacy of its coloring. This is owing to the education of the eye, which in Flanders and in Holland is peculiar. . . . Here, as at Venice, nature has made man a colorist. Observe the different aspect of things according as you are in a dry country, like Provence and the neighborhood of Florence, or on a wet plain like the Netherlands. In the dry country the line predominates, and at once attracts attention: the mountains cut sharp against the sky, with their stories of architecture of a grand and noble style; all objects projecting upward in the limpid air in varied prominence. Here the low horizon is without interest, and the contours of objects are softened, blended, and blurred out by the imperceptible vapor with which the atmosphere is always filled; that which predominates is the spot. A cow pasturing, a roof in the centre of a field, a man leaning on a parapet, appear as one tone among other tones. The object emerges: it does not start suddenly out of its surroundings as if punched out; you are struck by its modeling,—that is to say, by the different degrees of advancing luminousness, and the diverse gradations of melting color, which transform its general tint into a relief, and give to the eye a sensation of thickness. You would have to pass many days in this country in order to appreciate the subordination of the line to the spot. A bluish or gray vapor is constantly rising from the canals, the rivers, the sea, and from the saturated soil; a universal haze forms a soft gauze over objects, even in the finest weather. Flying scuds, like thin, half-torn white drapery, float over the meadows night and morning. I have repeatedly stood on the quays of the Scheldt contemplating the broad, pallid, and slightly rippled water, on which float the dark hulks. The river

shines; and on its flat surface the hazy light reflects here and there unsteady scintillations. Clouds ascend constantly around the horizon; their pale, leaden hue and their motionless files suggesting an army of spectres,—the spectres of the humid soil, like so many phantoms, always revived and bringing back the eternal showers. Towards the setting sun they become ruddy; while their corpulent masses, trellised all over with gold, remind one of the damascene copes, the brocaded simarres, and the embroidered silks, with which Jordaens and Rubens envelop their bleeding martyrs and their sorrowful Madonnas. Quite low down on the sky the sun seems an enormous blaze subsiding into smoke. On reaching Amsterdam or Ostend the impression again deepens; both sea and sky have no form; the fog and interposed showers leave nothing to remember but colors. The water changes in hue every half-hour — now of a pale wine tinge, now of a chalky whiteness, now yellow like softened mortar, now black like liquid soot, and sometimes of a sombre purple striped with dashes of green. After a few days' experience you find that in such a nature, only gradations, contrasts, and harmonies — in short, only the value of tones is of any importance. . . .

You have seen the seed, the plant, and the flower. A race with a genius totally opposed to that of the Latin peoples makes for itself, after and alongside of them, its place in the world. Among the numerous nations of this race, one there is in which a special territory and climate develop a particular character predisposing it to art and to a certain phase of art. Painting is born with it, lasts, becomes complete; and the physical *milieu* surrounding it, like the national genius which founds it, gives to and imposes on its subjects its types and its coloring. We find four distinct periods in the pictorial art of the Netherlands; and through a remarkable coincidence, each corresponds to a distinct historic period. Here, as everywhere, art translates life; the talent and taste of the painter change at the same time, and in the same sense as the habits and sentiments of the public. . . .

The first period of art lasts about a century and a half (1400–1530). It issues from a renaissance; that is to say, from a great development of prosperity, wealth, and intellect. Here, as in Italy, the cities at an early period are flourishing, and almost free. . . . In these swarming hives an abundance of food and habits of personal activity maintain courage, turbulence, audacity, and even insolence,— all excesses of brutal and boundless energy;

these weavers were men, and when we encounter men we may expect soon to encounter the arts. . . .

At the end of the fourteenth century Flanders, with Italy, is the most industrious, the wealthiest, the most flourishing country in Europe. . . .

A Flemish renaissance underneath Christian ideas,—such in effect is the twofold nature of art under Hubert and John Van Eyck, Roger Van der Weyde, Hemling, and Quintin Matsys; and from these two characteristics proceed all the others. On the one hand, artists take interest in actual life; their figures are no longer symbols like the illuminations of ancient missals, nor purified spirits like the Madonnas of the school of Cologne, but living beings and bodies. They attend to anatomy, the perspective is exact, the minutest details are rendered of stuffs, of architecture, of accessories, and of landscape; the relief is strong, and the entire scene stamps itself on the eye and on the mind with extraordinary force and sense of stability; the greatest masters of coming times are not to surpass them in all this, nor even go so far. Nature evidently is now discovered by them. The scales fall from their eyes: they have just mastered, almost in a flash, the proportions, the structure, and the coloring of visible realities; and moreover they delight in them. Consider the superb copes wrought in gold and decked with diamonds, the embroidered silks, the flowered and dazzling diadems, with which they ornament their saints and divine personages, all of which represents the pomp of the Burgundian court. Look at the calm and transparent water, the bright meadows, the red and white flowers, the blooming trees, the sunny distances, of their admirable landscapes. Observe their coloring,—the strongest and richest ever seen,—the pure and full tones side by side in a Persian carpet, and united solely through their harmony, the superb breaks in the folds of purple mantles, the azure recesses of long falling robes, the green draperies like a summer field permeated with sunshine, the display of gold skirts trimmed with black, the strong light which warms and enlivens the whole scene: you have a concert in which each instrument sounds its proper note, and the more true because the more sonorous. They see the world on the bright side and make a holiday of it,—a genuine fête, similar to those of this day, glowing under a more bounteous sunlight; and not a heavenly Jerusalem suffused with supernatural radiance, such as Fra Angelico painted. They

copy the real with scrupulous accuracy, and all that is real: the ornaments of armor, the polished glass of a window, the scrolls of a carpet, the hairs of fur, the undraped body of an Adam and an Eve, a canon's massive, wrinkled, and obese features, a burgomaster's or soldier's broad shoulders, projecting chin, and prominent nose, the spindling shanks of a hangman, the overlarge head and diminutive limbs of a child, the costumes and furniture of the age; their entire work being a glorification of this present life. But on the other hand, it is a glorification of Christian belief. . . .

When a great change is effected in human affairs, it brings on by degrees a corresponding change in human conceptions. After the discovery of the Indies and of America, after the invention of printing and the multiplication of books, after the restoration of classic antiquity and the Reformation of Luther, any conception of the world then formed could no longer remain monastic and mystic. The tender and melancholy aspiration of a soul sighing for the celestial kingdom, and humbly subjecting its conduct to the authority of an undisputed Church, gave way to free inquiry nourished on so many fresh conceptions, and disappeared at the admirable spectacle of this real world which man now began to comprehend and to conquer. . . . While the mind is expanding, the temperature around it becomes modified and establishes the conditions of a new growth. . . . Society, ideas, and tastes, have undergone a transformation, and there is room for a new art.

Already in the preceding epoch we see premonitory symptoms of the coming change. From Hubert Van Eyck to Quintin Matsys, the grandeur and gravity of religious conceptions have diminished. Nobody now dreams of portraying the whole of Christian faith and doctrine in a single picture; scenes are selected from the Gospel and from history,—Annunciations, shepherd adorations, Last Judgments, martyrdoms, and moral legends. Painting, which is epic in the hands of Hubert Van Eyck, becomes idyllic in those of Hemling, and almost worldly in those of Quintin Matsys. It gets to be pathetic, interesting, and pleasing. The charming saints, the beautiful Herodias, and the little Salome of Quintin Matsys, are richly attired noble dames, and already laic: the artist loves the world as it is and for itself, and does not subordinate it to the representation of the supernatural world; he does not employ it as a means but as an end. Scenes

of profane life multiply: he paints townspeople in their shops, money-changers, amorous couples, and the attenuated features and stealthy smiles of a miser. Lucas of Leyden, his contemporary, is an ancestor of the painters whom we call the lesser Flemings: his 'Presentation of Christ' and 'The Magdalen's Dance' have nothing religious about them but their titles; the evangelical subject is lost in the accessories: that which the picture truly presents is a rural Flemish festival, or a gathering of Flemings on an open field. Jerome Bosch, of the same period, paints grotesque, infernal scenes. Art, it is clear, falls from heaven to earth; and is no longer to treat divine but human incidents. Artists in other respects lack no process and no preparation: they understand perspective, they know the use of oil, and are masters of modeling and relief; they have studied actual types; they know how to paint dresses, accessories, architecture, and landscape, with wonderful accuracy and finish; their manipulative skill is admirable. One defect only still chains them to hieratic art, which is the immobility of their faces, and the rigid folds of their stuffs. They have but to observe the rapid play of physiognomies and the easy movement of loose drapery, and the renaissance is complete; the breeze of the age is behind them, and already fills their sails. On looking at their portraits, their interiors, and even their sacred personages, as in the 'Entombment' of Quintin Matsys, one is tempted to address them thus: "You are alive — one effort more! Come, bestir yourselves! Shake off the Middle Age entirely! Depict the modern man for us as you find him within you and outside of you. Paint him vigorous, healthy, and content with existence. Forget the meagre, ascetic, and pensive spirit, dreaming in the chapels of Hemling. If you choose a religious scene for the motive of your picture, compose it, like the Italians, of active and healthy figures, only let these figures proceed from your national and personal taste. You have a soul of your own, which is Flemish and not Italian: let the flower bloom; judging by the bud it will be a beautiful one." And indeed when we regard the sculptures of the time, such as the chimney of the Palais de Justice, the tomb of Charles the Bold at Bruges, and the church and monuments of Brou, we see the promise of an original and complete art, less sculptural and less refined than the Italian, but more varied, more expressive, and closer to nature; less subject to rule but nearer to the real; more capable of manifesting spirit

and personality, the impulses, the unpremeditated, the diversities, the lights and darks of education, temperament, and age, of the individual; in short, a Germanic art which indicates remote successors to the Van Eycks and remote predecessors of Rubens.

They never appeared; or at all events, they imperfectly fulfilled their task. No nation, it must be noted, lives alone in the world: alongside of the Flemish renaissance there existed the Italian renaissance, and the large tree stifled the small plant. It flourished and grew for a century: the literature, the ideas, and the masterpieces of precocious Italy imposed themselves on sluggish Europe; and the Flemish cities through their commerce, and the Austrian dynasty through its possessions and its Italian affairs, introduced into the North the tastes and models of the new civilization. Towards 1520 the Flemish painters began to borrow from the artists of Florence and Rome. John of Mabuse is the first one who, in 1513, on returning from Italy, introduced the Italian into the old style, and the rest followed. It is so natural in advancing into an unexplored country to take the path already marked out! This path, however, is not made for those who follow it; the long line of Flemish carts is to be delayed and stuck fast in the disproportionate ruts which another set of wheels has worn. There are two traits characteristic of Italian art, both of which run counter to the Flemish imagination. On the one hand, Italian art centres on the natural body: healthy, active, and vigorous,—endowed with every athletic aptitude, that is to say,—naked or semi-draped, frankly pagan, enjoying freely and nobly in full sunshine every limb, instinct, and animal faculty, the same as an ancient Greek in his city or palæstrum; or, as at this very epoch, a Cellini on the Italian streets and highways. Now a Fleming does not easily enter into this conception. He belongs to a cold and humid climate; a man there in a state of nudity shivers. The human form here does not display the fine proportions nor the easy attitudes required by classic art: it is often dumpy or too gross; the white, soft, yielding flesh, easily flushed, requires to be clothed. When the painter returns from Rome and strives to pursue Italian art, his surroundings oppose his education; his sentiment being no longer renewed through his contact with living nature, he is reduced to his souvenirs. Moreover, he is of Germanic race: in other terms, he is organically good in his moral nature, and modest as well: he has difficulty in appreciating the pagan idea of nudity; and still greater

difficulty in comprehending the fatal and magnificent idea which governs civilization and stimulates the arts beyond the Alps,—namely, that of the complete and sovereign individual, emancipated from every law, subordinating all else, men and things, to the development of his own nature and the growth of his own faculties.

Translated by J. Durand.

THE COMEDY OF MANNERS AT VERSAILLES

From 'The Ancient Régime.' Copyright 1876, by Henry Holt

TO APPROACH the King, to be a domestic in his household, an usher, a cloak-bearer, a valet, is a privilege that is purchased, even in 1789, for thirty, forty, or a hundred thousand livres; so much greater the reason why it is a privilege to form a part of his society,—the most honorable, the most useful, and the most coveted of all. In the first place, it is a proof of race. A man to follow the King in the chase, and a woman to be presented to the Queen, must previously satisfy the genealogist, and by authentic documents, that his or her nobility goes back to the year 1400. In the next place, it insures good fortune. This drawing-room is the only place within reach of royal favors; accordingly, up to 1789, the great families never stir away from Versailles, and day and night they lie in ambush. The valet of the Marshal de Noailles says to him one night on closing his curtains, "At what hour will Monseigneur be awakened?" "At ten o'clock, if no one dies during the night." Old courtiers are again found who, "eighty years of age, have passed forty-five on their feet in the antechambers of the King, of the princes, and of the ministers." . . . "You have only three things to do," says one of them to a débutant: "speak well of everybody, ask for every vacancy, and sit down when you can."

Hence the King always has a crowd around him. The Comtesse du Barry says, on presenting her niece at court, the first of August, 1773, "The crowd is so great at a presentation, one can scarcely get through the antechambers." In December 1774, at Fontainebleau, when the Queen plays at her own table every evening, "the apartment, though vast, is never empty. . . . The crowd is so great that one can talk only to the two or three persons with whom one is playing." The fourteen apartments,

at the receptions of ambassadors, are full to overflowing with seigniors and richly dressed women. On the first of January, 1775, the Queen "counted over two hundred ladies presented to her to pay their court." In 1780, at Choisy, a table for thirty persons is spread every day for the King, another with thirty places for the seigniors, another with forty places for the officers of the guard and the equerries, and one with fifty for the officers of the bedchamber. According to my estimate, the King, on getting up and on retiring, on his walks, on his hunts, at play, has always around him at least forty or fifty seigniors, and generally a hundred, with as many ladies, besides his attendants on duty; at Fontainebleau, in 1756, although "there were neither fêtes nor ballets this year, one hundred and six ladies were counted." When the King holds a "*grand appartement*," when play or dancing takes place in the gallery of mirrors, four or five hundred guests, the elect of the nobles and of the fashion, range themselves on the benches or gather around the card and *cavagnole* tables.

This is a spectacle to be seen, not by the imagination, or through imperfect records, but with our own eyes and on the spot, to comprehend the spirit, the effect, and the triumph, of monarchical culture. In an elegantly furnished house, the dining-room is the principal room; and never was one more dazzling than this. Suspended from the sculptured ceiling peopled with sporting cupids, descend, by garlands of flowers and foliage, blazing chandeliers, whose splendor is enhanced by the tall mirrors; the light streams down in floods on gildings, diamonds, and beaming, arch physiognomies, on fine busts, and on the capacious, sparkling, and garlanded dresses. The skirts of the ladies ranged in a circle, or in tiers on the benches, "form a rich *espalier* covered with pearls, gold, silver, jewels, spangles, flowers, and fruits, with their artificial blossoms, gooseberries, cherries, and strawberries," a gigantic animated bouquet of which the eye can scarcely support the brilliancy. There are no black coats, as nowadays, to disturb the harmony. With the hair powdered and dressed, with buckles and knots, with cravats and ruffles of lace, in silk coats and vests of the hues of fallen leaves, or of a delicate rose tint, or of celestial blue, embellished with gold braid and embroidery, the men are as elegant as the women. Men and women, each is a selection: they are all of the accomplished class, gifted with every grace which race, education, fortune, leisure, and custom, can bestow; they are perfect of their kind. There

is not a toilet here, an air of the head, a tone of the voice, an expression in language, which is not a masterpiece of worldly culture, the distilled quintessence of all that is exquisitely elaborated by social art. Polished as the society of Paris may be, it does not approach this; compared with the court, it seems provincial. It is said that a hundred thousand roses are required to make an ounce of the unique perfume used by Persian kings: such is this drawing-room,—the frail vial of crystal and gold containing the substance of a human vegetation. To fill it, a great aristocracy had to be transplanted to a hot-house, and become sterile in fruit and flowers, and then, in the royal alembic, its pure sap is concentrated into a few drops of aroma. The price is excessive, but only at this price can the most delicate perfumes be manufactured.

An operation of this kind absorbs him who undertakes it as well as those who undergo it. A nobility for useful purposes is not transformed with impunity into a nobility for ornament: one falls himself into the ostentation which is substituted for action. The King has a court which he is compelled to maintain. So much the worse if it absorbs all his time, his intellect, his soul, the most valuable portion of his active forces and the forces of the State. To be the master of a house is not an easy task, especially when five hundred persons are to be entertained; one must necessarily pass his life in public, and be on exhibition. Strictly speaking, it is the life of an actor who is on the stage the entire day. To support this load, and work besides, required the temperament of Louis XIV.: the vigor of his body, the extraordinary firmness of his nerves, the strength of his digestion, and the regularity of his habits; his successors who come after him grow weary or stagger under the same load. But they cannot throw it off; an incessant, daily performance is inseparable from their position, and it is imposed on them like a heavy, gilded, ceremonial coat.

The King is expected to keep the entire aristocracy busy; consequently to make a display of himself, to pay back with his own person, at all hours, even the most private, even on getting out of bed, and even in his bed. In the morning, at the hour named by himself beforehand, the head valet awakens him; five series of persons enter in turn to perform their duty, and, "although very large, there are days when the waiting-rooms can hardly contain the crowd of courtiers." The first one admitted is "l'entrée familière," consisting of the children of France, the

prince and princesses of the blood, and besides these, the chief physician, the chief surgeon, and other serviceable persons. Next comes the "grande entrée," which comprises the grand chamberlain, the grand master and master of the wardrobe, the first gentlemen of the bedchamber, the Dukes of Orleans and Penthièvre, some other highly favored seigniors, the ladies of honor and in waiting of the Queen, Mesdames, and other princesses, without enumerating barbers, tailors, and various descriptions of valets. Meanwhile spirits of wine are poured on the King's hands from a service of plate, and he is then handed the basin of holy-water; he crosses himself and repeats a prayer. Then he gets out of bed before all these people, and puts on his slippers. The grand chamberlain and the first gentleman hand him his dressing-gown; he puts this on and seats himself in the chair in which he is to put on his clothes.

At this moment the door opens, and a third group enters, which is the "entrée des brevets,"—the seigniors who compose this enjoy in addition the precious privilege of assisting at the "petit coucher"; while at the same moment there enters a detachment of attendants, consisting of the physicians and surgeons in ordinary, the intendants of the amusements, readers, and others, and among the latter those who preside over physical requirements. The publicity of a royal life is so great that none of its functions can be exercised without witnesses. At the moment of the approach of the officers of the wardrobe to dress the King, the first gentleman, notified by an usher, advances to read him the names of the grandees who are waiting at the door: this is the fourth entry, called "la chambre," and larger than those preceding it; for, not to mention the cloak-bearers, gun-bearers, rug-bearers, and other valets, it comprises most of the superior officials, the grand almoner, the almoners on duty, the chaplain, the master of the oratory, the captain and major of the body-guard, the colonel-general and major of the French guards, the colonel of the King's regiment, the captain of the *Cent Suisses*, the grand huntsman, the grand wolf-huntsman, the grand provost, the grand master and master of ceremonies, the first butler, the grand master of the pantry, the foreign ambassadors, the ministers and secretaries of State, the marshals of France, and most of the seigniors and prelates of distinction. Ushers place the ranks in order, and if necessary, impose silence.

Meanwhile the King washes his hands and begins his toilet. Two pages remove his slippers; the grand master of the wardrobe

draws off his night-shirt by the right arm, and the first valet of the wardrobe by the left arm, and both of them hand it to an officer of the wardrobe, whilst a valet of the wardrobe fetches the shirt, wrapped up in white taffeta. Things have now reached the solemn point, the culmination of the ceremony: the fifth entry has been introduced; and in a few moments, after the King has put his shirt on, all that is left of those who are known, with other household officers waiting in the gallery, complete the influx. There is quite a formality in regard to this shirt. The honor of handing it is reserved to the sons and grandsons of France; in default of these, to the princes of the blood or those legitimated; in their default, to the grand chamberlain or to the first gentleman of the bedchamber;—the latter case, it must be observed, being very rare, the princes being obliged to be present at the King's *lever* as well as the princesses at that of the Queen. At last the shirt is presented, and a valet carries off the old one; the first valet of the wardrobe and the first valet-de-chambre hold the fresh one, each by a right and left arm respectively; while two other valets, during this operation, extend his dressing-gown in front of him to serve as a screen. The shirt is now on his back, and the toilet commences.

A valet-de-chambre supports a mirror before the King, while two others on the two sides light it up, if occasion requires, with flambeaux. Valets of the wardrobe fetch the rest of the attire; the grand master of the wardrobe puts the vest on and the doublet, attaches the blue ribbon, and clasps his sword around him; then a valet assigned to the cravats brings several of these in a basket, while the master of the wardrobe arranges around the King's neck that which the King selects. After this a valet assigned to the handkerchiefs brings three of these on a silver salver; while the grand master of the wardrobe offers the salver to the King, who chooses one. Finally the master of the wardrobe hands to the King his hat, his gloves, and his cane. The King then steps to the side of the bed, kneels on a cushion, and says his prayers; whilst an almoner in a low voice recites the orison *Quæsumus, deus omnipotens*. This done, the King announces the order of the day, and passes with the leading persons of his court into his cabinet, where he sometimes gives audience. Meanwhile the rest of the company await him in the gallery, in order to accompany him to mass when he comes out.

Such is the *lever*, a piece in five acts. Nothing could be contrived better calculated to fill up the void of an aristocratic life:

a hundred or thereabouts of notable seigniors dispose of a couple of hours in coming, in waiting, in entering, in defiling, in taking positions, in standing on their feet, in maintaining an air of respect and of ease suitable to a superior class of walking gentlemen, while those best qualified are about to do the same thing over in the Queen's apartment. The King, however, to offset this, suffers the same torture and the same inaction as he imposes. He also is playing a part: all his steps and all his gestures have been determined beforehand; he has been obliged to arrange his physiognomy and his voice, never to depart from an affable and dignified air, to award judiciously his glances and his nods, to keep silent or to speak only of the chase, and to suppress his own thoughts if he has any. One cannot indulge in revery, meditate, or be absent-minded, when before the foot-lights: the part must have due attention. Besides, in a drawing-room there is only drawing-room conversation; and the master's thoughts, instead of being directed in a profitable channel, must be scattered about as if they were the holy-water of the court.

All hours of the day are thus occupied, except three or four in the morning, during which he is at the council or in his private room; it must be noted, too, that on the days after his hunts, on returning home from Rambouillet at three o'clock in the morning, he must sleep the few hours he has left to him. The ambassador Mercy, nevertheless, a man of close application, seems to think it sufficient; he at least thinks that "Louis XVI. is a man of order, losing no time in useless things": his predecessor indeed worked much less, scarcely an hour a day. Three quarters of his time is thus given up to show. The same retinue surrounds him when he puts on his boots, when he takes them off, when he changes his clothes to mount his horse, when he returns home to dress for the evening, and when he goes to his room at night to retire. "Every evening for six years," says a page, "either myself or one of my comrades has seen Louis XVI. get into bed in public," with the ceremonial just described. "It was not omitted ten times to my knowledge, and then accidentally or through indisposition." The attendance is yet more numerous when he dines and takes supper; for besides men there are women present,—duchesses seated on the folding-chairs, also others standing around the table. It is needless to state that in the evening when he plays, or gives a ball, or a concert, the crowd rushes in and overflows. When he hunts, besides the ladies on horses and in vehicles, besides officers of the hunt and

of the guards, the equerry, the cloak-bearer, gun-bearer, surgeon, bone-setter, lunch-bearer, and I know not how many others, all the gentlemen who accompany him are his permanent guests. And do not imagine that this suite is a small one: the day M. de Châteaubriand is presented, there are four fresh additions; and "with the utmost punctuality" all the young men of high rank join the King's retinue two or three times a week.

Not only the eight or ten scenes which compose each of these days, but again the short intervals between the scenes, are besieged and carried. People watch for him, walk by his side, and speak with him on his way from his cabinet to the chapel, between his apartment and his carriage, between his carriage and his apartment, between his cabinet and his dining-room. And still more, his life behind the scenes belongs to the public. If he is indisposed and broth is brought to him, if he is ill and medicine is handed to him, "a servant immediately summons the 'grande entrée.'" Verily the King resembles an oak stifled by the innumerable creepers which from top to bottom cling to its trunk.

Under a régime of this stamp there is a want of air; some opening has to be found: Louis XV. availed himself of the chase and of suppers; Louis XVI. of the chase and of lock-making. And I have not mentioned the infinite detail of etiquette, the extraordinary ceremonial of the state dinner, the fifteen, twenty, and thirty beings busy around the King's plates and glasses, the sacramental utterances of the occasion, the procession of the retinue, the arrival of "la nef," "l'essai des plats," all as if in a Byzantine or Chinese court. On Sundays the entire public, the public in general, is admitted; and this is called the "grand couvert," as complex and as solemn as a high mass. Accordingly, to eat, to drink, to get up, to go to bed, to a descendant of Louis XIV., is to officiate. Frederick II., on hearing an account of this etiquette, declared that if he were the King of France his first edict would be to appoint another king to hold court in his place. In effect, if there are idlers to salute, there must be an idler to be saluted. Only one way was possible by which the monarch could have been set free; and that was to have recast and transformed the French nobles, according to the Prussian system, into a hard-working regiment of serviceable functionaries. But so long as the court remains what it is,—that is to say, a pompous parade and a drawing-room decoration,—the

King himself must likewise form a showy decoration, of little use or of none at all.

THE TASTES OF GOOD SOCIETY

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SIMILAR circumstances have led other aristocracies in Europe to nearly similar ways and habits. There also the monarchy has given birth to the court, and the court to a refined society. But the development of this rare plant has been only partial. The soil was unfavorable, and the seed was not of the right sort. In Spain, the King stands shrouded in etiquette like a mummy in its wrappings; while a too rigid pride, incapable of yielding to the amenities of the worldly order of things, ends in a sentiment of morbidity and in insane display. In Italy, under petty despotic sovereigns, and most of them strangers, the constant state of danger and of hereditary distrust, after having tied all tongues, turns all hearts toward the secret delights of love, or toward the mute gratifications of the fine arts. In Germany and in England, a cold temperament, dull and rebellious to culture, keeps man up to the close of the last century within the Germanic habits of solitude, inebriety, and brutality. In France, on the contrary, all things combine to make the social sentiment flourish; in this the national genius harmonizes with the political régime, the plant appearing to be selected for the soil beforehand.

The Frenchman loves company through instinct; and the reason is, that he does well and easily whatever society calls on him to do. He has not the false shame which renders his northern neighbors awkward, nor the powerful passions which absorb his neighbors of the south. Talking is no effort to him, he having none of the natural timidity which begets constraint, and no constant preoccupation to overcome. He accordingly converses at his ease, ever on the alert; and conversation affords him extreme pleasure. For the happiness which he requires is of a peculiar kind,—delicate, light, rapid, incessantly renewed and varied, in which his intellect, his self-love, all his emotional and sympathetic faculties, find nutriment; and this quality of happiness is provided for him only in society and in conversation. Sensitive as he is, personal attention, consideration, cordiality, delicate flattery, constitute his natal atmosphere, out of which he breathes

with difficulty. He would suffer almost as much in being impolite as in encountering impoliteness in others. For his instincts of kindliness and vanity there is an exquisite charm in the habit of being amiable; and this is all the greater because it proves contagious. When we afford pleasure to others there is a desire to please us, and what we bestow in deference is returned in attentions. In company of this kind one can talk; for to talk is to amuse another in being oneself amused,—a Frenchman finding no pleasure equal to it. Lively and sinuous conversation to him is like the flying of a bird: he wings his way from idea to idea, alert, excited by the inspiration of others, darting forward, wheeling round and unexpectedly returning, now up, now down, now skimming the ground, now aloft on the peaks, without sinking into quagmires or getting entangled in the briers, and claiming nothing of the thousands of objects he slightly grazes but the diversity and the gayety of their aspects.

Thus endowed and thus disposed, he is made for a régime which for ten hours a day brings men together; natural feeling in accord with the social order of things renders the drawing-room perfect. The King, at the head of all, sets the example. Louis XIV. had every qualification for the master of a household: a taste for pomp and hospitality, condescension accompanied with dignity, the art of playing on the self-love of others and of maintaining his own position, chivalrous gallantry, tact, and even charms of intellectual expression. «His address was perfect: whether it was necessary to jest, or he was in a playful humor, or deigned to tell a story, it was ever with infinite grace, and a noble refined air which I have found only in him.» «Never was man so naturally polite, nor of such circumspect politeness, so powerful by degrees, nor who better discriminated age, worth, and rank, both in his replies and in his deportment. . . . His salutations, more or less marked, but always slight, were of incomparable grace and majesty. . . . He was admirable in the different acknowledgments of salutes at the head of the army and at reviews. . . . But especially toward women there was nothing like it. . . . Never did he pass the most indifferent woman without taking off his hat to her; and I mean chambermaids whom he knew to be such. . . . Never did he chance to say anything disobliging to anybody. . . . Never before company anything mistimed or venturesome; but even to the smallest gesture, his walk, his bearing, his features, all being

proper, respectful, noble, grand, majestic, and thoroughly natural."

Such is the model; and nearly or remotely, it is imitated up to the end of the ancient régime. If it undergoes any change, it is only to become more sociable. In the eighteenth century, except on great ceremonial occasions, it is seen descending step by step from its pedestal. It no longer imposes "that stillness around it which lets one hear a fly walk." "Sire," said the Marshal de Richelieu (who had seen three reigns), addressing Louis XVI., "under Louis XIV. no one dared utter a word; under Louis XV. people whispered; under your Majesty they talk aloud." If authority is a loser, society is the gainer: etiquette, insensibly relaxed, allows the introduction of ease and cheerfulness. Henceforth the great, less concerned in overawing than in pleasing, cast off stateliness like an uncomfortable and ridiculous garment, "seeking respect less than applause. It no longer suffices to be affable: one has to appear amiable at any cost, with one's inferiors as with one's equals." The French princes, says again a contemporary lady, "are dying with fear of being deficient in graces." Even around the throne "the style is free and playful." The grave and disciplined court of Louis XIV. became at the end of the century, under the smiles of the youthful Queen, the most seductive and gayest of drawing-rooms. Through this universal relaxation, a worldly existence gets to be perfect. "He who was not living before 1789," says Talleyrand at a later period, "knows nothing of the charm of living."

It was too great: no other way of living was appreciated; it engrossed men wholly. When society becomes so attractive, people live for it alone. There is neither leisure nor taste for other matters, even for things which are of most concern to man, such as public affairs, the household, and the family. With respect to the first, I have already stated that people abstain from them, and are indifferent; the administration of things, whether local or general, is out of their hands and no longer interests them. They only allude to it in jest; events of the most serious consequence form the subject of witticisms. After the edict of the Abbé Terray, which threw the funds half into bankruptcy, a spectator too much crowded in the theatre cried out, "Ah, how unfortunate that our good Abbé Terray is not here to cut us down one-half!" Everybody laughs and applauds. All Paris, the following day, is consoled for public ruin by repeating the phrase. Alliances,

battles, taxation, treaties, ministries, coups d'état—the entire history of the country is put into epigrams and songs. One day in a group of young people belonging to the court, one of them, as the current witticism was passing around, raised his hands in delight and exclaimed, "How can one help being pleased with great events, even with disturbances, when they give us such wit!" Thereupon the wit circulates, and every disaster in France is turned into nonsense. A song on the battle of Hochstädt was pronounced poor, and some one in this connection said: "I am sorry that battle was lost, the song is so worthless."

Even when eliminating from this trait all that belongs to the sway of impulse and the license of paradox, there remains the stamp of an age in which the State is almost nothing and society almost everything. We may on this principle divine what order of talent was required in the ministers. M. Necker, having given a magnificent supper with serious and comic opera, "finds that this festivity is worth more to him in credit, favor, and stability than all his financial schemes put together. . . . His last arrangement concerning the *vingtième* excited remark only for one day, while everybody is still talking about his fête; at Paris, as well as in Versailles, its attractions are dwelt on in detail, people emphatically declaring that M. and Madame Necker are a grace to society." Good society devoted to pleasure imposes on those in office the obligation of providing pleasures for it. It might also say, in a half-serious, half-ironical tone, with Voltaire, "that the gods created kings only to give fêtes every day provided they differ; that life is too short to make any other use of it; that lawsuits, intrigues, warfare, and the quarrels of priests, which consume human life, are absurd and horrible things; that man is born only to enjoy himself;" and that among the essential things we must put the "superfluous" in the first rank.

According to this, we can easily foresee that they will be as little concerned with their private affairs as with public affairs. Housekeeping, the management of property, domestic economy, are in their eyes vulgar, insipid in the highest degree, and only suited to an intendant or a butler. Of what use are such persons if we must have such cares? Life is no longer a festival if one has to provide the ways and means. Comforts, luxuries, the agreeable, must flow naturally and greet our lips of their own accord. As a matter of course and without his intervention, a man belonging to this world should find gold always in his

pocket, a handsome coat on his toilet table, powdered valets in his antechamber, a gilded coach at his door, and a fine dinner on his table; so that he may reserve all his attention to be expended in favors on the guests in his drawing-room. Such a mode of living is not to be maintained without waste; and the domestics, left to themselves, make the most of it. What matter is it, so long as they perform their duties? Moreover, everybody must live, and it is pleasant to have contented and obsequious faces around one. Hence the first houses in the kingdom are given up to pillage. Louis XV., on a hunting expedition one day, accompanied by the Duc de Choiseul, inquired of him how much he thought the carriage in which they were seated had cost. M. de Choiseul replied that he should consider himself fortunate to get one like it for 5,000 or 6,000 francs; but "his Majesty, paying for it as a king, and not always paying cash, might have paid 8,000 francs for it." "You are wide of the mark," rejoined the King; "for this vehicle, as you see it, cost me 30,000 francs. . . . The robberies in my household are enormous, but it is impossible to put a stop to them."

In effect, the great help themselves as well as the little — either in money, or in kind, or in services. There are in the King's household fifty-four horses for the grand equerry, thirty-eight of them being for Madame de Brionne, the administratrix of the office of the stables during her son's minority; there are two hundred and fifteen grooms on duty, and about as many horses kept at the King's expense for various other persons, entire strangers to the department. What a nest of parasites on this one branch of the royal tree! Elsewhere I find Madame Elisabeth, so moderate, consuming fish amounting to 30,000 francs per annum; meat and game to 70,000 francs; candles to 60,000 francs: Mesdames burn white and yellow candles to the amount of 215,068 francs; the light for the Queen comes to 157,109 francs. The street at Versailles is still shown, formerly lined with stalls, to which the King's valets resorted to nourish Versailles by the sale of his dessert. There is no article from which the domestic insects do not manage to scrape and glean something. The King is supposed to drink orgeat and lemonade to the value of 2,190 francs; "the grand broth, day and night," which Madame Royale, aged six years, sometimes drinks, costs 5,201 francs per annum. Towards the end of the preceding reign the femmes-de-chambre enumerate in the dauphine's outlay

«four pairs of shoes per week; three ells of ribbon per diem, to tie her dressing-gown; two ells of taffeta per diem, to cover the basket in which she keeps her gloves and fan.» A few years earlier the King paid 200,000 francs for coffee, lemonade, chocolate, orgeat, and water-ices; several persons were inscribed on the list for ten or twelve cups a day: while it was estimated that the coffee, milk, and bread each morning for each lady of the bedchamber cost 2,000 francs per annum.

We can readily understand how, in households thus managed, the purveyors are willing to wait. They wait so well that often under Louis XV. they refuse to provide, and «hide themselves.» Even the delay is so regular that at last they are obliged to pay them five per cent. interest on their advances; at this rate, in 1778, after all Turgot's economic reforms, the King still owes nearly 800,000 livres to his wine merchant, and nearly three millions and a half to his purveyor. The same disorder exists in the houses which surround the throne. «Madame de Guéménée owes 60,000 livres to her shoemaker, 16,000 livres to her paper-hanger, and the rest in proportion.» Another lady, whom the Marquis de Mirabeau sees with hired horses, replies to his look of astonishment, «It is not because there are not seventy horses in our stables, but none of them are able to walk to-day.» Madame de Montmorin, on ascertaining that her husband's debts are greater than his property, thinks she can save her dowry of 200,000 livres; but is informed that she had given security for a tailor's bill, which, «incredible and ridiculous to say, amounts to the sum of 180,000 livres.» «One of the decided manias of these days,» says Madame d'Oberkirk, «is to be ruined in everything and by everything.» «The two brothers Villemer build country cottages at from 500,000 to 600,000 livres; one of them keeps forty horses to ride occasionally in the Bois de Boulogne on horseback.» In one night M. de Chenonceaux, son of M. and Madame Dupin, loses at play 700,000 livres. «M. de Chenonceaux and M. de Francueil ran through seven or eight millions at this epoch.» «The Duc de Lauzun, at the age of twenty-six, after having run through the capital of 100,000 crowns revenue, is prosecuted by his creditors for nearly two millions of indebtedness.» «M. le Prince de Conti lacks bread and wood, although with an income of 600,000 livres,» for the reason that «he buys and builds wildly on all sides.»

Where would be the pleasure if these people were reasonable? What kind of a seignior is he who studies the price of things? And how can the exquisite be reached if one grudges money? Money, accordingly, must flow and flow on until it is exhausted, first by the innumerable secret or tolerated bleedings through domestic abuses, and next in broad streams of the master's own prodigality,—through structures, furniture, toilets, hospitality, gallantry, and pleasures. The Comte d'Artois, that he may give the Queen a fête, demolishes, rebuilds, arranges, and furnishes Bagatelle from top to bottom, employing nine hundred workmen day and night; and as there is no time to go any distance for lime, plaster, and cut stone, he sends patrols of the Swiss guards on the highways to seize, pay for, and immediately bring in all carts thus loaded. The Marshal de Soubise, entertaining the King one day at dinner and over night, in his country-house, expends 200,000 livres. Madame de Matignon makes a contract to be furnished every day with a new head-dress, at 24,000 livres per annum. Cardinal de Rohan has an alb bordered with point lace, which is valued at more than 100,000 livres, while his kitchen utensils are of massive silver.

Nothing is more natural, considering their ideas of money: hoarded and piled up, instead of being a fertilizing stream, it is a useless marsh exhaling bad odors. The Queen, having presented the dauphin with a carriage whose silver-gilt trappings are decked with rubies and sapphires, naïvely exclaims, "Has not the King added 200,000 livres to my treasury? That is no reason for keeping them!" They would rather throw it out of the window—which was actually done by the Marshal de Richelieu with a purse he had given to his grandson, and which the lad, not knowing how to use, brought back intact. Money, on this occasion, was at least of service to the passing street-sweeper that picked it up. But had there been no passer-by to pick it up, it would have been thrown into the river. One day Madame de B——, being with the Prince de Conti, hinted that she would like a miniature of her canary-bird set in a ring. The prince offers to have it made. His offer is accepted, but on condition that the miniature be set plain and without jewels. Accordingly the miniature is placed in a simple rim of gold. But to cover over the painting, a large diamond, made very thin, serves as a glass. Madame de B—— having returned the diamond, "M. le Prince

de Conti had it ground to powder which he used to dry the ink of the note he wrote to Madame de B—— on the subject." This pinch of powder cost four or five thousand livres, but we may divine the turn and tone of the note. The extreme of profusion must accompany the height of gallantry; the man of the world being important in the ratio of his contempt for money.

POLITE EDUCATION

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THE Duc de Lauzun finds it difficult to obtain a good tutor for his son; for this reason, the latter writes, "he conferred the duty on one of my late mother's lackeys who could read and write tolerably well, and to whom the title of valet-de-chambre was given to insure greater consideration. They gave me the most fashionable teachers besides; but M. Roch (which was my mentor's name) was not qualified to arrange their lessons, nor to qualify me to benefit by them. I was, moreover, like all the children of my age and of my station, dressed in the handsomest clothes to go out, and naked and dying with hunger in the house:" and not through unkindness, but through household oversight, dissipation, and disorder; attention being given to things elsewhere. One might easily count the fathers who, like the Marshal de Belle-Isle, brought up their sons under their own eyes, and themselves attended to their education methodically, strictly, and with tenderness. As to the girls, they were placed in convents: relieved from this care, their parents only enjoy the greater freedom. Even when they retain charge of them, the children are scarcely more of a burden to them. Little Félicité de Saint-Aubin sees her parents "only on their waking up and at meal-times." Their day is wholly taken up: the mother is making or receiving visits; the father is in his laboratory or engaged in hunting. Up to seven years of age the child passes her time with chambermaids, who teach her only a little catechism, "with an infinite number of ghost stories." About this time she is taken care of, but in a way which well portrays the epoch. The marquise her mother, the author of mythological and pastoral operas, has a theatre built in the chateau; a great crowd of company resorts to it from Bourbon-Lancy and Moulins: after rehearsing twelve weeks the little girl, with a quiver

of arrows and blue wings, plays the part of Cupid, and the costume is so becoming she is allowed to wear it for common during the entire day for nine months. To finish the business they send for a dancing-fencing master, and still wearing the Cupid costume, she takes lessons in fencing and in deportment. "The entire winter is devoted to playing comedy and tragedy." Sent out of the room after dinner, she is brought in again only to play on the harpsichord or to declaim the monologue of Alzire before a numerous assembly. Undoubtedly such extravagances are not customary: but the spirit of education is everywhere the same; that is to say, in the eyes of parents there is but one intelligible and rational existence,—that of society,—even for children; and the attentions bestowed on these are solely with a view to introduce them into it or to prepare them for it.

Even in the last years of the ancient régime, little boys have their hair powdered, "a pomatumed chignon [*bourse*], ringlets, and curls"; they wear the sword, the chapeau under the arm, a frill, and a coat with gilded cuffs; they kiss young ladies' hands with the air of little dandies. A lass of six years is bound up in a whalebone waist; her large hoop-petticoat supports a skirt covered with wreaths; she wears on her head a skillful combination of false curls, puffs, and knots, fastened with pins, and crowned with plumes, and so high that frequently "the chin is half-way down to her feet"; sometimes they put rouge on her face. She is a miniature lady, and she knows it: she is fully up in her part, without effort or inconvenience, by force of habit; the unique, the perpetual instruction she gets is that on her deportment: it may be said with truth that the fulcrum of education in this country is the dancing-master. They could get along with him without any others; without him the others were of no use. For without him, how could people go through easily, suitably, and gracefully, the thousand and one actions of daily life,—walking, sitting down, standing up, offering the arm, using the fan, listening and smiling, before eyes so experienced and before such a refined public? This is to be the great thing for them when they become men and women, and for this reason it is the thing of chief importance for them as children. Along with graces of attitude and of gesture, they already have those of the mind and of expression. Scarcely is their tongue loosened when they speak the polished language of their parents. The latter amuse themselves with them and use them as pretty dolls; the

preaching of Rousseau, which during the last third of the last century brought children into fashion, produces no other effect. They are made to recite their lessons in public, to perform in proverbs, to take parts in pastorals. Their sallies are encouraged. They know how to turn a compliment, to invent a clever or affecting repartee, to be gallant, sensitive, and even *spirituelle*. The little Duc d'Angoulême, holding a book in his hand, receives Suffren, whom he addresses thus: "I was reading Plutarch and his 'Illustrious Men.' You could not have entered more àpropos." The children of M. de Sabran, a boy and a girl, one eight and the other nine, having taken lessons from the comedians Sainval and Larive, come to Versailles to play before the King and Queen in Voltaire's 'Oreste'; and on the little fellow being interrogated about the classic authors, he replies to a lady, the mother of three charming girls, "Madame, Anacreon is the only poet I can think of here!" Another, of the same age, replies to a question of Prince Henry of Prussia with an agreeable impromptu in verse. To cause witticisms, insipidities, and mediocre verse to germinate in a brain eight years old — what a triumph for the culture of the day! It is the last characteristic of the régime which after having stolen man away from public affairs, from his own affairs, from marriage, from the family, hands him over, with all his sentiments and all his faculties, to social worldliness, — he and all that belong to him. Below him fine ways and forced politeness prevail, even with his servants and tradesmen. A Frontin has a gallant unconstrained air, and he turns a compliment. An abigail needs only to be a kept mistress to become a lady. A shoemaker is a "monsieur in black," who says to a mother on saluting the daughter, "Madame, a charming young person, and I am more sensible than ever of the value of your kindness;" on which the young girl, just out of a convent, takes him for a suitor and blushes scarlet. Undoubtedly less unsophisticated eyes would distinguish the difference between this pinchbeck louis d'or and a genuine one; but their resemblance suffices to show the universal action of the central mint — machinery which stamps both with the same effigy, the base metal and the refined gold.

A society which obtains such ascendency must possess some charm: in no country indeed, and in no age, has so perfect a social art rendered life so agreeable. Paris is the schoolhouse of Europe, — a school of urbanity to which the youth of Russia,

Germany, and England resort to become civilized. Lord Chesterfield in his letters never tires of reminding his son of this, and of urging him into these drawing-rooms, which will remove "his Cambridge rust." Once familiar with them they are never abandoned; or if one is obliged to leave them, one always sighs for them. "Nothing is comparable," says Voltaire, "to the genial life one leads there, in the bosom of the arts and of a calm and refined voluptuousness; strangers and monarchs have preferred this repose — so agreeably occupied and so enchanting — to their own countries and thrones. The heart there softens and melts away like aromatics slowly dissolving in moderate heat, evaporating in delightful perfumes." Gustavus III., beaten by the Russians, declares that he will pass his last days in Paris in a house on the boulevards; and this is not merely complimentary, for he sends for plans and an estimate. A supper or an evening entertainment brings people two hundred leagues away. Some friends of the Prince de Ligne "leave Brussels after breakfast, reach the opera in Paris just in time to see the curtain rise, and after the spectacle is over, return immediately to Brussels, traveling all night."

Of this delight, so eagerly sought, we have only imperfect copies; and we are obliged to revive it intellectually. It consists, in the first place, in the pleasure of living with perfectly polite people: there is no enjoyment more subtle, more lasting, more inexhaustible. The self-love of man being infinite, intelligent people are always able to produce some refinement of attention to gratify it. Worldly sensibility being infinite, there is no imperceptible shade of it permitting indifference. After all, man is still the greatest source of happiness or of misery to man; and in those days the ever-flowing fountain brought to him sweetness instead of bitterness. Not only was it essential not to offend, but it was essential to please: one was expected to lose sight of oneself in others, to be always cordial and good-humored, to keep one's own vexations and grievances in one's own breast, to spare others melancholy ideas, and to supply them with cheerful ideas. "Was any one old in those days? It is the Revolution which brought old age into the world. Your grandfather, my child, was handsome, elegant, neat, gracious, perfumed, playful, amiable, affectionate, and good-tempered, to the day of his death. People then knew how to live and how to die; there was no such thing as troublesome infirmities. If any one had the

gout, he walked along all the same and made no faces; people well brought up concealed their sufferings. There was none of that absorption in business which spoils a man inwardly and dulls his brain. People knew how to ruin themselves without letting it appear, like good gamblers who lose their money without showing uneasiness or spite. A man would be carried half dead to a hunt. It was thought better to die at a ball or at the play, than in one's bed between four wax candles and horrid men in black. People were philosophers: they did not assume to be austere, but often were so without making a display of it. If one was discreet, it was through inclination, and without pedantry or prudishness. People enjoyed this life, and when the hour of departure came they did not try to disgust others with living. The last request of my old husband was that I would survive him as long as possible, and live as happily as I could." [So discourses her beautiful grandmother to George Sand.]

DRAWING-ROOM LIFE

From 'The Ancient Régime.' Copyright 1876, by Henry Holt

One can very well understand this kind of pleasure in a summary way, but how is it to be made apparent? Taken by themselves the pastimes of society are not to be described: they are too ephemeral; their charm arises from their accompaniments. A narrative of them would be but tasteless dregs,—does the libretto of an opera give any idea of the opera itself? If the reader would revive for himself this vanished world, let him seek for it in those works that have preserved its externals or its accent; and first in the pictures and engravings of Watteau, Fragonard, and the Saint-Aubins, and then in the novels and dramas of Voltaire and Marivaux, and even in Collé and Crébillon *fils:* then do we see the breathing figures and hear their voices. What bright, winning, intelligent faces, beaming with pleasure and with the desire to please! What ease in bearing and gesture! What piquant grace in the toilet, in the smile, in vivacity of expression, in the control of the flute-like voice, in the coquetry of hidden meanings! How involuntarily we stop to look and listen! Attractiveness is everywhere,—in the small *spirituelle* heads, in the slender hands, in the rumpled attire, in the pretty

features, in the demeanor. The slightest gesture, a pouting or mutinous turn of the head, a plump little wrist peering from its nest of lace, a yielding waist bent over an embroidery frame, the rapid rustling of an opening fan, is a feast for the eyes and the intellect. It is indeed all daintiness, a delicate caress for delicate senses, extending to the external decoration of life, to the sinuous outlines, the showy drapery, and the refinements of comfort in the furniture and architecture.

Fill your imagination with these accessories and with these figures, and you will take as much interest in their amusements as they did. In such a place and in such company it suffices to be together to be content. Their indolence is no burden to them, for they sport with existence. At Chanteloup, the Duc de Choiseul, in disgrace, finds the fashionable world flocking to see him; nothing is done, and yet no hours of the day are unoccupied. "The duchess has only two hours' time to herself, and these two hours are devoted to her toilet and her letters: the calculation is a simple one,— she gets up at eleven, breakfasts at noon, and this is followed by conversation, which lasts three or four hours; dinner comes at six, after which there is play and the reading of the memoirs of Madame de Maintenon." Ordinarily "the company remains together until two o'clock in the morning." Intellectual freedom is complete. There is no confusion, no anxiety. They play whist and tric-trac in the afternoon and faro in the evening. "They do to-day what they did yesterday, and what they will do to-morrow; the dinner-supper is to them the most important affair in life, and their only complaint in the world is of their digestion. Time goes so fast I always fancy that I arrived only the evening before." Sometimes they get up a little race, and the ladies are disposed to take part in it, "for they are all very spry and able to run around the drawing-room five or six times every day." But they prefer indoors to the open air; in these days true sunshine consists of candle-light, and the finest sky is a painted ceiling,— is there any other less subject to inclemencies, or better adapted to conversation and merriment? They accordingly chat and jest, in words with present friends, and by letters with absent friends. They lecture old Madame du Deffand, who is too lively, and whom they style the "little girl"; the young duchess, tender and sensible, is "her grandmama." As for "grandpapa," M. de Choiseul, "a slight cold keeping him in bed, he has fairy stories

read to him all day long: a species of reading to which we are all given; we find them as probable as modern history. Do not imagine that he is unoccupied. He has had a tapestry frame put up in the drawing-room; at which he works, I cannot say with the greatest skill, but at least with the greatest assiduity. . . . Now our delight is in flying a kite: grandpapa has never seen this sight, and he is enraptured with it.» The pastime, in itself, is nothing; it is resorted to according to opportunity or the taste of the hour,—now taken up and now let alone,—and the abbé soon writes: «I do not speak about our races, because we race no more; nor of our readings, because we do not read; nor of our promenades, because we do not go out. What then do we do? Some play billiards, others dominoes, and others backgammon. We weave, we ravel, and we unravel. Time pushes us on, and we pay him back.»

Other circles present the same spectacle. Every occupation being an amusement, a caprice or an impulse of fashion brings one into favor. At present it is unraveling; every white hand at Paris, and in the châteaux, being busy in undoing trimmings, epaulettes, and old stuffs, to pick out the gold and silver threads. They find in this employment the semblance of economy, an appearance of occupation,—in any event something to keep them in countenance. On a circle of ladies being formed, a big unraveling bag in green taffeta is placed on the table, which belongs to the lady of the house; immediately all the ladies call for their bags, and «voilà les laquais en l'air.» It is all the rage. They unravel every day and several hours in the day; some derive from it a hundred louis d'or per annum. The gentlemen are expected to provide the materials for the work: the Duc de Lauzun, accordingly, gives to Madame de V—— a harp of natural size, covered with gold thread; an enormous golden fleece, brought as a present from the Comte de Lowenthal, and which cost two or three thousand francs, brings, picked to pieces, five or six hundred francs. But they do not look into matters so closely. Some employment is essential for idle hands, some manual outlet for nervous activity; a humorous petulance breaks out in the middle of the pretended work. One day, when about going out, Madame de R—— observes that the gold fringe on her dress would be capital for unraveling; whereupon, with a dash, she cuts one of the fringes off. Ten women suddenly surround a man wearing fringes, pull off his coat, and put his fringes and laces into their bags; just as if a bold flock of

tomtits, fluttering and chattering in the air, should suddenly dart on a jay to pluck off its feathers: thenceforth a man who enters a circle of women stands in danger of being stripped alive.

All this pretty world has the same pastimes, the men as well as the women. Scarcely a man can be found without some drawing-room accomplishment, some trifling way of keeping his mind and hands busy, and of filling up the vacant hour: almost all make rhymes, or act in private theatricals; many of them are musicians and painters of still-life subjects. M. de Choiseul, as we have just seen, works at tapestry; others embroider or make sword-knots. M. de Francueil is a good violinist, and makes violins himself; and besides this he is "watchmaker, architect, turner, painter, locksmith, decorator, cook, poet, music-composer, and he embroiders remarkably well." In this general state of inactivity it is essential "to know how to be pleasantly occupied in behalf of others as well as in one's own behalf." Madame de Pompadour is a musician, an actress, a painter, and an engraver. Madame Adelaide learns watchmaking, and plays on all instruments from a horn to the jew's-harp; not very well, it is true, but as well as a queen can sing, whose fine voice is never more than half in tune. But they make no pretensions. The thing is to amuse oneself and nothing more; high spirits and the amenities of the hour cover all. Rather read this capital fact of Madame de Lauzun at Chanteloup:—"Do you know," writes the abbé, "that nobody possesses in a higher degree one quality which you would never suspect of her,—that of preparing scrambled eggs? This talent has been buried in the ground,—she cannot recall the time she acquired it; I believe that she had it at her birth. Accident made it known, and immediately it was put to the test. Yesterday morning, an hour forever memorable in the history of eggs, the implements necessary for this great operation were all brought out,—a heater, some gravy, some pepper, salt, and eggs. Behold Madame de Lauzun, at first blushing and in a tremor, soon with intrepid courage, breaking the eggs, beating them up in the pan, turning them over, now to the right, now to the left, now up and now down, with unexampled precision and success! Never was a more excellent dish eaten." What laughter and gayety in the group comprised in this little scene; and not long after, what madrigals and allusions! Gayety here resembles a dancing ray of sunlight; it flickers over all things, and reflects its grace on every object.

THE DISARMING OF CHARACTER

From 'The Ancient Régime.' Copyright 1876, by Henry Holt

When the affections and the intellect combine their refinements, they produce masterpieces; and these, like the art, the refinements, and the society which surrounds them, possess a charm unsurpassed by anything except their own fragility.

The reason is, that the better adapted men are to a certain situation, the less prepared are they for the opposite situation. The habits and faculties which serve them in the previous condition become prejudicial to them in the new one. In acquiring talents adapted to tranquil times, they lose those suited to times of agitation; reaching the extreme of feebleness at the same time with the extreme of urbanity. The more polished an aristocracy becomes, the weaker it becomes; and when no longer possessing the power to please, it no longer possesses the strength to struggle. And yet in this world, we must struggle if we would live. In humanity as in nature, empire belongs to force. Every creature that loses the art and energy of self-defense becomes so much more certainly a prey, according as its brilliancy, imprudence, and even gentleness, deliver it over in advance to the gross appetites roaming around it. Where find resistance in characters formed by the habits we have just described? To defend ourselves, we must first of all look carefully around us, see and foresee, and provide for danger. How could they do this, living as they did? Their circle is too narrow and too carefully inclosed. Confined to their castles and mansions, they see only those of their own sphere, they hear only the echo of their own ideas, they imagine that there is nothing beyond: the public seems to consist of two hundred persons.

Moreover, disagreeable truths are not admitted into a drawing-room, especially when of personal import; an idle fancy there becoming a dogma because it becomes conventional. Here accordingly we find those who, already deceived by the limitations of their accustomed horizon, fortify their delusion still more by delusions about their fellow-men. They comprehend nothing of the vast world which envelops their little world: they are incapable of entering into the sentiments of a bourgeois, or of a villager; they have no conception of the peasant as he is, but

as they would like him to be. The idyl is in fashion, and no one dares to dispute it: any other supposition would be false because it would be disagreeable; and as the drawing-rooms have decided that all will go well, all must go well. Never was a delusion more complete and more voluntary. The Duc d'Orléans offers to wager a hundred louis that the States-General will dissolve without accomplishing anything, not even abolishing the *lettre-de-cachet*. After the demolition has begun, and yet again after it is finished, they will form opinions no more accurate. They have no idea of social architecture: they know nothing about either its materials, its proportions, or its harmonious balance; they have had no hand in it, they have never worked at it. They are entirely ignorant of the old building in which they occupy the first story. They are not qualified to calculate either its pressure or its resistance. They conclude finally that it is better to let the thing tumble in, and that the restoration of the edifice in their behalf will follow its own course, and that they will return to their drawing-room, expressly rebuilt for them, and freshly gilded, to begin over again the pleasant conversation which an accident — some tumult in the street — had interrupted. Clear-sighted in society, they are obtuse in politics. They examine everything by the artificial light of candles; they are disturbed and bewildered in the powerful light of open day. The eyelid has grown stiff through age. The organ so long bent on the petty details of one refined life no longer takes in the popular life of the masses, and in the new sphere into which it is suddenly plunged its refinement becomes the source of its blindness.

Nevertheless action is necessary, for danger is seizing them by the throat. But the danger is of an ignoble species, while their education has provided them with no arms suitable for warding it off. They have learned how to fence but not how to box. They are still the sons of those at Fontenoy, who instead of being the first to fire, courteously raised their hats and addressed their English antagonists, "No, gentlemen: fire yourselves." Being the slaves of good-breeding, they are not free in their movements. Numerous acts, and those the most important, — those of a sudden, vigorous, and rude stamp, — are opposed to the respect a well-bred man entertains for others, or at least to the respect which he owes to himself. They do not consider these allowable among themselves; they do not dream of their

being allowed: and the higher their position, the more their rank fetters them. When the royal family sets out for Varennes, the accumulated delays by which they are lost are the result of etiquette. Madame de Touzel insists on her place in the carriage to which she is entitled as governess of the Children of France. The King, on arriving, is desirous of conferring the marshal's baton on M. de Bouillé; and after running to and fro to obtain a baton, he is obliged to borrow that of the Duc de Choiseul. The Queen cannot dispense with a traveling dressing-case, and one has to be made large enough to contain every imaginable implement from a warming-pan to a silver porridge-dish, with other dishes besides; and as if there were no shifts to be had in Brussels, there had to be a complete outfit in this line for herself and her children. . . .

A narrow fidelity, humanity in its own despite [*quand même*], the frivolity of the small literary spirit, graceful urbanity, profound ignorance, the nullity or rigidity of the understanding and of the will, are still greater with the princes than with the nobles. All are impotent against the wild and roaring outbreak. They have not the physical superiority that can master it, the vulgar charlatanism which can charm it away, the tricks of a Scapin to throw it off the scent, the bull's neck, the mountebank's gestures, the stentor's lungs,—in short, the resources of the energetic temperament and of animal cunning, alone capable of diverting the rage of the unchained brute. To secure wrestlers of this stamp they seek for three or four men of a different race and education: men who have suffered and roamed about; a brutal plebeian like the Abbé Maury; a colossal and dirty satyr like Mirabeau, a bold and prompt adventurer like that Dumouriez, who at Cherbourg, when through the feebleness of the Duc de Beuvron the stores of grain were given up and the riot began, hooted at and nearly cut to pieces suddenly sees the keys of the storehouse in the hands of a Dutch sailor, and yelling to the mob that it was betrayed through a foreigner having got hold of the keys, himself jumps down from the railing, seizes the keys, and hands them to the officer of the guard, saying to the people: "I am your father,—I am the man to be responsible for the storehouse!"

To intrust oneself with porters and brawlers, to be collared by a political club, to improvise on the highways, to bark louder than the barkers, to fight with the fists or a cudgel, as with the

gay youths of a later day, against brutes and lunatics incapable of employing other arguments, and who must be answered in the same vein, to mount guard over the Assembly, to act as volunteer constable, to spare neither one's own hide nor that of others, to be one of the people to face the people,—are simple and effectual proceedings, but so vulgar as to appear to them disgusting. The idea of resorting to such means never enters their head: they neither know how, nor do they care, to make use of their hands in such business. They are skilled only in the duel; and almost immediately the brutality of opinion, by means of assaults, stops the way to polite combats. Their arms, the shafts of the drawing-room, epigrams, witticisms, songs, parodies, and other needle-thrusts, are impotent against the popular bull.

This character lacks both roots and resources; through super-refinement it has become etiolated; nature, impoverished by culture, is incapable of the transformations by which we are renewed and survive. An all-powerful education has repressed, mollified, enfeebled instinct itself. About to die, they experience none of the reactions of blood and rage, the universal and sudden restoration of the forces, the murderous spasm, the blind irresistible need of striking those who strike them. If a gentleman is arrested in his own house by a Jacobin, we never find him splitting his head open. They allow themselves to be taken, going quietly to prison: to make an uproar would be bad taste; it is necessary above all things to remain what they are,—well-bred people of society. In prison both men and women dress themselves with great care, pay each other visits, and keep up a drawing-room: it may be at the end of a corridor, in the light of three or four candles; but here they circulate jests, compose madrigals, sing songs, and pride themselves on being as gallant, as gay, and as gracious as ever: need people be morose and ill-behaved because accident has consigned them to a poor inn? They preserve their dignity and their smile before their judges and on the cart; the women, especially, mount the scaffold with the ease and serenity characteristic of an evening entertainment. It is the supreme characteristic of good-breeding, erected into a unique duty, and become to this aristocracy a second nature, which is found in its virtues as well as in its vices, in its faculties as well as in its impotencies, in its prosperity as at its fall, and which adorns it even in the death to which it conducts.

THE TALMUD

BY MAX MARGOLIS

WHAT is the Talmud?

Let us enter a Jewish school of Babylonia some time after the year 325 A. D. We may betake ourselves to Pumbaditha, whose academy, now almost a century old, is presided over by Abaye; or to the young school at Mahoza, where we shall meet its founder, Raba. A third and still older seat of learning, the Soran Academy, we shall find deserted: after half a century it will resume its former place as Pumbaditha's rival. The attendance at the schools is largest in March and August, the months preceding Passover and Tabernacles. The scholars follow their occupations as husbandmen and tradesmen during the rest of the year: they are not all young men — some leave their families behind them: they all study for the sake of study, which is a duty incumbent upon every Israelite. In Pumbaditha poor scholars are supported from a public fund, to which the communities throughout the land contribute. What is the subject of the scholar's study? what the topic of the master's discourse? what are the points of controversy between the two rival scholarchs? Do they differ on some grave doctrinal question, similar to that which engaged the attention of the bishops convened at Nicæa? are the discussions of Abaye and Raba in any way to be compared to the controversy between Arius and Athanasius? When teacher and disciple equally are worn out by the heavy matter of daily school routine, and a change of subject is desirable for the purpose of relaxation, then you may perhaps hear a remark bearing on theology in our sense of the word; or if you choose a rather dignified term, a metaphysical observation. But then the rabbis are altogether in their lighter mood: the discipline is lax, mental concentration gives way to free rambling; wise maxims and witty epigrams, fantastic exposition of Scripture and facetious stories, succeed each other in playful connection; the jargon of the school with its Hebrew terminology yields to the easier flow of the Aramaic vernacular; in the language of everyday life a remark is sometimes made which is hardly consonant with the dignity of the class-room. These pleasant intermezzos seldom last long: a return is made to the sterner subjects of the school programme. The chief subject-matter of the schools is the interpretation of the Mishna. What is the Mishna?

There are scholars who claim that the Mishna, as we know it at present, was not committed to writing until some two centuries after

the time at which we have set out to study the Talmudic schools. But there is good ground for holding to the traditional opinion which makes the codification of the Mishna coincident with its redaction, which is placed at the end of the second century. For our present purposes we may, on the strength of this assumption, expect to find on the master's desk at least — manuscripts are expensive — a voluminous book of the size of an ordinary pulpit Bible. As we turn its leaves, we shall be told that it is divided into six parts or orders, which are named: — Seeds (laws pertaining to agriculture: *e. g.*, the law which prescribes that the corner of the field must not be reaped but left to the poor; the prohibition to sow mixed seeds; the regulations concerning tithes and sacerdotal revenues, the seventh year, etc.); Holy Seasons (Sabbath and festivals: the kinds of labor which must be abstained from on these days are minutely specified; the sacrificial and ritual ceremonies peculiar to each holiday); Women (laws pertaining to betrothal, marriage, and divorce; the Levirate, or marriage of the deceased brother's wife; prohibited marriages; the woman suspected of adultery: in this part are also treated vows in general and the Nazirate in particular); Damages (civil and criminal laws; courts and proceedings of jurisdiction: in the treatise called "Fathers," the ethical sayings of the doctors of the Mishna are recorded); Sacred Things (laws on things sacred; *i. e.*, dedicated to the temple: the slaughtering of animals for ordinary purposes; what is fit to be eaten — kasher, and what is not — terepha); Matters of Purity (euphemistically for Impurity, Levitical impurity; resulting, *e. g.*, from contact with a dead body, unclean animals, etc.). Each subject is handled, as a rule, in a special treatise: thus we have the treatise Sabbath, New Year, The Day (*i. e.*, the Day of Atonement), Marriage Contracts, Bills of Divorce, etc. Each treatise is divided into chapters, and each chapter into paragraphs. The statements of law or practice are usually unaccompanied by argumentation; neither is the source indicated. Divergent opinions are quite frequently recorded; the scholars are then mentioned by name, otherwise no name is given at all.

The Mishna then, we see, is a code of laws embracing the civic and religious life of the Jew. From our hasty survey of the subjects treated in this law-book, we gather that in the main the Mishna is meant to reproduce in an expanded form the laws and provisions contained in the Law, — *i. e.*, the Pentateuch. Mishna, indeed, means Repetition; it is an expansion of the original law whence it derives its authority. If the subject-matter of the Mishna appears trivial to a modern reader, much in the legal portions of the Pentateuch is equally foreign to our tastes. Perhaps we shall object not so much to the matter, which is largely Scriptural, as to the manner in which it is elaborated. The prohibition to work on the Sabbath day is

Biblical: it is reported in the Pentateuch that a man was stoned to death in the wilderness for gathering wood on the day of rest. The Mishna devotes over twenty chapters to a minute specification of what is prohibited labor and what is not. One chapter enumerates all articles of apparel which a woman may wear on the Sabbath. It is not sufficient to lay down the general rule, that the prohibition to carry burdens on the Sabbath does not apply to wearing apparel or jewelry worn for ornament; but a catalogue of articles of woman's toilet is given, showing that the rabbis had an eye for the trinkets of their wives and daughters. Costly jewelry must not be worn on the Sabbath: the women are in the habit of taking their expensive ornaments off in order to show them to their friends; while it is permitted to wear ornaments, they must not be handled. The Pentateuch commands that the lost property of a neighbor, if found, be restored to him, or be kept until he claims it. According to the rabbis, certain things may be retained by the finder without making an effort to ascertain their owner: *e.g.*, when a thing has no mark or distinguishing feature by which it may be identified, it is assumed that the owner has no thought of regaining it, and willingly renounces his ownership; the article becomes public property, to be the possession of the first person that finds it. A list of articles is given which come under the category of unrecognizable things. The principle itself is scarcely given expression to. Very often a case is gone through in all possible and impossible ramifications: the love of detail, of definiteness, strongly manifests itself everywhere; the cases are in most instances the invention of the schools, only a few coming from real life.

It is fortunate, said some one facetiously, that the synagogue, unlike the church, has no bells; otherwise we should have had a treatise in the Mishna called Bells, setting forth the proper metal and size of a bell, and how often it should be rung, and what benediction should be pronounced over the ringing, and whether the benediction should be said before or after the ringing, etc. For the horn which is blown on New Year's Day, or the booth in which the Israelite is to dwell on the festival which derives its name from it, or the scroll from which the book of Esther is read on the feast of Purim, are treated with exactly this kind of detail.

The Mishna is a law-book replete with tedious matter. Yet it is not without its interesting parts, which deservedly claim the attention of even a modern reader. Occasionally amidst the rubbish of formalism, lies hidden a pithy remark betraying the spiritual and moral insight of the schoolmen. The treatise "Fathers"—the object of which is to record in chronological order the doctors of the Mishna—is in its entirety an ethical treatise, for the reason that incidentally

to every name is attached an ethical maxim reported as coming from that scholar. These occasional glimpses of other than purely formalistic interests, these sayings on the most important spiritual concerns of man, on God and duty, may fitly find a place in the world's literature. For their sake we are ready to overlook the unattractive surroundings in which they are found.

Take for instance the treatise Benedictions, with which the code commences. While we again painfully notice the undue attention given to the minutiæ of etiquette and the ceremonial side of prayer, —at what time and up to what time certain prayers may be recited, what should be the posture of the body, which benediction must precede another, and what is to be done when an error is made in the recital,—we find there the warning: «He who maketh his prayer a matter of duty to be performed at set times, his prayer is not pure devotion.» «One must bless God for the evil as well as for the good.» Elsewhere we are told that he who serves God out of fear is inferior to him who is pious out of love. «Be not as slaves who minister to their master with a view to recompense; but be as slaves who serve their master without the expectation of reward.» «Better is an hour of repentance and good works in this world, than all the life of the world to come.» On the other hand: «Better is one hour of spiritual bliss in the world to come, than all the life of this world.» «This world is like a vestibule before the world which is to come: prepare thyself at the vestibule, that thou mayest be admitted into the hall.» «Be bold as a leopard, and swift as an eagle, and fleet as a hart, and strong as a lion to do the will of thy Father which is in heaven.» «Consider three things and thou wilt not fall into the hands of transgression: know what is above thee,—a seeing eye, and a hearing ear, and all thy deeds written in a book.» The rabbis exhort to love work and hate lordship. «Idleness leads to insanity.» Study is an obligation for everybody. It is a matter of private effort; it is not an heirloom which may be bequeathed by father to son. «Say not, When I have leisure I will study: perchance thou mayest not have leisure.» «He who learns as a lad, is like to ink written on fresh paper; and he who learns when old, is like to ink written on used paper.» «He who learns from the young is like one that eats unripe grapes, and drinks wine fresh from the vat; but he who learns from the old is like one who eats ripened grapes, and drinks old wine.» And yet he is wise who learns from every man. «There are four characters in those who sit at the feet of the wise, —a sponge, a funnel, a strainer, and a sieve: a sponge, which sucks up all; a funnel, which lets in here and lets out there; a strainer, which lets out the wine and keeps back the dregs; a sieve, which lets out the flour and keeps back the pollard.» «Excellent is study together with worldly business, for the practice of them both puts

away sinful thoughts; all study without work must fail at length and lead to sin.» «This is the path of study: A morsel with salt shalt thou eat, thou shalt drink water by measure, and thou shalt sleep upon the ground, and live a life of painfulness, and in the Law shalt thou labor.» «Seek not greatness for thyself, and desire not honor. Practice more than thou learnest: not learning but doing is the groundwork. And lust not for the table of kings; for thy table is greater than their table, and thy crown greater than their crown, and faithful is thy taskmaster who will pay thee the wage of thy work.» So is the young scholar addressed. «Thy own deeds shall bring thee nigh or put thee afar.» «If I am not for myself, who is for me?» «In the place where there are no men, endeavor to be a man.» «Yet lean not to thine own understanding.» «He is mighty who subdues his passion.» «There are three crowns,—the crown of scholarship, and the crown of priesthood, and the crown of royalty; but the crown of a good name surpasses them all.» «He is rich who is contented with his lot.» «Judge not thy friend until thou comest into his place.» «Let the honor of thy fellow-man be as dear to thee as thine own.» «Despise no man, and carp at no thing; for thou wilt find that there is not a man that hath not his hour, and not a thing that hath not its place.» «Do not conciliate thy friend in the hour of his passion, nor console him in the hour when his dead is laid out before him; and strive not to see him in the hour of his disgrace.» «Let thy house be opened wide, and let the needy be thy household.» «Receive every man with a cheerful countenance.» «Pray for the welfare of the State, since but for fear thereof we had swallowed each his neighbor alive.» There is something to be learned from this dry law-book after all.

The exposition and interpretation of the Mishna constitutes the main activity of the Jewish schools of Babylonia, whether at Sora or Pumbaditha, whether at Mahoza or Naresh. Talmud is a term that signified first a method, before it became the name of a book. The Mishna, as we may remember, contains little of discussion or argumentation: it is, in the majority of cases, content to state a point of law in the form of a simple statement, without in the least indicating the process by which the law was evolved. The Talmudic method is principally concerned with retracing the law, as stated in the Mishna, to its source; which it is assumed, sometimes wrongly, must be found in Scripture. There is not a sentence in the Mishna which escapes the notice of the expounder: the reason of every remark must be established. «Wherefrom? whence all this?» is a constant query. If the origin is found to lie in Scripture, the exegesis of the Bible word is quite often forced, unnatural. It is true the rabbis are not always very earnest about their fine deductions. Much may be ascribed to the love of casuistry and mental gymnastics. They are

always glad to find problems. Complications are artificially created where there are none. Where a law is deduced from a principle stated in the Mishna, that principle is now elaborated with exactness and finesse. Again, laws of various kinds and on different subjects are subsumed under new aspects, new principles. The work of abstract systematization begins: another opportunity for mental labor. The Talmudic scholar never confines himself to the law on hand: he compares it with others, finds similarities and dissimilarities, repetitions and contradictions. A clever scholar will find some discriminating point by which the seeming repetition will be removed. The text of the Mishna itself often presents difficulties. The language is concise, at times enigmatical. Then the Mishna is not the work of one hand. Its several parts are welded together, as a rule very adroitly, yet occasionally in a manner to create incongruities or ambiguities. It is the business of the Talmudic method to remove these difficulties. On the other hand, the Mishna must be adapted to new conditions and situations. New laws are formulated, which as a rule are deduced from a principle discovered behind the concrete decisions recorded in the law-book. As the work of the Talmudic schools goes on from generation to generation it becomes more complicated. The discussions of one generation are handed down to the next, and become the basis of all subsequent operations. Conflicting opinions become more frequent. One scholar is found to be at variance with another. Sometimes it is discovered that contradictory opinions are ascribed to one and the same scholar. As far as possible, the rabbis try to reconcile contradictions. They are of too peaceful a nature to allow contradictions to stand. These are in outline the characteristics of scholastic activity as it clustered around the Mishna. Let us listen for a moment to a Talmudic discussion.

The first paragraph of the third chapter of the treatise Synhedrion is on the programme. The Mishna is read. «In civil suits the court must consist of three persons. Each party chooses one judge, while the third is chosen by the two judges. According to Rabbi Meir, the third is chosen by both parties. Rabbi Meir gives each party the right to object to the other party's judge. The other scholars grant this right only in the case when it is proved that the judge is related to one party or morally disqualified; no judge who is morally qualified or licensed can be objected to. According to Rabbi Meir, each party may object to the other party's witnesses: according to the other scholars, only when it is proved that the witnesses are related or morally disqualified; witnesses morally qualified cannot be ruled out of court.» So far the Mishna. Now begins the discussion. It is asked, How can any one object to a (competent, duly licensed) judge? Rabbi Meir has in mind Syrian courts; *i. e.*, judges who are known as incompetent. It follows from this answer that Rabbi Meir

would not allow any one to object to competent judges. It is pointed out that Rabbi Meir's colleagues in the Mishna state it as their opinion that competent judges cannot be objected to; hence Rabbi Meir apparently is of the opinion that all judges, even such as are competent, may be objected to. The original question remains: How can Rabbi Meir reasonably hold such an opinion? The master meets the objection by resorting to textual emendation. In the opinion of Rabbi Meir's colleagues he proposes to read, "No judge who is morally qualified can be objected to, for he is just as good as one duly licensed." According to this reading, of course, Rabbi Meir as well is of the opinion that licensed judges cannot be objected to: the controversy turns about judges who are not licensed, but are otherwise morally qualified; according to Rabbi Meir they may be rejected by one of the parties, while according to the other scholars they are just as good as licensed judges, and are therefore not open to objection. One of the students quotes an extraneous source according to which Rabbi Meir's colleagues, in the course of argumentation with him, made the remark: You will not allow any one to object to a duly licensed judge! It follows that the controversy really turned about licensed judges. The original question remains: How can Rabbi Meir reasonably hold such an opinion? The master who holds that Rabbi Meir never permitted the rejection of duly licensed judges claims that the student misquoted his source, and that the remark of Rabbi Meir's colleagues should read, "You will not allow any one to object to a judge who is accepted by a community as competent (although not duly licensed)!" The master even quotes a source of equal authority as that adduced by the student where Rabbi Meir is made to say, "One has a right to object until a judge is chosen who is duly licensed." But the students are none the less unyielding. They reason by analogy, and bid the master look at the second part of the paragraph just read. Witnesses, they say, unless related or morally disqualified, are fully competent, as much as a judge who is duly licensed is in his sphere. Yet Rabbi Meir grants the litigants the privilege of rejecting witnesses not related and morally qualified. Hence Rabbi Meir is evidently of the opinion that even a licensed judge may be rejected. The master is ready with his reply. He quotes an older Talmudic scholar, who, when reading our paragraph, remarked: "Is it possible that a holy mouth should have said such a thing (that fully qualified witnesses may be rejected)? Read—'witness' (each party may object to the other party's witness, *single* witness)." Accordingly two witnesses, provided they are qualified, cannot be rejected, even according to the opinion of Rabbi Meir; therefore in the analogous case, a judge who is duly licensed will be declared by Rabbi Meir not less than his colleagues to be above rejection. Rabbi Meir's statement was made to read: "Each party

may object to the other party's single witness." The students proceed to inquire whether a single witness is not insufficient *per se*, independently of the objections of a litigant.

But I think we have had enough of the atmosphere of Talmudic scholasticism and casuistry. We have heard enough to bear out our general conception of Talmudic methods. Suffice it to say that the scholastic work of several generations is finally codified. Multiply discussions like the one which we listened to, by the number of paragraphs and the smaller divisions contained in the Mishna, and you will have a pretty fair conception of the bulk as well as of the character of the matter of the Talmud—the Talmud as a book. The Babylonian (there is an earlier Palestinian recension embodying the less developed Palestinian scholasticism) Talmud was probably edited in the fifth century of our era. The work of the schools continued, with the written Talmud now as the basis of their operations. The Talmud was excerpted and commented upon. The best commentary on the Talmud was written by a French Jew in the eleventh century. In the same century an Italian Jew composed a Talmudic lexicon. Upon the Talmud are based the codes of Maimonides (twelfth century) and Karo (sixteenth century). The Talmud is still studied in the schools of eastern Europe, and is regarded by orthodox Jews as authoritative.

It would be unjust to convey the idea that nothing except hair-splitting discussions, on topics more or less out of touch with modern interests, are to be found in the Talmud. There is enough in the Talmud to justify its claim to the attention of the student of general literature. It is by no means merely a literary curiosity to be picked up at some antiquary's, marveled at, and then laid down and consigned to the dust of oblivion. The students of the Babylonian schools, whose work the Talmud records, occasionally give expression to a weighty maxim bearing witness to deep spiritual insight. The casuistry engages all their attention; but it is not the whole of their mental store that is exhibited in their dry discussions. They delve deeply into the mysteries of the Law; the rich treasures of spiritual life are equally known to them. They discourse on competent judges and witnesses, on what may be eaten and what may not, on what it is permitted to do on certain occasions and what is not permitted; but they are equally experts on the inward concerns of man, and speak wise words on lofty subjects. Listen to some of their *obiter dicta*:—"Be in attendance upon the wise; for even the ordinary conversation of a scholar is well worth a study." "He who supports himself by his own labor is greater than he who fears heaven; for by thine own name they will call thee, and in thine own place they will seat thee, and give thee of what is thine own: but he who looks forward to the table of his fellow—the world, as it were, lies

dark before him, and his life is no life.» «He who forces an opportunity, the opportunity forces him back; but he who is patient, it comes to him.» «Where there is a man, there be thou not the man.» «He who runs after greatness, greatness escapes him; but he who shuns greatness, greatness seeks him.» «It is not the position that honors the man: the man honors the position.» «Better is one feeling of contrition than many stripes.» «A man's prayer is not accepted unless he have made his heart as soft as flesh; as it is written: 'And it shall come to pass, that from one new moon to another, and from one Sabbath to another, shall all *flesh* come to worship before me.'» «Make thy Sabbath a week-day rather than to depend on thy fellow-man.» «A father who strikes his adult son puts a stumbling-block before the blind.» «He is rich who has a wife of beautiful conduct.» «He who loves his wife as himself, and honors her more than himself, in reference to him Scripture says: 'And thou wilt know that thy tent will be in peace.'» «He whose first wife dies—the temple, as it were, was destroyed in his days; the world is darkened to him. Everything may be replaced save the wife of one's youth. The husband dies to none except his wife, and the wife to none except her husband.» «The teacher's work is the work of the Lord: 'Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully.'» «By a single right judgment the judge becomes a participator in God's creation; as, on the other hand, all punishments inflicted upon the world come because of the unscrupulousness of judges.» «Justice must make straight her path, even though mountains be in the way.» «'Ye shall not make with me gods of silver and gods of gold.' But gods of wood? Hence the passage is interpreted as referring to a judge who has secured his office through the use of silver and gold.» «You may violate one Sabbath to preserve the life of a child one day old: violate one Sabbath so that he may observe many Sabbaths.» «He who smites the cheek of his fellow-man is a wicked person. A smiting hand deserves to be cut off.» «The highwayman simply restores the robbed property, but the thief is punished with a fine; because the former slights both man and God, while the latter fears the eye of man, but is unconcerned about the eye of God.» «He who robs his neighbor of the smallest amount takes, as it were, his life.» «He who sets his eye upon that which is not his, is denied what he seeks, and is deprived of what he possesses.» «He who causes his fellow to blush publicly, is guilty of bloodshed.» «He who slanders his neighbor denies the existence of God; for it is written: 'Who have said, with our tongue will we prevail; our lips are with us, who is lord over us?' Of him the Holy One, blessed be He, says, We cannot exist together in the world.» «They say of the man of the tongue, that he speaks here and kills

in Rome, speaks in Rome and kills in Syria.» «The liar is not believed even when he tells the truth.» «Falsehood is popular, truth unpopular; falsehood is frequent, truth scarce: but truth prevails, while falsehood does not prevail.» «Ten hard things have been created in the world: the rocks of mountains are broken by iron; iron is melted by fire; fire is extinguished by water; waters are borne by clouds; clouds are scattered by the wind; a fierce wind is resisted by the body; a strong body is broken by fear; fear is dispelled by wine; wine yields to sleep: but the hardest of all is death, and alms-giving delivereth from death.» «Who is under the obligation of alms-giving? Even he who himself receives charity.» «Feed the hungry, if you are convinced that you are not imposed upon; clothe the naked and ask no questions.» «Charity is the salt of wealth.» «If you are not able to give yourself, encourage others.» «You are not obliged to make a poor man rich; but you must supply all his wants.» «Charity for the sake of pride is a sin.» «The giver should not know to whom he giveth; and the receiver should not know from whom he has received.» «He who does not visit the sick is guilty of bloodshed.» «He who finds anything blameworthy in his fellow-man must reprove him; on the other hand, he who unjustly suspects his neighbor must ask his pardon. One in whose power it is to reprimand the members of his household and fails to do so, is held responsible for them; the greater a man's influence, the greater his responsibility. He who leads his fellow-man to goodness is, as it were, his creator.» «He who does not return a greeting is guilty of theft.» «Respect the customs of the place whither thou comest; for Moses ascended to heaven and ate no bread, while the angels descended to earth and partook of food.» «If a man give to his fellow all the gifts of the world grudgingly, it is accounted to him as if he had given nothing; but he who receiveth his neighbor with a cheerful disposition, even though he give nothing, it is accounted to him as if he had given him all the gifts of the world.» «What is hatred of mankind? A man ought not to say, I will love the master but hate the student; love the student but hate the common man: but a man ought to say, I will love them all.»

Interesting are the ethical testaments, or counsels given by a dying teacher to his pupil:—«Do not enter your house suddenly, much less the house of your neighbor. Take heed thereunto that you honor your mother. More than a stranger can harm you, you can harm yourself. Bargain not for goods when you have no means to buy. Spread out a carcass in the street, and say not, I am a great man: it is unbecoming to me.» And to the daughters: «Be modest in the presence of your husbands. When a person knocks at the door, do not ask, Who (masculine) is there? but, Who (feminine) is

there?" Of the same nature are ethical prayers:—"May my lot be among those who dwell in the house of study, and not among those who support it; among those who collect charity, and not among those who distribute it; among those who are unjustly suspected of wrong-doing." Sometimes the scholars give a review of their moral character, often when asked by their disciples to state the cause of their long life:—"I have never acted against the will of my colleagues." "I have never said anything which I afterwards retracted." "I have never spoken profane speech." "I never rejoiced in the misfortune of my fellow-man." "I never accepted a gift, nor insisted on my rights."

Here are some of their thoughts on theological matters. "He who is instructed in the Law, but lacks fear of Heaven, is to be likened to him who has the key to the inner door, without that of the outer door: how can he enter?" "To love God is to act in such a manner that the name of God is loved through us." "If one chooses to sin, no obstruction is put in his path." "The evil thought is at first like a thread of spider-web, but finally it becomes like a cart-rope." "The evil thought settles at first in our heart like a traveler that came from afar, but then it becomes a permanent lodger. It overwhelms its host every moment, and seeks to kill him. It seduces man in this world, and testifies against him in the world to come." "There was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it, etc. 'A little city,' that is the body; 'and there came a great king against it,' that is the evil thought; 'and built great bulwarks against it,' *i. e.*, the sins: 'now there was found in it a poor wise man,' that is the good thought; 'and he by his wisdom delivered the city,' *i. e.*, by repentance and good works; 'yet no man remembered that same poor man,' for when the evil thought obtains the upper hand, the counsels of conscience are forgotten." "The evil thought is the strange god in the heart of man." "In the future world God will slaughter the evil thought in the presence of the righteous and the wicked; to the righteous it will appear like a high mountain, while to the wicked it will seem a tiny hair. Both will weep. The righteous will say, How could we pass this great mountain? The wicked will say, How is it that we were not able to surmount this tiny hair?" "In the world which is to come there will be neither eating nor drinking, nor wooing, no business, envy, hatred, or quarrel; but the righteous, with crowns on their heads, will enjoy the splendor of the Godhead."

We conclude with a few specimens of connected narrative found in the Talmud. We select those of an ethical character.

Said Rabbi Johanan: The first verse of Psalm cxxvi. ("When the Lord brought back those that returned to Zion, we were like unto them that dream") always caused difficulty to Onias (a pious man who was famous for his successful intercessions in times of drought): how can a man sleep for seventy years? One day, as he was walking along the road, he saw an old man planting a carob-tree. "Do you know," he asked the man, "that these trees do not bear fruit before seventy years? Do you expect to live seventy more years?" The old man replied, "I found many carob-trees in the world: as my fathers planted for me, I plant for my children." As Onias sat down to partake of his scanty meal, he was overcome by sleep; and covered from sight by a grotto, he slept seventy years. When he awoke, he saw a man eating of the fruit of that carob-tree. "Who planted this tree?" asked Onias. "My father's father." Onias said to himself, I have then slept these seventy years. He proceeded to his home. "Does the son of Onias live here?" he inquired. "The son of Onias is dead," was the answer; "but you may see the grandson." Onias then introduced himself as the grandfather, but no one would believe him. He went to the schoolhouse and overheard the discussions of the scholars. "The lesson is as clear to us as it was in the old times of Onias." He again introduced himself, but no one would believe him or treat him with the respect he deserved. He prayed to God that he would take him away from this world. That is why people say, said Rabba, Either company, or death.

Abba Hilkiah was the name of the grandson of Onias. Whenever rain was scarce, he was asked to pray for rain; and his prayer met with response. Once two scholars were sent to him to ask of him a similar favor. They went to his home, and were directed to the field where he was digging. They greeted him, but he would not recognize them. In the evening, on his way home, he put some wood on one of his shoulders and his coat on the other. When he passed through water, he put on his shoes. When he came among thorns, he lifted his clothes. As he entered the village, his wife met him in her best attire. When they came to the house, his wife entered first and he followed her. He sat down to his evening meal, but did not invite the two scholars. As he dealt out the bread, he gave his younger boy two pieces, but one to the older boy. Then he said to his wife, "I know what these scholars want of me. Let us go up to the roof and pray, perchance that God will have mercy and send rain." He stood in one corner and she in another. The clouds were soon seen to come from the side on which the wife stood. Then he descended. "What do you wish?" said he to the scholars. "We were sent to ask you to pray for rain," answered they. "Blessed be

God," he replied, "who made you independent of me." "We know well," said they, "that the rain came through you. But would you kindly explain to us some of the strange things we have witnessed? Why did you not return our greeting?" "I was hired by the day, and did not deem it right to be idle for a moment."—"Why did you put wood on one shoulder, and your coat on the other?" "Because my coat was not my own: I borrowed it for one purpose, and could not use it for another."—"Why did you put on your shoes when passing through water?" "Because I can see what is on the road, but not what is in the water."—"Why did you lift up your clothes when you came among thorns?" "Because the flesh may heal, but the clothes when torn cannot be made whole."—"Why did your wife meet you in her best attire?" "That I might not cast my glance on another woman."—"Why did you let us enter last?" "Because you were strangers, and I would not trust you."—"Why did you not invite us to partake of your food?" "Because the food was scanty."—"Why did you give the older boy one piece and the younger one two pieces?" "Because the former stays at home, while the latter goes to school."—"Why did the cloud appear from the side where your wife stood?" "Because a woman is always at home and has more opportunity to give charity."

Whenever the collectors of charity saw Eleazar of Bartotha they would hide themselves; for he would give them whatever he had. One day he went to the market-place to buy a bridal outfit for his daughter. The collectors saw him and hid themselves. But he followed them and inquired what their mission was. He was told that they were trying to raise money to buy an outfit for two orphans that were to marry. "By the service!" said the rabbi: "they come first." He gave them all the money he had save one zuz (a silver denarius). With that he bought some wheat, and stored it away in his corn chamber. The rabbi's wife was eager to see the outfit which her daughter was to get. "What did your father buy you?" she inquired of her daughter. "I do not know," replied the daughter "he stored it away in the corn chamber." The key was hurriedly brought, but the door could scarcely be opened: the chamber had meanwhile by Divine blessing been filled with wheat. When the scholar returned from the schoolhouse, his wife met him with the glad news: "See here what your Lover has done for you!" "By the service!" was the rabbi's rejoinder: "sacred be it to thee! thou canst have of it only as much as any other poor Jew."

There are indeed two sides to the Talmud: one rigidly formalistic, legalistic, intellectual; the other ethical, spiritual, appealing to the feelings. If viewed from the intellectual point of view, Talmudic

thought is mature, analytic, critical, penetrating to the bottom of things, capable of coping with the most abstruse and complicated problems of the human mind. Talmudic scholasticism was an excellent preparation for the philosophical and scientific erudition for which the Jews of the Middle Ages were noted. To this very day, in the Talmud schools are trained the future mathematicians, philologists, historians, critics, statesmen. If on the other hand the spiritual test is applied to the Talmud, the result is equally satisfactory. What we do regret is the disproportionally large space given to ritualism, the symbols of religion; which, if made the chief and most absorbing topic, may deal a fatal blow to religion itself. The Talmud has, however, been among the Jews the creator of institutions. The elementary schoolhouse and the higher academy; the various organizations for mutual help, common study, or spiritual encouragement; the societies for the dispensation of charity, for clothing the naked, befriending the homeless, visiting the sick, burying the dead, and for other purposes,— are all due to the influence of the Talmud. Of the invisible influence exerted by the Talmud on the individual Jew, his dealings with his fellow-men, his home life, etc., we possess unmistakable evidence in the lives of the great masters who were brought up in Talmudic lore; who in all their walks of life, whether in matters of ritual as the dietary laws, or in their moral and religious life, lived up to the letter of the Talmud, and were noted for their sincere piety and their saintly life. We have moreover the best evidence in the Jew of to-day, the Talmud Jew; who with all his shortcomings, and no matter how lowly his lot may be, always possesses a certain degree of culture and spiritual wealth. Institutions, however, are visible, tangible. There, even the outsider may recognize the points of contact between the doctrines of the Talmud and the practice of life. Such is the place which the Talmud still largely occupies in Jewish life.

Notes: Historical and Bibliographical

1. The Jewish community of Babylonia had its origin in the Babylonian exile (597 and 586 B. C.). In 537 and 458 only a small body, consisting of the lovers of the ancient soil, returned to Palestine. We hear nothing of the Babylonian Jewry until some time before the destruction of the second temple (70 A. D.). The famous scholar Hillel, who flourished in the last decades of the first century B. C., was a Babylonian by birth. When the Temple was destroyed, the centre of Jewish life still remained in Palestine. The descendants of Hillel became the religious heads of the Jews throughout the Roman empire; schools were established in various Palestinian towns: there was

little formality about the organization of a school; the scholars flocked to this or that famous teacher, and the location of a school depended on the teacher's place of residence. Most of the Jewish settlements were in Galilee: there the schools that produced the Mishna, there the schools that elaborated the Talmud of Palestine, are to be sought. Then taught Jehuda the Holy One, whose activity in the last quarter of the second century of our era gathered about him students from near and far: his disciple from Babylon, Abba, carried back with him his master's methods to his native country; with Abba, Jewish learning in Babylonia may be said mainly to begin. The schools of Palestine still continued to exist; the scholars of both countries were in constant communication with one another: but the Babylonian schools soon became more important, and when the schools of the mother country came to an abrupt end with the advance of the Christian Church (during the fourth century), the academies of Babylonia and their heads came to be regarded as the representatives of Jewish learning, and wielded great influence until they in turn yielded to the advance of Islam; which again was the means of transplanting Jewish science into Spain and the countries of Europe. But the influence of Babylonia was felt even after it was extinct in the country where it first manifested itself. The Talmud of Palestine was forgotten, subsequently to be recovered from oblivion; it had no direct influence on Jewish life in the Middle Ages. That is why when we speak of the Talmud, we usually have reference to the Talmud of Babylon, the Talmud *par excellence*. In all matters of law, the authority of the latter is final. Jewish Babylonia comprised the southern part of Mesopotamia.

2. The literature that clustered around the Talmud may fairly be said to be a library in itself. The commentary spoken of in the text is that of Solomon ben Isaac, commonly called Rashi, of Troyes; he died in 1105. His disciples, who belonged at the same time to his family, carried on his work in the form of supplementary notes to the Commentary (commentaire, kontres), called by the Hebrew name Tosaphoth (supplements). Our ordinary Talmud editions have the text in the centre of the page, with Rashi's commentary on the inner and the Tosaphoth on the outer side. The author of the lexicon is Nathan of Rome. The words are alphabetically arranged; and the exegetical work underlying the meanings which are assigned to them is mainly based on tradition and the works of older commentators. The codes based on the Talmud and alluded to in the text are written in the language of the Mishna,—*i. e.*, not in Aramaic, but in late Hebrew; they also adopt the Mishnic method, inasmuch as discussions are avoided, the result being stated in concise language. It is needless to say that these codes have not escaped

the commentator's zeal; they are therefore as a rule printed in the form of the Talmud, text in the middle and commentaries on the two margins. To these codes, with their commentaries and super-commentaries and glosses and scholia, the orthodox rabbi has recourse whenever he is consulted on any matter of Jewish law; he may then at times follow up a given decision to its very source in the Talmud. But the Talmud is still studied without regard to practical application: the dialectical exercise in quick questioning and answering is sufficiently fascinating. In modern times the Talmud is also studied by Christians. Portions of the Talmud are translated, but as a rule badly: the right method has as yet been hit upon by no translator. D. A. de Sola and M. J. Raphall have translated eighteen treatises of the Mishnà into English (London, 1843). A French translation of the greater part of the Palestinian Talmud was made by Moïse Schwab (Paris, 1871–1890). Of the Babylonian Talmud, single treatises have of late been translated into modern languages. To mention one, Hagigah was translated into English by A. W. Streane (Cambridge, 1891). The criminal and civil legislation contained in the Talmud was elaborated in French by J. J. M. Rabbinowicz (Paris, 1876–1879). Professor Hermann L. Strack of the University of Berlin is the author of a German introduction to the Talmud (Berlin, 1894); more comprehensive is the English introduction written by Professor Moses Mielziner of the Hebrew Union College (Cincinnati, 1894). The treatise Aboth (The Sayings of the Fathers) has been translated repeatedly: Charles Taylor's translation (Cambridge, 1877) is the most scholarly. August Wünsche has translated into German the haggadic portions of the Talmud,—that is, those portions which are the production of the leisure hours of the school, and deal with subjects which are of more interest to the general reader (Zürich, 1880; Leipzig, 1886–1889).

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